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RETURN OF THE GREEKS FROM SALAMIS.

NAVAL BATTLES,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY

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PREFACE.

This collection is intended to present, in a popular form, an account of many of the important naval battles of all times, as well as of some combats of squadrons and single ships, which are interesting, from the nautical skill and bravery shown in them.

In most instances an endeavor has been made to give, in a concise manner, the causes which led to these encounters, as well as the results obtained.

As this book is not intended for professional men, technicalities have been, as far as possible, avoided. But it is often necessary to use the language and phraseology of those who fought these battles.

In all there has been a desire to give an unbiased account of each battle; and, especially, to make no statement for which authority cannot be found.

LIST OF FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(ALL TINTED.)

		PAGE
1.	RETURN OF THE GREEKS FROM SALAMIS	*Frontispiece.*
2.	ROMANS AND CARTHAGINIANS	36
3.	BATTLE OF ACTIUM	48
4.	BATTLE OF LEPANTO	56
5.	THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA	85
6.	SIR FRANCIS DRAKE IN CENTRAL AMERICA	103
7.	SERAPIS AND BONHOMME RICHARD	187
8.	HOWE'S ACTION OF JUNE 1, 1794	227
9.	BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT	247
10.	NELSON AT TENERIFFE	266
11.	BATTLE OF THE NILE	289
12.	CAPTURE OF NELSON'S DESPATCHES	320
13.	SIEGE OF ACRE, 1799	334
14.	CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA, 1801	348
15.	BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN	361
16.	NELSON'S VICTORY AT TRAFALGAR	382
17.	WASP AND FROLIC	427
18.	CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIÈRE BY THE CONSTITUTION	432
19.	BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE	445
20.	MCDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN	502
21.	CONSTITUTION, CYANE AND LEVANT	526
22.	BATTLE OF SINOPE, 1853	559
23.	BATTLE OF LISSA, 1866	562
24.	MONITOR AND MERRIMAC	571
25.	FARRAGUT AT NEW ORLEANS	586
26.	KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA	612
27.	CUSHING AND THE ALBEMARLE	652
28.	FLEET OFF FORT FISHER	667
29.	THE HUASCAR, AFTER CAPTURE, 1879	697
30.	BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, 1882	710

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT.

GALLEYS, WAR VESSELS, ETC.,

SHOWING THE CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT.

PAGE

1. Norse Galley 35
2. Roman Galley 47
3. Ptolemy Philopater 55
4. Spanish Galleon, 16th Century 102
5. Great Harry 111
6. Caravel of Columbus 156
7. Norman Ship, 14th Century 173
8. Venetian Galley, Time of Lepanto 182
9. Bucentoro 186
10. Jones' Medal 217
11. Soleil Royale 226
12. Nelson Wounded 265
13. Dutch Ship, 17th Century 288
14. Le Tonnant Dismasted 319
15. La Galère Rèale 326
16. Pontifical Galley 357
17. The Victory 381
18. Old Téméraire 426
19. Old Ironsides 431
20. Fulton's First Steamboat 474
21. Fight with the Algerines 548
22. Monitor 570
23. Western Gunboat 606
24. New Ironsides 611
25. Grosser Kurfuerst 623
26. Le Solferino 651
27. Dreadnought 696
28. Torpedo Boat 709
29. Alexandra 718
30. Admiral Popoff 719
31. Duilio 719

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

PAGE.

The Ancients' Dread of the Sea; Homer's Account of It; Slow Progress in Navigation before the Discovery of the Lode-stone; Early Egyptians; The Argonauts; The Phenicians and Greeks; Evidences of Sea-fights Thousands of Years before Christ; Naval Battle Fought by Rameses III; The Fleets of Sesostris; Description of Bas-relief at Thebes; Roman Galleys Described; Early Maritime Spirit of the Carthaginians; Herodotus' Account of the Battle of Artemisium; The Greeks under Alexander; Romans and Carthaginians. 19

I. SALAMIS. B. C. 480.

The Island of Salamis; Xerxes; His Immense Power; His Fleet and Army; Events Preceding the Battle; The Contending Hosts Engage in Worship before the Fight Begins; The Greek Admiral Gives the Signal for Action; Many Persian Vessels Sunk at the First Onset; Fierce Hand-to-Hand Fighting; A Son of the Great Darius Falls; Dismay Among the Asiatics; Panic-stricken; Artifice of Queen Artemisia; She Escapes; Xerxes Powerless; He Rends his Robes and Bursts into Tears; Resolves to Return to Asia; Greece Wins her Freedom. 25

II. NAVAL BATTLE AT SYRACUSE. B. C. 415.

A Bloody Battle; Strength of the Athenians; The Fleet enters Syracuse Harbor in Fine Order; The Sicilians Blockade the Entrance and Imprison the Fleet; The Perils of Starvation Compel the Greeks to Attempt to Raise the Blockade; Both Fleets Meet at the Mouth of the Harbor; Confusion Among the Greeks; They are Finally Compelled to Turn Back and Take Refuge in their Docks; Another Attempt to Escape from the Harbor; Mutiny Among the Sailors; The Syracusans Appear in their Midst and Capture both Men and Ships; End of Athens as a Naval Power. 31

III. ROMANS AND CARTHAGINIANS.

Carthage a Place of Interest for Twenty Centuries; Romans and Carthaginians in Collision; First Punic War; Rome Begins the Construction of a Navy; A Stranded Carthaginian Vessel Serves as a Model; They Encounter the Carthaginians at Myloe; Defeat of the Latter; Renewed Preparations of both Countries for the Mastery of the Mediterranean: A Great Battle Fought, 260 B. C.; The Romans Finally Victorious; They Land an Army in Africa and

PAGE

Sail for Home; Encounter a "Sirocco" and Lose nearly all their Galleys on the Rocks; The Succeeding Punic Wars; Rome in Her Greatness; Antony and Octavius Appear Upon the Scene. 36

IV. ACTIUM. B. C. 31.

The Decisive Battle of Philippi, B. C. 42; Antony and Octavius Divide the Empire of the World Between Them; Trouble between Antony and Octavius; Antony's Dissipations; His Passion for Egypt's Queen; Octavius (the Future Augustus) Raises Fresh Legions to Oppose Antony; The Latter Proclaims Cleopatra Queen of Cyprus and Cilicia; The Republic Suspicious of Antony; Octavius Declares War Against Cleopatra; Crosses the Ionian Sea with his Fleet and Army, and Anchors at Actium, in Epirus; Meeting of the Roman and Antony's Fleets; Preparation for Battle; A Grand Scene; Cleopatra's Magnificent Galley; Discomfiture of Antony's Centre; Cleopatra Panic-stricken; Flight of the Egyptian Contingent; Antony Follows Cleopatra; His Fleet Surrenders to Octavius; The Land Forces Refuse to Believe in Antony's Defection; Despairing of His Return, they Accept Octavius' Overtures and Pass Under his Banner; Octavius Master of the World; Suicide of Antony and Cleopatra. 48

V. LEPANTO. A. D. 1571.

A Momentous Battle that Decides the Sovereignty of Eastern Europe; Naval Events Preceding Lepanto; Turkish Encroachments; Pope Pius V Forms a League Against Them; Siege and Capture of Famagousta by the Turks; Barbarities of Mustapha; Christian Europe Aroused; Assembly of the Pontifical Fleet and Army; Don John, of the Spanish Squadron, Placed in Chief Command; Resolves to Seek and Attack the Ottoman Fleet; Encounters the Enemy in a Gulf on the Albanian Coast; Character of Don John; Preparations for Battle; Strength of his Fleet; A Magnificent Scene; The Turkish Fleet; Ali Pasha in Command; The Battle Opens; Desperate Fighting at all Points, Barberigo, of the Venetian Fleet, Badly Wounded; Two Renowned Seamen Face to Face; Uluch Ali Captures the Great "Capitana" of Malta; The Galley of Don John Encounters that of Ali Pasha; They Collide; Terrible Hand-to-Hand Fighting; Bravery of a Capuchin Friar; The Viceroy of Egypt Killed; Ali Pasha Killed; His Galley Captured; Dismay among the Turks; Uluch Ali Gives the Signal for Retreat; Terrible Loss of Life in the Battle; Christian Slaves Liberated; The Turkish Fleet Almost Annihilated; Alexander Farnese; Cervantes; Fierce Storm; Two Sons of Ali Prisoners; Don John and Veniero; Division of the Spoils; The *Te Deum* at Messina; Joy Throughout Christendom; Colonna in Rome; The Great Ottoman Standard; Decline of the Ottoman Empire. 56

VI. THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA. A. D. 1588.

Significance of the Term; Philip II; His Character; Determines to Invade England; The Duke of Parma; Foresight of Elizabeth; The Armada Ready; An Enormous Fleet; It Encounters a Tempest; Mutiny; The

PAGE

Armada reaches the English Channel in July; Lord Howard, Drake, Frobisher and Hawkins in Command of the English Fleet; Tactics of the English; Capture of the "Santa Anna" by Drake; The Spanish Reach Calais; Disappointment of the Spanish Commander; Another Storm Sets In; Distress in the Spanish Fleet; The English hang on its Rear and cut off Straggling Vessels; Shipwreck and Disaster Overtake the Armada on the Scottish and Irish Coast; A Fearful Loss of Life; Apparent Indifference of Philip II Concerning the Armada's Failure; The Beginning of Spain's Decline. 85

VII. SOME NAVAL EVENTS OF ELIZABETH'S TIME, SUCCEEDING THE ARMADA.

The Armada's Discomfiture Encourages England to Attack Spain; Drake and Norris Unsuccessful at Lisbon; The Earl of Cumberland's Expedition; Meets with a Bloody Repulse; League of Elizabeth with *Henri Quatre*, against the Duke of Parma; Sir Thomas Howard in Command of an English Fleet to the Azores; Frobisher and Raleigh's Expedition of 1592; Prizes Taken on the Coast of Spain; Frobisher Wounded; His Death; Richard Hawkins; Walter Raleigh's Expedition to Guiana; Expedition of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins; Repulsed at Porto Rico; Death of Hawkins; England Anticipates Philip II in 1596 and Attacks Cadiz; The City Taken; The English Attack and Capture Fayal; Attempt to Intercept Spanish Merchantmen. 103

VIII. NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND HOLLAND. A. D. 1652–3.

The Dutch Supreme on the Sea; The Commonwealth and the United Provinces; Negotiations for an Alliance Broken Off; An English Commodore Fires into a Dutch Fleet; Van Tromp sent to Avenge this Insult; Blake in Command of the English; The English Temporarily Masters in the Channel; Great Naval Preparations in Holland; The South of England at Van Tromp's Mercy; Blake Collects his Fleet to meet Van Tromp; A Storm Scatters Both; The Dutch People Dissatisfied with Van Tromp; He Resigns; De Witt Assumes Chief Command; Blake Meets the French Fleet under Vendome; He Captures the Latter's Fleet; Battle of North Foreland; De Witt Withdraws at Nightfall; Van Tromp to the Front Again; Denmark Declares Against the Commonwealth; The Dutch and English Meet in the English Channel; Blake Beaten; Van Tromp Sails Up and Down the Channel with a Broom at his Masthead; Battle off Portland; A Decisive Engagement; Van Tromp Escorts Dutch Merchantmen into Port; Discontent in the Dutch Fleet; Terrible Loss on Both Sides; Blake Learns of a New Fleet Fitted out by Van Tromp in April; They Meet Again; A Two Days' Battle; Another Effort Two Months Later; The Brave Van Tromp Killed; The Power of Holland Broken; The States General Sues for Peace. 112

PAGE

IX. FRENCH AND DUTCH IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. A. D. 1676.

Revolt of Messina and Sicily; Louis XIV Sends Duquesne with a Fleet to Sustain the Insurgents; Sketch of Duquesne; England Makes Peace with Holland; Duquesne Repulses the Spanish Fleet and Captures the Town of Agosta; Learns of De Ruyter's Presence in the Mediterranean; Meeting of the Hostile Fleets, Jan. 16, 1676; Splendid Manœuvres; The Advantage with the French; They Meet Again, in Spring, Near Syracuse; Sharp and Terrible Firing; De Ruyter Mortally Wounded; The Dutch Seek Shelter in Syracuse Harbor; The Sicilian and French Fleets Encounter the Dutch and Spanish Fleets Again, in May; Destruction of the Latter; Honors to the Remains of De Ruyter; Recompensing Duquesne; His Protestantism Distasteful to Louis XIV; Humiliates Genoa; Edict of Nantes; His Death and Private Burial; Subsequent Honors to his Memory. 146

X. BATTLE OF CAPE LA HAGUE. A. D. 1692.

Louis XIV Prepares to Attack England, to Seat James II on the Throne; Count de Tourville in Command of the French Fleet; Sketch of his Life; He is Ordered to Sail from Brest; Bad Weather; Arrogance of Pontchartrain, the Minister of Marine; Tourville meets a Powerful English and Dutch Fleet; Bravery of the Soleil Royal, the French Flag-ship; A Fog Ends the Fight; Louis XIV Compliments Tourville on his Gallant Defence Against Such Great Odds; Bestows the Title of Field Marshal on Him. 157

XI. BENBOW, A. D. 1702.

Benbow a Favorite of William III; Queen Anne Declares War Against France; Benbow Sent to the West Indies; He Falls in with a French Fleet; A Vigorous Attack Commenced; Disobedience of his Captains; He is Badly Wounded and Dies; The Captains Court-martialed; Detailed Account of the Capture and Destruction of the French and Spanish Fleets. 166

XII. BYNG AND LA GALISSONIÈRE. A. D. 1756.

Sketch of Admiral Byng; War between England and France; Capture of Minorca by the Latter; Byng sent to the Relief of the Island; La Galissonière in Command of the French; Failure to Engage the Latter's Fleet, as Directed, by Byng; The English Driven Back to Gibraltar; Byng Superseded Without a Hearing; Tried by Court-martial and Sentenced to Death; The Sentence Considered Unjustly Severe by Pitt; Wrangling among the Officers of the Admiralty; Final Execution of the Sentence; Voltaire's Sarcasm. 174

XIII. SIR EDWARD HAWKE AND CONFLANS. A. D. 1759.

Sketch of Hawke; Succeeds the Ill-fated Admiral Byng; In Command of a Blockading Squadron at Brest; Meets the French Fleet Under Admiral Conflans Near Belleisle; The Latter Inferior in Strength and Numbers; A Gale Arises During the Fight and Many Injured French Vessels Wrecked; The Latter Fleet Almost Entirely Disabled and Destroyed; Honors to Hawke. 183

PAGE

XIV. SERAPIS AND BONHOMME RICHARD. A. D. 1779.

A Remarkable Action; Sketch of the Hero, John Paul Jones; Receives a Commission in the United Colonial Navy; Hoists the First American Flag on Sea; The French Salute the "Stars and Stripes;" France Gives Him a Large Merchantman, which he Names the Bonhomme Richard; Sketch of Jones' Later Life; Lafayette; Franklin; Additional Ships Fitted out for Jones in France; Description of the Bonhomme Richard; Sailing of the Fleet; Richard Dale; Cruises on the Coast of Scotland; Discovery of the Serapis Convoying About Forty Merchantmen; Description of Her; The Serapis Stands Out to Protect Her Convoy; The Two Vessels Engage as Night Comes On; Two of Jones' 18-pounders Burst at the First Discharge; Captain Pearson, of the Serapis, Inquires whether the Bonhomme Richard has Struck; Jones Replies that He has Not yet Commenced to Fight; The Vessels Come Afoul Again; Jones Lashes Them Together; The Americans Drop Hand-grenades and Matches Down the Hatches of the Serapis and Cause a Terrific Explosion; The Serapis Finally Surrenders; Jones Transfers His Men to the Serapis; The Bonhomme Richard Sinks; Jones Carries His Force to the Texel; One of the Most Remarkable Sea Fights on Record. 187

XV. DE GRASSE AND RODNEY. A. D. 1782.

Sketch of De Grasse; Earliest Exploits; Aids Washington in the Reduction of Yorktown; Recognition by Congress; Subsequent Events; Encounters an English Fleet, Under Rodney; De Grasse Loses Five Line-of Battle Ships; Exultation in England; De Grasse a Prisoner; Assists in Bringing About a Treaty of Peace Between the United States and England; Career of Rodney; Receives the Title of Baron and a Pension. 218

XVI. LORD HOWE AND THE FRENCH FLEET. JUNE 1, A. D. 1794.

The First of a Series of Memorable Engagements; Traits of Lord Howe; Anecdotes; Watching the French Fleet; The Latter Put to Sea; Skirmishing, May 28; A Great Battle, June 1; The French Open Fire First; Concentrated and Deadly Firing on Both Sides; The French Lose Six Line-of-Battle Ships; Howe's Orders Not Obeyed by Some of the Captains; Some French Ships that Had Struck Escape in the Darkness; Anecdotes Concerning the Battle. 227

XVII. BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT. A. D. 1797.

Location of Cape St. Vincent; Admiral Sir John Jervis in Command of the English; Strength of His Fleet; Commodore Horatio Nelson; Chased by a Spanish Fleet; The Latter in Command of Don Joseph de Cordova; Feb. 14 a Disastrous Day for Spain; Surprised to See so Large an English Fleet; The Battle Opens; Boarding the San Nicolas; The Spanish Beaten at Every Point; The Battle over by 5 o'clock; Both Fleets Lay To to Repair Damages; Escape of the Spanish During the Night; Damages Sustained; Description of

PAGE

the Santissima Trinidada; The Cause of the Spanish Discomfiture; Great Rejoicing in Lisbon; Honors and Pensions Awarded to the English Commanders at Home; Admiral Cordova and His Captains. 247

XVIII. ENGLISH FLEET IN CANARY ISLANDS. A. D. 1797.

English Expedition to the Canary Islands; Cutting Out a Brig in the Harbor of Santa Cruz; Attempt of the English to Capture the Town of Santa Cruz; An Expedition Under Rear Admiral Nelson Organized for the Purpose; The Garrison Apprised of Their Coming; Nelson Shot in the Arm and Disabled; The English Agree not to Molest the Canary Islands any Further if Allowed to Retire in Good Order; The Spanish Governor Finally Accepts this Offer; A Disastrous Defeat for Nelson. 266

XIX. BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN. 11TH OCTOBER, A. D. 1797.

Viscount Duncan; His Early Life; The Mutiny of the Nore; Causes Leading to It; Disgraceful Practices of the English Admiralty of this Period; War with Holland; The Dutch Fleet Off the Texel under the Command of Vice-Admiral De Winter; The English Immediately Set Out to Intercept them; The Battle Opens about Noon of October 11th; Hard Fighting; The English Victorious; Accurate Firing of the Hollanders; The Losses Heavy on Both Sides; Actual Strength of Both Fleets; Duncan's Admirable Plan of Attack; Nelson's Memorandum. 273

XX. BATTLE OF THE NILE. 1ST AUGUST, 1798.

Aboukir Bay; Its History; Learning that a Strong French Fleet Had Left Toulon, Nelson Seeks Them, He Finds the Fleet in Aboukir Bay; He Comes Upon Them at 6 o'clock in the Evening and Resolves to Attack Them at Once; A Terrible Battle Misunderstanding of the French Admiral's Instructions; Many Acts of Individual Heroism; Death of the French Admiral; Villeneuve Escapes with Four French Vessels; The Battle Over by 11 o'clock; The Most Disastrous Engagement the French Navy Ever Fought; Detailed Account of the Great Fight; The French Ship L'Orient Blown Up with a Terrific Explosion; Summary of the Losses on both sides; Masterly Tactics of Nelson; Gallant Behavior of the French; The Loss of This Battle of Immense Consequences to the Latter; Nelson Sails for Naples; Honors to Him Everywhere; His Official Report; French Officers of High Rank Killed; Anecdotes on Board the Vanguard on the Voyage to Naples. 289

XXI. LEANDER AND GÉNÉREUX. 16TH AUG., A. D. 1798.

Contest Between Single Ships; The Leander a Bearer of Dispatches from Nelson; Encounters the French Frigate Généreux; Attempts to Avoid the Latter; A Close and Bloody Fight of Six Hours; The Leander Surrenders; Captain Le Joille; Plundering the English Officers; Captain Thompson; Another Striking Incident; A French Cutter in Alexandria Harbor Abandoned on Being Attacked by Two English Frigates; The Officers and Crew of the Former, on Reaching the Shore, Massacred by the Arabs; General Carmin and Captain Vallette Among the Slain; Dispatches from Bonaparte Secured by the Arabs. 320

PAGE

XXII. ACTION BETWEEN THE AMBUSCADE AND BAYONNAISE. A. D. 1798.

Decisive Single Ship Actions; A Fruitful Source of Discussion; The British Account of It; History and Description of the Ambuscade; Unexpected Meeting with the Bayonnaise; The English Vessel the Fastest Sailer; A Battle Takes Place; Detailed Account of the Fight; The English Frigate Surrenders to the French Corvette; Causes of Discontent on Board the Former; Great Rejoicing in France; Promotion of the French Captain. 327

XXIII. SIR SIDNEY SMITH AND HIS SEAMEN AT ACRE. A. D. 1799.

Minister to the Sublime Porte; Notified of Bonaparte's Presence in Syria; The Latter Lays Siege to Acre; He Repairs Thither with a Fleet and Assists the Turks in Defending the Place; Admiral Perée, of the French Navy, Puts in an Appearance; Desperate Attempts to Storm the Place; Strength of Napoleon's Army on Entering Syria; Kleber's Grenadiers; Repeated and Desperate Assaults of the French; Unsuccessful Each Time; The Siege Abandoned After Sixty-one Days; Importance of the Place as Viewed by Napoleon. 334

XXIV. FOUDROYANT AND CONSORTS IN ACTION WITH THE GUILLAUME TELL. A. D. 1800.

Preliminary History; Rear Admiral Denis Décrès; Sketch of this Remarkable Man; His Tragic End; Engagement of the Guillaume Tell with the English Fleet Near Malta; Detailed Account of the Fight; Entirely Dismasted and Surrounded by English Vessels, the Guillaume Tell at last Surrenders; A More Heroic Defence Not To Be Found in the Record of Naval Actions; Taken to England, the Guillaume Tell is Refitted for the English Service, Under the Name of Malta; A Splendid Ship. 342

XXV. NAVAL OPERATIONS AT ABOUKIR BAY AND CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA. A. D. 1801.

Expulsion of the French Determined Upon; An English Fleet and Army Sent Thither Under Command of Lord Keith and Sir Ralph Abercrombie; The French Under Command of General Friant; The Former Land Troops Under a Galling Fire from Fort Aboukir and the Sand Hills; Sir Sidney Smith in Command of the Marines; A Heavy Battle Fought March 21; The French Forced to Retire; General Abercrombie Mortally Wounded; The French, Shut in at Alexandria, Finally Capitulate; Renewed Interest in this Campaign on Account of Recent Events; Points of Similarity. 348

XXVI. THE CUTTING OUT OF THE CHEVRETTE. JULY, A. D. 1801.

An Example of a "Cutting-out Expedition"; The Combined French and Spanish Fleets at Anchor in Brest; The English Watching Them; The Chevrette at Anchor in Camaret Bay; The English Resolve to Cut Her Out;

PAGE

An Expedition Starts Out at Night, in Small Boats; They Board and Capture Her, in Spite of the Desperate Resistance of the French; Details of the Fight; The Losses on Both Sides. 352

XXVII. BOAT ATTACK UPON THE FRENCH FLOTILLA AT BOULOGNE. A. D. 1801.

Another Boat Attack by the English, with Less Favorable Results; Lord Nelson in Command; Darkness and the Tides Against Them; They "Catch a Tartar"; The Affair a Triumph for the French. 358

XXVIII. COPENHAGEN. A. D. 1801.

Preliminary History; An English Fleet Under Sir Hyde Parker and Lord Nelson Ordered to the Cattegat; A Commissioner Empowered to Offer Peace or War Accompanies Them; Denmark Repels Their Insulting *Ultimatum* and Prepares for Defence; Strength of the English Fleet; They Attempt to Force the Passage of the Sound, and the Battle Begins; Early Incidents; Difficulties of the Large English Vessels in Entering the Shallow Waters; Strength of the Danish Fleet and Shore Batteries; Sir Hyde Parker Makes Signal to Withdraw; Lord Nelson Disobeys and Keeps up the Fight; The Danish Adjutant General Finally Appears and an Armistice is Agreed Upon; A Characteristic Action of Lord Nelson; Death of the Emperor Paul, of Russia; Second Attack on Copenhagen, 1807; Observations Concerning England's Conduct; A Powerful English Fleet Appears in the Sound; The Crown Prince Rejects England's Humiliating Proposals; Copenhagen Bombarded and Set on Fire; Final Surrender; Plunder by the English. 361

XXIX. TRAFALGAR. OCTOBER, 21ST, A. D. 1805.

Napoleon's Grand Schemes; Nelson in Search of the French Fleet; His Extensive Cruise; Napoleon's Orders to His Admiral, Villeneuve; The English Discover the French and Spanish Fleets at Cadiz; Nelson's Order of Battle a Master-piece of Naval Strategy; Strength of the English Fleet; Villeneuve Ordered to Sea; Strength of the Combined French and Spanish Fleets; The Hostile Forces Meet at Cape Trafalgar; The Battle; One of the Most Destructive Naval Engagements Ever Fought; The French Account of It; The Allied Fleet Almost Annihilated; Nelson Mortally Wounded; Further Particulars of the Battle; Estimate of Nelson's Character; Honors to His Memory. 382

XXX. WASP AND FROLIC. A. D. 1812.

The American Sloop Wasp Encounters the English Sloop Frolic; The Fight Begins in a Rough Sea; Accurate Firing of the Americans; The Frolic Terribly Shattered; She Surrenders; The Wasp and Her Prize Overtaken and Captured by a British 74. 427

XXXI. CONSTITUTION. A. D. 1812.

Description of the English Squadron Sent to American Waters; They Discover the U. S. Frigate Constitution and Give Chase; She Escapes and Reaches

PAGE

Boston, by Good Seamanship; Puts to Sea again and Meets the Guerrière; A Sharp Conflict; The British Frigate Dismasted and Compelled to Surrender; Controversies Regarding the Relative Strength of the Two Frigates; An English View of the Fight. 432

XXXII. LAKE ERIE, 10th SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1813.

Importance of This Victory; Observations by Roosevelt; Sketch of Oliver Hazard Perry; He Equips a Fleet on Lake Erie; Strength of the Enemy's Forces; Captain Robert Heriot Barclay in Command of the Latter; His Brilliant Career; Description of the American Fleet; The British Discovered Near Put-in-Bay; Perry Prepares to Meet Them; The Battle Opens; Perry's Flag-ship Suffers Severely; Her Guns Disabled; Perry Leaves in an Open Boat, for the Niagara; He Brings Her Into Action and Forces the Enemy to Surrender in Short Order; Condition of Both Fleets; The Losses; Perry's Famous Letter; Incidents Related by Surgeon Parsons. 445

XXXIII. ESSEX, PHŒBE AND CHERUB.

A Remarkable Engagement; First Appearance of Farragut in History; Sketch of Captain Porter, Commander of the Essex; Sent to the South Sea to Destroy the English Merchant Marine; Success of His Mission; The English Send Commodore James Hillyar to Look After Him; Porter Goes Into Valparaiso Bay, a Neutral Port; The Phœbe and Cherub Appear in the Harbor; Friendly Salutations of the Opposing Commanders; Various Incidents; Hearing of Other English Vessels, Porter Determines to Escape to Sea; Meets with an Accident in Rounding a Point; Attacked by the Phœbe and Cherub while Attempting to Regain Her Former Anchorage; She is Terribly Cut Up, and Finally Surrenders; Later Incidents; Farragut's Observations. 475

XXXIV. BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN, SEPTEMBER 11th, A. D. 1814.

Important Results of This Battle; Events Relating Thereto; Both Nations Begin the Building of a Fleet; Captain Thomas McDonough; The English Invade the Country by Land and Water; Relative Strength of the Two Armies and Navies; Captain Downie in Command of the English; The Hostile Fleets Meet Off Plattsburg, September 11th, 1814; Good Judgment of Captain McDonough in Selecting a Position; The Battle Begins; Steady and Accurate Firing on Both Sides; McDonough's Flag-ship, after Having all the Guns on one side Silenced, Shifts Round, and with the Other Broadside Decides the Day; Concluding Remarks; Honors to McDonough. 502

XXXV. THE CONSTITUTION IN ACTION WITH THE CYANE AND LEVANT. A. D. 1815.

A Singular Action; Captain Charles Stewart; History of the Constitution Prior to this Event; She Meets the Cyane and Levant and Captures Both After a Short Action; Details of the Fight; Skillful Management of the Constitution

PAGE

by Captain Stewart; He Carries His Prizes to Porto Praya; Discovers a Large Vessel Outside the Harbor; He gives Instant Orders to Put to Sea; Three British Vessels of War Turn Up; The Cyane Escapes to New York; The Levant Returns to Porto Praya Harbor, where the English Recapture Her; Good Judgment of Captain Stewart; Later History of the Constitution. 526

XXXVI. LORD EXMOUTH AT ALGIERS. A. D. 1816.

Biographical Sketch of Lord Exmouth; Atrocities of the Algerines Prompt the English to Send a Fleet, Under Lord Exmouth, Against Them; A Dutch Fleet Joins Them at Gibraltar; Strength of the Combined Fleet; Fruitless Negotiations with the Algerines; Strength of their Fortifications; The Allied Fleets Open Fire on the Forts and City; A Tremendous Cannonade; The Dey Comes to Terms; Capture of the Place by the French, Fourteen Years Later. 539

XXXVII. NAVARINO. A. D. 1827.

Assembly of the Allied English, French and Russian Fleets in the Mediterranean; Their Object; An Egyptian Fleet, with Troops, enters Navarino Harbor; History and Geographical Position of the Latter; Strength of the Opposing Fleets; Treachery of the Egyptians; The Battle Opens; Desperate Fighting; Bad Gunnery of the Turks; Destruction of Their Fleet. 549

XXXVIII. SINOPE. A. D. 1853.

History of Sinope; An Abuse of Superior Force on the Part of the Russians; They Encounter the Turkish Fleet in Sinope Harbor and Demand the Latter's Surrender; They Decline and the Battle Opens Furiously; The Turkish Fleet Totally Destroyed and That of the Russians rendered Comparatively Useless; Appearance of the Town of Sinope. 562

XXXIX. LISSA. A. D. 1866.

Position of the Island of Lissa; Its History; Attacked and Taken by the Italians; The Austrians Shortly After Come to its Relief; A Great Naval Battle Takes Place; Strength of the Opposing Fleets; The Ironclads That Took Part; Bad Management of the Italians Under Admiral Persano; They are Badly Beaten; Sketch of the Italian Admiral; His Court-Martial; William Baron Tegethoff, the Austrian Commander. 570

XL. MONITOR AND MERRIMAC. MARCH 9TH, A. D. 1862.

Origin and History of the Merrimac; Strength of the Union Fleet at Hampton Roads; Government Preparations to Meet the Ironclad Merrimac; The Latter Makes Her Appearance; Sinks the Cumberland and Compels the Congress to Strike Her Colors; The Guns of the Union Fleet Harmless on the Armor of the Merrimac; The Monitor puts in an Appearance; Her History, and That of Captain Ericsson, Her Inventor; Details of Her Engagement With the Merrimac; The Latter Finally Retires; Armament of the Opposing Ironclads; Subsequent History of the Monitor. 571

PAGE

XLI. FARRAGUT AT NEW ORLEANS.

The Government Determines to Regain Possession of the Mississippi; Farragut sent to the Gulf; The Army Under Gen. Butler to Co-operate With Him; Description of the Approaches to New Orleans, the Obstructions and Fortifications; Strength of Farragut's Fleet; He Determines to Pass the Forts; The Fleet Advances on the Night of April 23–24; Detailed Account of the Thrilling Incidents; New Orleans at His Mercy; The City Surrenders; Destruction of Property by the Confederates; The Forts Surrender; Minor Details. 586

XLII. ATLANTA AND WEEHAWKEN. JUNE 17TH, A. D. 1863.

The Blockade-runner Fingal Converted Into the Ironclad Atlanta; Description of Her; Confidence in Her Ability to Destroy the Monitors; She Leaves Savannah to Break the Blockade and Encounters the Weehawken; A Trial of Heavy Artillery and Heavy Armor; The Atlanta Strikes Her Colors in Fifteen Minutes After the Battle Begins; Details of this Extraordinary Engagement; Practical Results of this Fight. 607

XLIII. KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA. JUNE 19TH, A. D. 1864.

Origin and History of the Alabama; Her Destruction of Our Commerce; Eludes Our Cruisers; Discovered in Cherbourg Harbor by Captain Winslow, of the United States Steamer Kearsarge; Semmes, of the Alabama, Challenges Winslow; The Former is Escorted Beyond the French Jurisdiction by the French Ironclad Couronne, June 19th, 1864; The Kearsarge Clears for Action; The Battle Opens; Terrible Effects of the Latter's Guns; The Alabama Soon Disabled and Sinking; She Surrenders; An English Yacht, Permitted to Pick Up the Prisoners, Among Whom are Captain Semmes and Other Officers, Treacherously Makes Off With Them to England; Letter of Secretary Welles to Winslow; Other Interesting Particulars. 612

XLIV. MOBILE BAY. AUGUST 5TH, A. D. 1864.

Farragut's Movements After the Battle of New Orleans; His Promotion; Prepares to Attack Mobile; Minor Incidents; Description of the Enemy's Fleet and Fortifications; Names of Farragut's Vessels and Their Commanders; The Order to Advance; Sinking of the Monitor Tecumseh by a Torpedo; Splendid Manœuvring of the Fleet; Heavy Cannonading on Both Sides; Surrender of the Confederate Ironclad Tennessee; Further Details of this Great Battle; Honors to Farragut. 624

XLV. CUSHING AND THE ALBEMARLE. OCTOBER, A. D. 1864.

The Confederates Discovered Building an Ironclad on Roanoke River, North Carolina; She Makes Her Appearance, Destroys One Union Vessel, and Injures Several Others; Lieutenant Cushing; His Singular Character and Daring Adventures; He Sinks the Albemarle with a Torpedo, while she is Lying at a wharf; His Official Report; His Subsequent Career; His Death. 652

PAGE

XLVI. FORT FISHER. DECEMBER A. D. 1864, JANUARY A. D. 1865.

Importance of the Place to the Confederates; The Largest Fleet That Ever Sailed Under the American Flag Invests It, Under Admiral Porter; The Army Co-operates With the Fleet; Failure of the First Attack; Gen. Terry Arrives With Reinforcements, and a Fresh Investment of the Place Begins January 13th, 1865; Details of This Famous Engagement; Fort Fisher Surrenders; Appearance After the Battle; Other Incidents; Blockade-runners. 667

XLVII. SOME NAVAL ACTIONS BETWEEN BRAZIL, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION AND PARAGUAY. A. D. 1865–68.

Origin of the Long and Deadly Struggle; The Brazilian Fleet Starts Out on a Cruise; Lopez, Dictator of Paraguay, Determines to Capture this Fleet; His Preparations; The Hostile Fleets Encounter each other; Details of the Fight; Bad Management on both sides; The Paraguayans Forced to Retire; Another Battle in March, 1866, on the Parana River; Full Account of the Desultory Fighting; The Paraguayans Driven Out of their Earthworks; Two Unsuccessful Attacks, in 1868, on the Brazilian Monitors lying off Tayi; Interesting Account of one of these Attacks. 681

XLVIII. THE CAPTURE OF THE HUASCAR. OCTOBER 8TH, A. D. 1879.

Description of the Huascar; Her Earlier Exploits; Strength of the Chilian Squadron; The Latter Seek the Huascar; The Enemies Recognize each other; The Battle Begins at Long Range; Full Details of this Spirited Engagement; Terrible Loss of Life on Board the Huascar; She Finally Surrenders; Condition of the Chilian Fleet. 697

XLIX. BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. JULY 11TH, A. D. 1882.

Political Complications; Arabi Pasha; History of Alexandria; Important Events Preceding the Bombardment; England Demands that Work on the Fortifications Cease; Arabi Promises to Desist, but Renews the Work Secretly, under Cover of the Darkness; A Powerful English Fleet Opens Fire on the Defences; Description of the Latter; Silenced by the Fleet and Abandoned; Alexandria set on Fire and Pillaged by the Native Soldiery and Released Convicts; Frightful Scenes; Sailors and Marines from the American and German Fleets Landed to Protect the Consulates; Order Finally Restored; Injury Sustained by the English Fleet. 710–718

NAVAL BATTLES,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

INTRODUCTION.

The Ancients were full of horror of the mysterious Great Sea, which they deified; believing that man no longer belonged to himself when once embarked, but was liable to be sacrificed at any time to the anger of the Great Sea god; in which case no exertions of his own could be of any avail.

This belief was not calculated to make seamen of ability. Even Homer, who certainly was a great traveler, or voyager, and who had experience of many peoples, gives us but a poor idea of the progress of navigation, especially in the blind gropings and shipwrecks of Ulysses, which he appears to have thought the most natural things to occur.

A recent writer says, "Men had been slow to establish completely their dominion over the sea. They learned very early to build ships. They availed themselves very early of the surprising power which the helm exerts over the movements of a ship; but, during many ages, they found no surer guidance than that which the position of the sun and of the stars afforded. When clouds intervened to deprive them of this uncertain direction, they were helpless. They were thus obliged to keep the land in view, and content themselves with creeping timidly along the coasts. But at length there was discovered a stone which the wise Creator had endowed with strange properties. It was observed that a needle which had

been brought in contact with that stone ever afterwards pointed steadfastly to the north. Men saw that with a needle thus influenced they could guide themselves at sea as surely as on land. The Mariner's compass loosed the bond which held sailors to the coast, and gave them liberty to push out into the sea."

As regards early attempts at navigation, we must go back, for certain information, to the Egyptians. The expedition of the Argonauts, if not a fable, was an attempt at navigation by simple boatmen, who, in the infancy of the art, drew their little craft safely on shore every night of their coasting voyages. We learn from the Greek writers themselves, that that nation was in ignorance of navigation compared with the Phenicians, and the latter certainly acquired the art from the Egyptians.

We know that naval battles, that is, battles between bodies of men in ships, took place thousands of years before the Christian era. On the walls of very ancient Egyptian tombs are depicted such events, apparently accompanied with much slaughter.

History positively mentions prisoners, under the name of *Tokhari*, who were vanquished by the Egyptians in a naval battle fought by Rameses III, in the fifteenth century before our era. These *Tokhari* were thought to be Kelts, and to come from the West. According to some they were navigators who had inherited their skill from their ancestors of the lost Continent, Atlantis.

The Phenicians have often been popularly held to have been the first navigators upon the high seas; but the Carians, who preceded the Pelasgi in the Greek islands, undoubtedly antedated the Phenicians in the control of the sea and extended voyages. It is true that when the Phenicians did begin, they far exceeded their predecessors. Sidon dates from 1837 before Christ, and soon

after this date she had an extensive commerce, and made long voyages, some even beyond the Mediterranean.

To return to the Egyptians. Sesostris had immense fleets 1437 years before Christ, and navigated not only the Mediterranean, but the Red Sea. The Egyptians had invaded, by means of veritable fleets, the country of the Pelasgi. Some of these ancient Egyptian ships were very large. Diodorus mentions one of cedar, built by Sesostris, which was 280 cubits (420 to 478 feet) long.

One built by Ptolemy was 478 feet long, and carried 400 sailors, 4000 rowers, and 3000 soldiers. Many other huge vessels are mentioned. A bas-relief at Thebes represents a naval victory gained by the Egyptians over some Indian nation, in the Red Sea, or the Persian Gulf, probably 1400 years before Christ.

The Egyptian fleet is in a crescent, and seems to be endeavoring to surround the Indian fleet, which, with oars boarded and sails furled, is calmly awaiting the approach of its antagonist. A lion's head, of some metal, at the prow of each Egyptian galley, shows that ramming was then resorted to. These Egyptian men-of-war were manned by soldiers in helmets, and armed as those of the land forces.

The length of these vessels is conjectured to have been about 120 feet, and the breadth 16 feet. They had high raised poops and forecastles, filled with archers and slingers, while the rest of the fighting men were armed with pikes, javelins, and pole-axes, of most murderous appearance, to be used in boarding. Wooden bulwarks, rising considerably above the main-deck, protected the rowers. Some of the combatants had bronze coats of mail, in addition to helmets of the same, and some carried huge shields, covered, apparently, with tough bull's hide.

These vessels had masts, with a large yard, and a huge square sail. They are said to have been built of acacia, so durable a wood that vessels built of it have lasted a century or more. They appear to have had but one rank of oars; although two or three tiers soon became common. None of the ancient Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek or Roman monuments represent galleys with more than two tiers of oars, except one Roman painting that gives one with three. Yet quinqueremes are spoken of as very common. It is not probable that more than three tiers were used; as seamen have never been able to explain how the greater number of tiers could have been worked; and they have come to the conclusion that scholars have been mistaken, and that the term *quinquereme*, or five ranks of oars, as translated, meant the arrangement of the oars, or of the men at them, and not the ranks, one above another, as usually understood.

Much learning and controversy has been expended upon this subject, and many essays written, and models and diagrams made, to clear up the matter, without satisfying practical seamen.

The Roman galleys with three rows of oars had the row ports in tiers. These ports were either round or oval, and were called *columbaria*, from their resemblance to the arrangement of a dovecote. The lower oars could be taken in, in bad weather, and the ports closed.

The "long ships" or galleys of the ancient Mediterranean maritime nations—which were so called in opposition to the short, high and bulky merchant ships—carried square or triangular sails, often colored. The "long ships" themselves were painted in gay colors, carried flags and banners at different points, and images upon their prows, which were sacred to the tutelary divinities of their country. The "long ships" could make

with their oars, judging from descriptions of their voyages, perhaps a hundred miles in a day of twelve hours. In an emergency they could go much faster, for a short time. It is reliably stated that it took a single-decked galley, 130 feet long, with 52 oars, a fourth of an hour to describe a full circle in turning.

Carthage was founded by the Phenicians, 1137 years before our era; and not very long after the Carthaginians colonized Marseilles. Hanno accomplished his *periplus*, or great voyage round Africa, 800 years B. C., showing immense advance in nautical ability, in which the Greeks were again left far behind. Still later, the Carthaginians discovered the route to the British Islands, and traded there—especially in Cornish tin—while 330 years B. C. *Ultima Thule*, or Iceland, was discovered by the Marseillais Pitheas. Thus Carthage and her colonies not only freely navigated the Atlantic, but some have thought that they actually reached northern America.

Four hundred and eighty years before the Christian era the Grecian fleet defeated that of the Persians, at Salamis; and the next year another naval battle, that of Mycale (which was fought on the same day as that of Platœa on land), completely discomfited the Persian invaders, and the Greeks then became the aggressors.

Herodotus, who wrote about 450 years B. C., gives accounts of many naval actions, and even describes several different kinds of fighting vessels. He mentions the prophecy of the oracle at Delphi, when "wooden walls" were declared to be the great defence against Xerxes' huge force—meaning the fleet—just as the "wooden walls of England" were spoken of, up to the time of ironclads. Herodotus says the Greek fleet at the battle of Artemisium, which was fought at the same time as Thermopylæ, consisted of 271 ships, which, by their very

skillful handling, defeated the much larger Persian armament, which latter, from its very numbers, was unwieldy.

At Artemisium, the Greeks "brought the sterns of their ships together in a small compass, and turned their prows towards the enemy." And, although largely outnumbered, fought through the day, and captured thirty of the enemy's ships. This manner of manœuvring was possible, from the use of oars; and they never fought except in calm weather.

After this, the Greeks, under Alexander, renewed their energies, and his fleet, under the command of Nearchus, explored the coast of India and the Persian Gulf. His fleets principally moved by the oar, although sails were sometimes used by them.

Among other well authenticated naval events of early times, was the defeat of the Carthaginian fleet, by Regulus, in the first Punic war, 335 years B. C. This victory, gained at sea, was the more creditable to the Romans, as they were not naturally a sea-going race, as the nations to the south and east of the Mediterranean were.

When they had rendered these nations tributary, they availed themselves of their nautical knowledge; just as the Austrians of to-day avail themselves of their nautical population upon the Adriatic coast, or the Turks of their Greek subjects, who are sailors.

Of naval battles which exercised any marked influence upon public events, or changed dynasties, or the fate of nations, the first of which we have a full and definite description is the battle of Actium. But before proceeding to describe that most important and memorable engagement, we may look at two or three earlier sea fights which had great results, some details of which have come down to us.

NAVAL BATTLES,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

I.

SALAMIS. B. C. 480.

THIS great sea fight took place at the above date, between the fleet of Xerxes and that of the allied Greeks.

Salamis is an island in the Gulf of Ægina, ten miles west of Athens. Its modern name is Kolouri. It is of about thirty square miles surface; mountainous, wooded, and very irregular in shape.

It was in the channel between it and the main land that the great battle was fought.

Xerxes, in the flush of youth, wielding immense power, and having boundless resources in men and money, determined to revenge upon the Greeks the defeat of the Persians, so many of whom had fallen, ten years before, at Marathon. After years of preparation, using all his resources and enlisting tributary powers, he marched northward, in all the pomp and circumstance of war, and laid a bridge of boats at the Hellespont, over which it took seven days for his army to pass. His fleet consisted of over 1200 fighting vessels and transports, and carried 240,000 men.

Previous to the naval battle of which we are about to

speak, he lost four hundred of his galleys in a violent storm; but still his fleet was immensely superior in number to that of the Greeks, who had strained every nerve to get together the navies of their independent States. Such leaders as Aristides and Themistocles formed a host in themselves, while the independent Greeks were, man for man and ship for ship, superior to the Persians and their allies. Of the Greek fleet the Athenians composed the right wing; the Spartans the left, opposed respectively to the Phenicians and the Ionians; while the Æginetans and Corinthians, with others, formed the Greek reserve.

The day of the battle was a remarkably fair one, and we are told that, as the sun rose, the Persians, with one accord (both on sea and land, for there was a famous land battle as well on that day), prostrated themselves in worship of the orb of day. This was one of the oldest and greatest forms of worship ever known to man, and it still exists among the Parsees. It must have been a grand sight; for 240,000 men, in a thousand ships, and an immense force on the neighboring land, bowed down at once, in adoration.

The Greeks, with the "canniness" which distinguished them in their dealings with both gods and men, sacrificed to all the gods, and especially to Zeus, or Jupiter, and to Poseidon, or Neptune.

Everything was ready for the contest on both sides. Arms, offensive and defensive, were prepared. They were much the same as had been used for ages, by the Egyptians and others. Grappling irons were placed ready to fasten contending ships together; gangways or planks were arranged to afford sure footing to the boarders, while heavy weights were ready, triced up to the long yards, to be dropped upon the enemy's deck,

crushing his rowers, and perhaps sinking the vessel. Catapults and balistæ (the first throwing large darts and javelins, the second immense rocks) were placed in order, like great guns of modern times. Archers and slingers occupied the poops and forecastles; while, as additional means of offence, the Rhodians carried long spars, fixed obliquely to the prows of their galleys, and reaching beyond their beaks, from which were suspended, by chains, large kettles, filled with live coals and combustibles. A chain at the bottom capsized these on the decks of the enemy, often setting them on fire. Greek fire, inextinguishable by water, is supposed, by many, to have been used thus early; while fire ships were certainly often employed.

Just as the Greeks had concluded their religious ceremonies, one of their triremes, which had been sent in advance to reconnoitre the Persian fleet, was seen returning, hotly pursued by the enemy.

An Athenian trireme, commanded by Ameinas, the brother of the poet Æschylus, dashed forward to her assistance. Upon this Eurybiades, the Greek admiral, seeing that everything was ready, gave the signal for general attack, which was the display of a brightly burnished brazen shield above his vessel. (This, and many other details may be found in Herodotus, but space prevents their insertion here.)

As soon as the shield was displayed the Grecian trumpets sounded the advance, which was made amid great enthusiasm, the mixed fleets, or contingents, from every state and city, vieing with each other as to who should be first to strike the enemy. The right wing dashed forward, followed by the whole line, all sweeping down upon the Persians, or Barbarians, as the Greeks called them.

On this occasion the Greeks had a good cause, and were fighting to save their country and its liberties. Undaunted by the numbers of the opposing fleet, they bent to their long oars and came down in fine style. The Athenians became engaged first, then the Æginetans, and then the battle became general. The Greeks had the advantage of being in rapid motion when they struck the Persian fleet, most of which had not, at that critical moment, gathered way. The great effect of a mass in motion is exemplified in the act of a river steamboat running at speed into a wharf; the sharp, frail vessel is seldom much damaged, while cutting deep into a mass of timber, iron and stone. Many of the Persian vessels were sunk at once, and a great gap thereby made in their line. This was filled from their immense reserve, but not until after great panic and confusion, which contributed to the success of the Greeks. The Persian Admiral commanding the left wing, seeing that it was necessary to act promptly in order to effectually succor his people, bore down at full speed upon the flagship of Themistocles, intending to board her. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued, and the vessel of Themistocles was soon in a terrible strait; but many Athenian galleys hastened to his rescue, and the large and magnificent Persian galley was sunk by repeated blows from the sharp beaks of the Greeks, while Ariamenes, the Admiral, was previously slain and thrown overboard. At this same moment the son of the great Darius, revered by all the Asiatics, fell, pierced by a javelin, at which sight the Persians set up a melancholy wailing cry, which the Greeks responded to with shouts of triumph and derision.

Still, the Persians, strong in numbers, renewed and maintained the battle with great fury; but the Athenian fleet cut through the Phenician line, and then, pulling

strong with starboard and backing port oars, turned short round and fell upon the Persian left flank and rear.

A universal panic now seized the Asiatics; and in spite of numbers, they broke and fled in disorder—all, that is, except the Dorians, who, led by their brave queen in person, fought for their new ally with desperate valor, in the vain hope of restoring order where all order was lost. The Dorian queen, Artemisia, at last forced to the conviction that the fugitives were not to be rallied, and seeing the waters covered with wreck, and strewn with the floating corpses of her friends and allies, reluctantly gave the signal for retreat.

She was making off in her own galley, when she found herself closely pursued by a Greek vessel, and, to divert his pursuit, as well as to punish one who had behaved badly, she ran her galley full speed into that of a Lycian commander, who had behaved in a cowardly manner during the engagement. The Lycian sank instantly, and the Greek, upon seeing this action, supposed that Artemesia's galley was a friend, and at once relinquished pursuit; so that this brave woman and able naval commander succeeded in making her escape.

Ten thousand drachmas had been offered for her capture, and this, of course, was lost. Ameinas, who had pursued her, was afterwards named, by general suffrage, one of the "three valiants" who had most distinguished themselves in the hard fought battle against such odds. Polycritus and Eumenes were the two others.

The victory being complete at sea, Aristides, at the head of a large body of Athenians, landed at a point where many of the Persians were. The latter were divided from the main body of Xerxes' army by a sheet of water, and were slain, almost to a man, by the Greeks, under the

very eyes of the Persian monarch and his main army, who could not reach them to afford assistance.

The discomfiture of his fleet rendered Xerxes powerless for the time; and, recognizing the extent of the misfortune which had befallen him, the mighty lord of so many nations, so many tributaries, and so many slaves, rent his robes, and burst into a flood of tears.

Thus ended the great battle of Salamis, which decided the fate of Greece.

The forces of the several independent Greek States returned to their homes, where their arrival was celebrated with great rejoicing, and sacrifices to the gods.

Xerxes, as soon as he realized the extent of the disaster which had befallen him, resolved at once to return with all possible expedition into Asia. His chief counsellor in vain advised him not to be downcast by the defeat of his fleet: "that he had come to fight against the Greeks, not with rafts of wood, but with soldiers and horses." In spite of this, Xerxes sent the remnant of his fleet to the harbors of Asia Minor, and after a march of forty-five days, amidst great hardship and privation, arrived at the Hellespont with his army. Famine, pestilence and battle had reduced his army from a million or more to about 300,000.

The victory at Salamis terminated the second act of the great Persian expedition. The third, in the following year, was the conclusive land battle of Platæa, and subsequent operations. These secured not only the freedom of Greece and of adjoining European States, but the freedom and independence of the Asiatic Greeks, and their undisturbed possession of the Asiatic coast—an inestimable prize to the victors.

II.

NAVAL BATTLE AT SYRACUSE. B. C. 415.

THIS battle was not only remarkable for its desperate fighting and bloody character, but for the fact that the complete and overwhelming defeat of the Athenians was the termination of their existence as a naval power.

An Athenian fleet had been despatched to the assistance of the small Greek Republic of Ægesta, near the western end of Sicily, then threatened by Syracuse.

The Athenian fleet numbered one hundred and thirty-four triremes, 25,000 seamen and soldiers, beside transports with 6000 spearmen and a proportionate force of archers and slingers. This considerable armament was designed to coöperate not only in the reduction of Syracuse, the implacable enemy of the Ægestans, but also to endeavor to subdue the whole of the large, rich and beautiful island of Sicily, at that time the granary and vineyard of the Mediterranean.

The Greek fleet drew near its destination in fine order, and approached and entered Syracuse with trumpets sounding and flags displayed, while the soldiers and sailors, accustomed to a long succession of victories, and regarding defeat as impossible, rent the air with glad shouts.

Syracuse is a large and perfect harbor; completely

landlocked, and with a narrow entrance. The Sicilians, entirely unprepared to meet the veteran host thus suddenly precipitated upon them, looked upon these demonstrations with gloomy forebodings. Fortunately for their independence, they had wise and brave leaders, while the commander of the great Athenian fleet was wanting in decision of character and in the ability to combine his forces and move quickly; a necessity in such an enterprise as his. It therefore happened that the tables were turned, and the proud invaders were eventually blockaded in the harbor of Syracuse, the people obstructing the narrow entrance so as to prevent escape, while the country swarmed with the levies raised to resist the invaders by land, and to cut them off from all supplies.

In the meantime the Greeks had seized a spot on the shores of the harbor, built a dock yard, and constructed a fortified camp.

Such being the state of affairs, a prompt and energetic movement on the part of the Athenians became necessary to save them from starvation. Nikias, their commander-in-chief, entrusted the fleet to Demosthenes, Menander, and Euthydemus, and prepared to fight a decisive battle.

Taught by recent partial encounters that the beaks of the Syracusan triremes were more powerful and destructive than those of his own vessels, he instructed his captains to avoid ramming as much as possible, and to attack by boarding. His ships were provided with plenty of grappling irons, so that the Sicilians could be secured as soon as they rammed the Greek vessels, when a mass of veteran Greeks was to be thrown on board, and the islanders overcome in a hand-to-hand fight.

When all was ready the fleet of the Athenian triremes, reduced to one hundred and ten in number, but fully manned, moved in three grand divisions. Demosthenes

commanded the van division, and made directly for the mouth of the harbor, toward which was the Syracusan fleet, only seventy-five in number, also promptly converged.

The Athenians were cutting away and removing the obstructions at the narrow entrance, when their enemy came down rapidly, and forced them to desist from their labors, and form line of battle. This they did hurriedly, and as well as the narrow limits would permit. They were soon furiously attacked, on both wings at once, by Licanus and Agatharcus, who had moved down close to the shore, the one on the right and the other on the left hand of the harbor. The Syracusans, by this manœuvre, outflanked the Greeks, who, their flanks being turned, were necessarily driven in upon their centre, which point was at this critical moment vigorously attacked by the Corinthians, the faithful allies of the Syracusans. The Corinthian squadron, led by Python, had dashed down the middle of the harbor, and attacked, with loud shouts, as if assured of victory. Great confusion now ensued among the Athenian vessels, caught at a great disadvantage, and in each other's way. Many of their triremes were at once stove and sunk, and those which remained afloat were so hemmed in by enemies that they could not use their oars. The strong point of the Athenian fleet had consisted in its ability to manœuvre, and they were here deprived of that advantage.

Hundreds of their drowning comrades were calling for assistance, while their countrymen on shore, belonging to the army, witnessed their position with despair, being unable to come to the rescue. Still, the Athenians fought as became their old renown. They often beat off the enemy by sheer force of arms, but without avail. The Syracusans had covered their forecastles with raw bulls'

hides, so that the grappling irons would not hold for boarding; but the Greeks watched for the moment of contact, and before they could recoil, leaped boldly on board the enemy's triremes, sword in hand. They succeeded thus in capturing some Sicilian vessels; but their own loss was frightful, and, after some hours of most sanguinary contest, Demosthenes, seeing that a continuance of it would annihilate his force, took advantage of a temporary break in the enemy's line to give the signal for retreat. This was at once begun; at first in good order, but the Syracusans pressing vigorously upon the Athenian rear, soon converted it into a disorderly flight, each trying to secure his own safety.

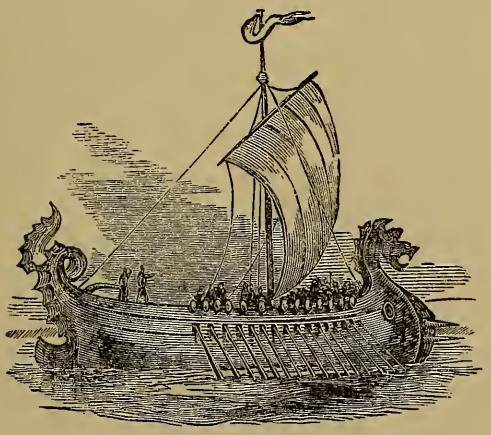
In this condition the Greeks reached the fortified docks, which they had built during their long stay, the entrance to which was securely guarded by merchant ships, which had huge rocks triced up, called "dolphins," of sufficient size to sink any vessel upon which they might be dropped. Here the pursuit ended, and the defeated and harassed Athenians hastened to their fortified camp, where their land forces, with loud lamentations, deplored the event of the naval battle, which they had fondly hoped would have set them all at liberty.

The urgent question now was as to the preservation of both forces—and that alone.

That same night Demosthenes proposed that they should man their remaining triremes, reduced to sixty in number, and try again to force a way out of the harbor; alleging that they were still stronger than the enemy, who had also lost a number of ships. Nikias gave consent; but when the sailors were ordered to embark once more, they mutinied and flatly refused to do so; saying that their numbers were too much reduced by battle, sickness, and bad food, and that there were no seamen of experi-

ence left to take the helm, or rowers in sufficient numbers for the benches. They also declared that the last had been a soldiers' battle, and that such were better fought on land. They then set fire to the dock-yard and the fleet, and the Syracusan forces appearing, in the midst of this mutiny, captured both men and ships. Her fleet being thus totally destroyed, Athens never recovered from the disaster, and ceased from that day to be a naval power.

The subsequent events in this connection, though interesting and instructive, do not belong to naval history.



A NORSE GALLEY.

III.

ROMANS AND CARTHAGINIANS.

CARTHAGE, the Phenician colony in Africa, which became so famous and powerful, was very near the site of the modern city of Tunis. It has been a point of interest for twenty centuries. Long after the Phenician sway had passed away, and the Arab and Saracen had become lords of the soil, Louis XI, of France, in the Crusade of 1270, took possession of the site of the ancient city, only to give up his last breath there, and add another to the many legends of the spot. The Spaniards afterwards conquered Tunis and held it for a time; and, in our own day, the French have again repossessed themselves of the country, and may retain it long after the events of our time have passed into history.

As soon as Rome rose to assured power, and began her course of conquest, trouble with the powerful State of Carthage ensued. Their clashing interests soon involved them in war, and Sicily and the Sicilian waters, being necessary to both, soon became their battle ground.

The Carthaginians had obtained a footing in Sicily, by assisting Roman renegades and freebooters of all nations who had taken refuge there. The Romans therefore passed a decree directing the Consul, Appius Claudius, to cross over to Messina and expel the Carthaginians who, from that strong point, controlled the passage of the great thor-

ROMAN GALLEY AND DRAW-BRIDGE. CARTHAGINIAN GALLEY. SMALLER ROMAN GALLEY.

CAPTURE OF THE CARTHAGINIAN FLEET BY THE ROMANS.

oughfare, the strait of the same name. Thus commenced the first Punic war. The Romans were almost uniformly successful upon land, but the Carthaginians, deriving nautical skill from their Phenician ancestors, overawed, with their fleet, the whole coast of Sicily, and even made frequent and destructive descents upon the Italian shores themselves.

The Romans at this time had no ships of war; but they began the construction of a fleet, to cope with their enemy, then the undisputed mistress of the seas.

Just at this time a Carthaginian ship of large size was stranded upon the Italian shores, and served as a model for the Romans, who, with characteristic energy, in a short time put afloat a hundred quinqueremes and twenty triremes. No particular description of these vessels is necessary, as they were the same in general plan as those already spoken of as in use among the Egyptians, Phenicians, and Greeks, for centuries. Able seamen were obtained from neighboring tributary maritime States, and bodies of landsmen were put in training, being exercised at the oar on shore; learning to begin and cease rowing at the signal. For this purpose platforms were erected, and benches placed, as in a galley.

It will here be necessary to give a short account of the Roman naval system, which was now rapidly becoming developed and established. As has been said, they had paid no attention, before this period, to naval affairs; and were only stirred up to do so by the necessity of meeting the Carthaginians upon their own element.

It is true that some authorities say that the first Roman ships of war were built upon the model of those of Antium, after the capture of that city, A. U. C. 417; but the Romans certainly made no figure at sea until the time of the first Punic war.

The Roman ships of war were much longer than their merchant vessels, and were principally driven by oars, while the merchant ships relied almost entirely upon sails.

It is a more difficult problem than one would at first sight suppose, to explain exactly how the oars were arranged in the quadriremes and quinqueremes of which we read. The Roman ships were substantial and heavy, and consequently slow in evolutions, however formidable in line. Augustus, at a much later period, was indebted to a number of fast, light vessels from the Dalmatian coast, for his victory over Antony's heavy ships.

The ship of the commander of a Roman fleet was distinguished by a red flag, and also carried a light at night. These ships of war had prows armed with a sharp beak, of brass, usually divided into three teeth, or points. They also carried towers of timber, which were erected before an engagement, and whence missiles were discharged. They employed both freemen and slaves as rowers and sailors. The citizens and the allies of the State were obliged to furnish a certain quota of these; and sometimes to provide them with pay and provisions; but the wages of the men were usually provided by the State.

The regular soldiers of the Legions at first fought at sea as well as on land; but when Rome came to maintain a permanent fleet, there was a separate class of soldiers raised for the sea service, like the marines of modern navies. But this service was considered less honorable than that of the Legions, and was often performed by manumitted slaves. The rowers, a still lower class, were occasionally armed and aided in attack and defence, when boarding; but this was not usual.

Before a Roman fleet went to sea it was formally reviewed, like the land army. Prayers were offered to the gods, and victims sacrificed. The auspices were

consulted, and if any unlucky omen occurred (such as a person sneezing on the left of the Augur, or swallows alighting on the ships), the voyage was suspended.

Fleets about to engage were arranged in a manner similar to armies on land, with centre, right and left wings, and reserve. Sometimes they were arranged in the form of a wedge, or forceps, but most frequently in a half moon. The admiral sailed round the fleet, in a light galley, and exhorted the men, while invocations and sacrifices were again offered. They almost always fought in calm or mild weather, and with furled sails. The red flag was the signal to engage, which they did with trumpets sounding and the crews shouting. The combatants endeavored to disable the enemy by striking off the banks of oars on one side, or by striking the opposing hulls with the beak. They also employed fire-ships, and threw pots of combustibles on board the enemy. Many of Antony's ships were destroyed by this means. When they returned from a successful engagement the prows of the victors were decorated with laurel wreaths; and it was their custom to tow the captured vessels stern foremost, to signify their utter confusion and helplessness. The admiral was honored with a triumph, after a signal victory, like a General or Consul who had won a decisive land battle; and columns were erected in their honor, which were called Rostral, from being decorated with the beaks of ships.

And now, to return to the imposing fleet which the Romans had equipped against the Carthaginians:—

When all was ready the Romans put to sea; at first clinging to their own shores, and practicing in fleet tactics. They found their vessels dull and unwieldy, and therefore resolved to board the enemy at the first opportunity, and avoid as much as possible all manœuvring.

They therefore carried plenty of grappling-irons, and had stages, or gangways, ingeniously arranged upon hinges, which fell on board of the enemy, and afforded secure bridges for boarding. By this means many victories were secured over a people who were much better seamen.

After various partial engagements with the Carthaginian fleet, productive of no definite results, Duilius assumed command of the Roman fleet, and steered for Mylœ, where the Carthaginians, under Hannibal, were lying at anchor.

The latter expected an easy victory, despising the pretensions of the Romans to seamanship, and they accordingly left their anchorage in a straggling way, not even thinking it worth while to form line of battle to engage landsmen.

Their one hundred and thirty quinqueremes approached in detachments, according to their speed, and Hannibal, with about thirty of the fastest, came in contact with the Roman line, while the rest of his fleet was far astern. Attacked on all sides, he soon began to repent of his rashness, and turned to fly—but the "corvi" fell, and the Roman soldiers, advancing over the gangways, put their enemies to the sword. The whole of the Carthaginian van division fell into the Roman hands, without a single ship being lost on the part of the latter. Hannibal had fortunately made his escape in time, in a small boat, and at once proceeded to form the rest of his fleet to resist the Roman shock. He then passed from vessel to vessel, exhorting his men to stand firm; but the novel mode of attack, and its great success, had demoralized the Carthaginians, and they fled before the Roman advance; fifty more of Hannibal's fleet being captured.

So ended the first great naval engagement between Rome and Carthage; bringing to the former joy and

hope of future successes, and to the latter grief and despondency.

Duilius, the Consul, had a rostral column of marble erected in his honor, in the Roman forum, with his statue upon the top.

Hannibal was soon afterward crucified by his own seamen, in their rage and mortification at their shameful defeat.

Slight skirmishes and collisions continued to occur, and both nations became convinced that ultimate success could only be obtained by the one which should obtain complete mastery of the Mediterranean Sea. Both, therefore, made every effort; and the dock-yards were kept busily at work, while provisions, arms, and naval stores were accumulated upon a large scale.

The Romans fitted out three hundred and thirty, the Carthaginians three hundred and fifty quinqueremes; and in the spring of the year 260 B. C., the rivals took the sea, to fight out their quarrel to the bitter end.

The Roman Consuls Manlius and Regulus had their fleet splendidly equipped, and marshaled in divisions, with the first and second Legions on board. Following was a rear division, with more soldiers, which served as a reserve, and as a guard to the rear of the right and left flanks.

Hamilcar, the admiral of the opposing fleet, saw that the Roman rear was hampered by the transports which they were towing, and resolved to try to separate the leading divisions from them; hoping to capture the transports, and then the other divisions in detail; with this intention he formed in four divisions. Three were in line, at right angles to the course the Romans were steering, and the fourth in the order called "forceps."

The last division was a little in the rear and well to the left of the main body.

Having made his dispositions, Hamilcar passed down the fleet in his barge, and reminded his countrymen of their ancestral renown at sea, and assured them that their former defeat was due, not to the nautical ability of the Romans, but to the rash valor of the Carthaginians against a warlike people not ever to be despised. "Avoid the prows of the Roman galleys," he continued, "and strike them amidships, or on the quarter. Sink them, or disable their oars, and endeavor to render their military machines, on which they greatly rely, wholly inoperative." Loud and continuous acclamations proclaimed the good disposition of his men, and Hamilcar forthwith ordered the advance to be sounded, signaling the vessels of the first division—which would be the first to engage—to retreat in apparent disorder when they came down close to the enemy. The Carthaginians obeyed his order to the letter, and, as if terrified by the Roman array, turned in well simulated flight, and were instantly pursued by both columns, which, as Hamilcar had foreseen, drew rapidly away from the rest of the fleet. When they were so far separated as to preclude the possibility of support, the Carthaginians, at a given signal, put about, and attacked with great ardor and resolution, making a desperate effort to force together the two sides of the "forceps" in which the Romans were formed. But these facing outward, and always presenting their prows to the Carthaginians, remained immovable and unbroken. If the Carthaginians succeeded in ramming one, those on each side of the attacked vessel came to her assistance, and thus outnumbered, the Carthaginians did not dare to board.

While the battle was thus progressing in the centre—without decided results—Hanno, who commanded the

Carthaginian right wing, instead of engaging the left Roman column in flank, stretched far out to sea, and bore down upon the Roman reserve, which carried the soldiers of the Triarii. The Carthaginian reserve, instead of attacking the Roman right column, as they evidently should have done, also bore down upon the Roman reserve. Thus three distinct and separate engagements were going on at once—all fought most valiantly. Just as the Roman reserve was overpowered, and about to yield, they saw that the Carthaginian centre was in full retreat, chased by the Roman van, while the Roman second division was hastening to the assistance of their sorely pressed reserve. This sight inspired the latter with new courage, and, although they had had many vessels sunk, and a few captured, they continued the fight until the arrival of their friends caused their assailant, Hanno, to hoist the signal for retreat. The Roman third division, embarrassed by its convoy, had been driven back until quite close to the land, and while sharp-pointed, surf-beaten rocks appeared under their sterns, it was attacked on both sides and in front, by the nimble Carthaginians. Vessel by vessel it was falling into the enemy's hands, when Manlius, seeing its critical condition, relinquished his own pursuit, and hastened to its relief. His presence converted defeat into victory, and insured the complete triumph of the Roman arms; so that, while the Carthaginians scattered in flight, the Romans, towing their prizes stern foremost, as was their custom in victory, entered the harbor of Heraclea.

In this sanguinary and decisive battle thirty of the Carthaginian and twenty-four of the Roman quinqueremes were sent to the bottom, with all on board. Not a single Roman vessel was carried off by the enemy; while the Romans captured sixty-four ships and their crews.

Commodore Parker, of the U. S. Navy, in commenting upon this important naval action, says, "Had Hanno and the commander of the Carthaginian reserve done their duty faithfully and intelligently upon this occasion, the Roman van and centre must have been doubled up and defeated, almost instantly; after which it would have been an easy matter to get possession of the others, with the transports. Thus the Carthaginians would have gained a decisive victory, the effect of which would have been, perhaps, to deter the Romans from again making their appearance in force upon the sea; and then, with such leaders as Hamilcar, Hasdrubal and Hannibal to shape her policy and conduct her armaments, Carthage, instead of Rome, might have been the mistress of the world. Such are the great issues sometimes impending over contending armies and fleets."

As soon as the Consuls had repaired damages they set sail from Heraclea for Africa, where they disembarked an army under Regulus; and most of the naval force, with the prisoners, then returned home. Regulus, however, soon suffered a defeat, and the Roman fleet had to be despatched to Africa again, in hot haste, to take off the scant remnant of his army. Before taking on board the defeated Legions the fleet had another great naval battle, and captured a Carthaginian fleet of one hundred and fourteen vessels. With the soldiers on board, and their prizes in tow, Marcus Emilius and Servius Fulvius, the Consuls then in command, determined to return to Rome by the south shore of Sicily. This was against the earnest remonstrances of the pilots, or sailing masters, "who wisely argued that, at the dangerous season when, the constellation of Orion being not quite past, and the Dog Star just ready to appear, it were far safer to go North about."

The Consuls, who had no idea of being advised by mere sailors, were unfortunately not to be shaken in their determination; and so, when Sicily was sighted, a course was shaped from Lylybeum to the promontory of Pachymus. The fleet had accomplished about two-thirds of this distance, and was just opposite a coast where there were no ports, and where the shore was high and rocky, when, with the going down of the sun, the north wind, which had been blowing steadily for several days, suddenly died away, and as the Romans were engaged in furling their flapping sails they observed that they were heavy and wet with the falling dew, the sure precursor of the terrible "Scirocco." Then the pilots urged the Consuls to pull directly to the southward, that they might have sea room sufficient to prevent them from being driven on shore when the storm should burst upon them. But this, with the dread of the sea natural to men unaccustomed to contend with it, they refused to do; not comprehending that, although their quinqueremes were illy adapted to buffet the waves, anything was better than a lee shore, with no harbor of refuge.

The north wind sprang up again after a little, cheering the hearts of the inexperienced, blew in fitful gusts for an hour or more, then died nearly away, again sprang up, and finally faded out as before. The seamen knew what this portended. "Next came a flash of lightning in the southern sky; then a line of foam upon the southern sea; the roaring of Heaven's artillery in the air above, and of the breakers on the beach below—and the tempest was upon them!" From this time all order was lost, and the counsels and admonitions of the pilots unheeded. The Roman fleet was completely at the mercy of the hurricane, and the veterans who had borne themselves bravely in many a hard fought battle with their fellow man, now,

completely demoralized in the presence of this new danger, behaved more like maniacs than reasonable beings. Some advised one thing, some another; but nothing sensible was done—and when the gale broke, out of four hundred and sixty-four quinqueremes (an immense fleet) three hundred and eighty had been dashed upon the rocks and lost.

The whole coast was covered with fragments of wreck and dead bodies; and that which Rome had been so many years in acquiring, at the cost of so much blood, labor, and treasure, she lost in a few hours, through the want of experienced seamen in command.

During the succeeding Punic wars Rome and Carthage had many another well contested naval engagement.

Adherbal captured ninety-four Roman vessels off Drepanum, but the dogged courage of the Roman was usually successful.

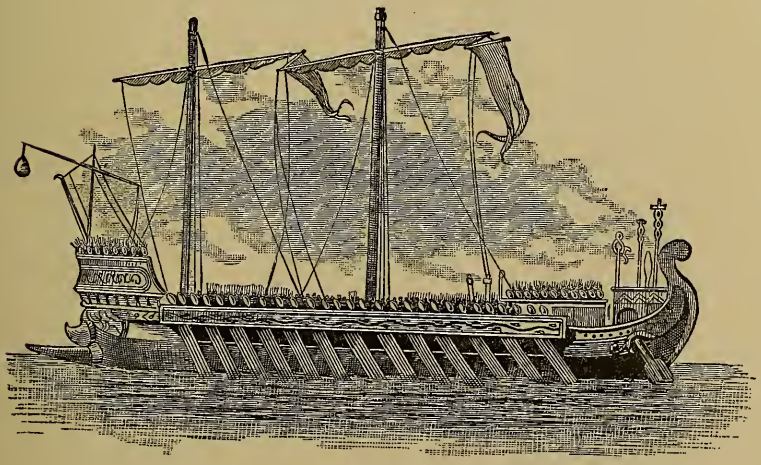
We have few details of these engagements. What the Romans gained in battle was often lost by them in shipwreck; so that, at the end of the first Punic war, which lasted twenty-four years, they had lost seven hundred quinqueremes, and the vanquished Carthaginians only five hundred.

At the time spoken of, when the Romans were fighting the Carthaginians, the former were a free, virtuous and patriotic people. No reverses cast them down; no loss of life discouraged them.

After a lapse of two hundred years, Marcus Brutus and Cassius being dead, and public virtue scoffed at and fast expiring, an arbitrary government was in process of erection upon the ruins of the Republic.

The triumvirate had been dissolved, and Octavius and Antony, at the head of vast armies and fleets, were pre-

paring, on opposite sides of the Gulf of Ambracia, to submit their old quarrel to the arbitrament of the sword. In this emergency Antony's old officers and soldiers, whom he had so often led to victory, naturally hoped that, assuming the offensive, he would draw out his legions, and, by his ability and superior strategy, force his adversary from the field. But, bewitched by a woman, the greatest captain of the age—now that Cæsar and Pompey were gone—had consented to abandon a faithful and devoted army, and to rely solely upon his fleet; which, equal to that of Octavius in numbers, was far inferior in discipline and drill, and in experience of actual combat.



ROMAN GALLEY.

IV.

ACTIUM. B. C. 31.

SCENE VII. *Near Actium. Antony's Camp.*

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Torque? you have heard on 't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To count it slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him at sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Canid. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Enob. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Canid. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers
Which serve not for his vantage he shakes off;
And so should you.

Enob. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingrossed by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy; no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Enob. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist

BATTLE OF ACTIUM.

Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full mann'd, from the head of Actium,
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

SHAKESPEARE—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

PHILIPPI, the decisive battle between Octavius and Brutus and Cassius, took place B. C. 42. Octavius, who afterward assumed the name of Augustus, is very differently described by historians. It is said that he did not fight at Philippi; and he is called a coward by some writers, who declare that he was always sick on critical days. Be that as it may, it seems certain that Antony fought that battle, although Octavius got the credit of success with the Roman public, which soon endowed him with every quality which goes to make the title of "August," which title he was the first to bear; being the favorite of the citizens, much more by reason of his ancestry, and by the judicious bestowal of offices and of money, than by feats of arms.

After their victory at Philippi, Antony and Octavius divided the empire of the world between them. But the two were devoured by an equal ambition; and, although a common danger had for a time lulled their mutual suspicion and dislike, and forced them to act in unison, har-

mony between them could not long continue. Neither of them wished to share empire, and each was determined that the other, sooner or later, should be forced to renounce power, if not life itself. The repudiation of Octavia the sister of Octavius, by Antony, added increased fuel to the fires of hatred, and we learn from contemporary writers that clear-sighted persons not only foresaw that a death struggle between the two great leaders was only a question of time, but they predicted the result, as Antony, in the midst of feasts and other dissipation, was fast losing that activity of mind and body which had brought him his successes, and had, in former days, gained him the esteem and confidence of Cæsar.

While Antony was placing his laurels and his renown under the feet of an Egyptian queen, the cool and astute Octavius, never losing sight of the end he had in view, turned to his own aggrandizement and elevation, in the estimation of the Roman people, Antony's disgraceful conduct.

The future Augustus, with the full consent of the Senate, raised fresh legions in Italy, equipped a fleet, and made every preparation for an enterprise upon which was to depend the control of the whole civilized world.

As if Antony had taken pains to furnish his already too powerful rival with the pretexts which should serve as a mask to his ambitious views, the former caused general disgust and indignation at Rome by dismembering the Empire—so to speak—in the interests of Cleopatra, whom he proclaimed Queen of Cyprus, Cilicia, Cœlesyria, Arabia and Judea; while he gave to the two sons whom he had had by her the title of "King of Kings." This insane defiance of the susceptibility and pride of the Republic was one of the principal causes of Antony's destruction. People ceased to fear him when they learned

that he had become habitually intemperate; and they no longer saw in him a redoubtable and successful Roman general, but an Eastern Satrap, plunged in pleasure and debauchery.

Octavius, affecting rather contempt than anger at Antony's proceedings, declared war against Cleopatra only, and seemed to regard Antony as already deprived of the power and majesty which he had sullied in committing them to the hands of the Egyptian queen.

Octavius could only raise on the Italian peninsula, then exhausted by civil war, 80,000 legionaries, with 12,000 cavalry, and two hundred and fifty ships—a small force to oppose to the five hundred ships and 120,000 men of Antony, without counting the allied troops which his rival was able to bring against him. But, more active and daring than Antony, he had, with astonishing celerity, collected his forces, and crossed the Ionian Sea, while Antony was lingering in Samos, and indulging in all sorts of debasing pleasures, with little thought devoted to preparation for the inevitable and momentous struggle.

At last the imminence of the danger awoke him to the realities surrounding him, and he brought forward his powerful fleet, anchoring it near the promontory of Actium, in Epirus, ready to oppose the advance of Octavius.

His ships were double in number those of the Romans, well armed and equipped, but heavy, and badly manned, so that their manœuvres did not compare in celerity with those of the western fleet.

Although Octavius had fewer ships and fewer men, those which he had were Romans; and he was fighting, ostensibly, to vindicate the wounded pride and honor of his country, which had been trampled under foot by Antony and a stranger queen.

The generals of Antony united in imploring him not to confide his destiny to the uncertainty of winds and waves, but to give battle on shore, where, they answered for it, victory would perch upon their banners. But Antony remained deaf to their supplications, and Cleopatra, who had joined him with seventy Egyptian ships, also preferred to fight a naval battle; it is said, in order that, if her lover was vanquished, she herself could more easily escape.

Boldly searching for Antony, the Roman fleet came in contact with his, near the promontory of Actium.

On opposite shores of the bay partly formed by that promontory lay the two armies, spectators of a conflict which was to decide their fate, but in which they were not to join.

The wind and weather were both favorable, but the two fleets remained for a long time opposite to each other, as if hesitating to begin the struggle, the issue of which was fraught with such momentous consequences.

Antony had confided the command of his left wing to Cœlius; the centre to Marcus Octavius and Marcus Inteius; while he himself, with Valerius Publicola, assumed command of the right wing.

The fleet of Octavius was commanded by Agrippa, to whom all the glory of the victory is due. Octavius and his admiral at first regarded with surprise and uneasiness the immobility of the enemy, who were ensconced in the arm of the sea, which sheet of water contained many shoals and reefs, and therefore, if the enemy remained there, deprived Octavius of the advantage to be derived from the rapidity of manœuvre of his vessels.

But Antony's officers, eager to show their prowess, proceeded to get their left wing under way, and moved to the attack of Octavius' right. The latter, taking advan-

tage of this false move, made a retrograde movement, and endeavored to draw out the whole opposing force from their commanding position unto the high sea, where the Romans would have room to manœuvre, and thereby successfully assail Antony's heavier vessels.

At this moment the scene was grand. The flashing of arms, and glinting of the sun upon polished casques, the streaming flags, and thousands of oars simultaneously put in motion, gave life and animation; while the blare of the brazen trumpets and the shouts of the myriads of combatants were echoed from the shores by the cheers and cries of two large armies, each encouraging its own fleet, and inciting them to the greater exertion.

Cleopatra's large and magnificent galley hovered in the rear of the fleet, with the purple sails furled, and the poop occupied by herself and her ladies, surrounded by all the splendor of the Egyptian court.

Thinking, as we have said, that Octavius' fleet fled before them, Antony and his commanders abandoned their advantageous position, and followed Agrippa out to sea.

Once there, the Roman fleet quickly put about, in good order, and a terrible battle at once began—Roman disputing with Roman the empire of the world.

At last an able movement of Agrippa caused Antony's centre to give way; but despite the disorder which resulted, the action was steadily maintained, the losses on each side being about equal, and victory undecided.

The force of Agrippa made up by celerity of movement for the greater number of Antony's fleet, and the battle was at its height, when, suddenly, Cleopatra, panic-stricken by the noise and dreadful carnage, gave a signal for retreat, hoisted her purple sails, and, with the whole Egyptian contingent, retreated rapidly, leaving a great

gap in the line of battle. Some were sunk by the beaks of their pursuers, but the majority made their escape, and were soon far from the scene.

This shameful action should have opened Antony's eyes, and have stimulated him—being even yet superior in numbers—to repair by renewed exertions the defection of the beautiful queen. But his movements seemed to be controlled by her's, and, forgetting his own honor, his former glory, his empire, and his duty as commander, as a soldier and as a man, he abandoned the brave seamen and soldiers who were fighting for him, and took a fast, light vessel, and followed the woman who had been his ruin, and at whose shrine he was about to offer as a sacrifice the dishonor of Cæsar's greatest lieutenant.

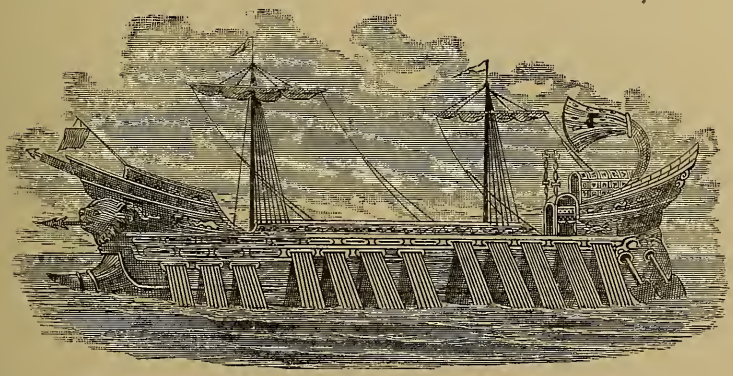
It is said that for some time he sat upon the deck, his head bowed between his hands, and wrapped in his own thoughts. But he only regained sufficient command of himself to resolve to protect the cause of his ruin. He therefore continued his flight to the promontory of Tenaros; and then soon after learned of the entire defeat of his fleet.

Even after being thus shamefully abandoned by their commander, his troops and sailors had for a long time maintained the combat; but bad weather coming on they at last surrendered, after a loss of five thousand killed, and having three hundred ships captured, with their crews.

For a long time the land forces of Antony could not believe in his defection, and looked for him to reappear, and, at their head, redeem the fortunes of the sea fight. Indeed, for many days after the victory they declined the overtures of Octavius. But at last, despairing of Antony's return, their general, with his principal officers and the troops, passed under the banners of Octavius. This event left him the undisputed master of the world.

Upon his return to Rome he was decreed a three days' triumph, and he now assumed in public the imperial powers which he had long virtually possessed.

The shocking death of both Antony and Cleopatra, by suicide, hardly belongs to the account of Actium, although the direct consequence of the overwhelming defeat there sustained.



THE PTOLEMY PHILOPATER—405 B. C.
(Constructed by Ptolemy Philopater, of Egypt, after a Greek Model.)

V.

LEPANTO. A. D. 1571.

SIXTEEN hundred years after Actium another great naval battle took place upon the coast of Greece. It was of momentous importance, as it is not too much to say that it decided the future fate and sovereignty of at least the eastern part of Europe.

Before we speak of Lepanto, however, it may be well to glance at naval events for two or three centuries previous to the eventful year 1571.

After the Republic of Venice had become strong, their first great sea fight was with the Saracens, then a terror to all the Christian nations of the Mediterranean. The Venetians, at the solicitation of the Emperor Theodosius, coöperated with the Greeks against their implacable enemy. The hostile fleets met at Crotona, in the Gulf of Taranto, where the Greeks fled at the first onset of the Saracens, leaving their Venetian allies to fight against vastly superior numbers. In spite of their courage and constancy, which maintained the unequal fight for many hours, the Venetians were defeated, and lost nearly every one of the sixty ships which they took into the fight.

Twenty-five years afterwards the Venetian fleet met the Saracens again, almost in the very spot of their former discomfiture, and obtained a splendid victory; and their naval fights continued, almost without intermission,

BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

and with varying fortunes; the Venetians, on the whole, holding their own.

On February 13th, 1353, there was a remarkable naval fight between the allied fleets of Venice, Aragon, and Constantinople, and the Genoese fleet, under the command of the redoubtable Paganino Doria. The Genoese were victorious.

In spite of the successful achievements of Doria, which should have brought him the respect and support of his contrymen, he was supplanted by his bitter foe, Antonio Grimaldi, who was put in command of the fleet. He was, not long after, defeated by the allied fleets of Spain and Venice, with tremendous loss. Grimaldi, thereupon, fell out of favor; and the next year the Genoese were obliged to again place Doria in command of their fleet, with which he gained a great victory over the Venetians at Porto Longo, capturing the whole of their fleet.

Peace between the two Republics was then made, and continued until 1378, when war was again declared. Victor Pisani, in command of the fleet of Venice, had a successful battle with the Genoese off Actium, the scene of the wonderful fight just before the commencement of the Christian era.

In 1379 Pisani was forced by the Venetian Senate, against his own judgment, to fight a far superior Genoese fleet, under Luciano Doria, off Pola, in the Adriatic. The Venetian fleet was almost annihilated, and Pisani, on his return, was loaded with chains, and thrown into a dungeon. The Genoese, after burning several Venetian towns upon the Adriatic, appeared off Venice, entered the lagoon, took Chioggia, and filled the Venetians with consternation and terror. The people flocked to the Piazza San Marco, in thousands, and demanded that Pisani be restored to the command of the fleet. The

authorities were at their wits' ends, and consented, while Pisani, with true patriotism, condoned his wrongs and ill treatment, and applied himself at once to the work of organization. After unheard of exertions he succeeded in discomfiting the enemy, and Venice was saved.

Pisani afterwards made a cruise in command of the fleet on the Asiatic coast, but, worn out by hard service and his former ill treatment, he died soon after his return, to the common sorrow and remorse of all Venetians.

The Turks took Constantinople in 1453, and the contests between them and the Venetians continued with even greater bitterness; and after the capture of Cyprus by the Moslems, and the fitting out by the Sultan Selim of an immense and powerful fleet, it became evident to the western world that some supreme effort should be put forth to curb the advance of the Turkish power.

Let us now glance at the state of affairs about the time of Lepanto.

The latter part of the 16th century was a stirring and eventful period in the world's history.

Charles V had resigned his empire to that sullen bigot, his son, Philip II.

About the same time Moscow was being burned by the Tartars; the Russians having been the abject subjects of the Tartars but a few years before.

Prussia, so powerful to-day, was then a small hereditary duchy, Lutheran in religion, and still a fief of Poland. The Poles were then a much more powerful nation than the Russians.

The States of the north, Sweden and Denmark, were very strong, and made their influence felt in all Europe. Tycho Brahe, the subject of the latter, was then a young man.

Portugal, from her brilliant maritime discoveries, had extended relations with Japan, China, India and Brazil; and had rendered Lisbon the market of the world, usurping the place of Antwerp. Her decline was, however, soon to follow.

Soon after Lepanto, Holland, driven to despairing effort by the tyranny of Philip, revolted, and William of Orange became stadtholder. He was succeeded by Maurice, whose efforts to secure independence were so ably seconded by Elizabeth of England, as to draw down upon the latter nation the vengeance of Philip, shown later in the despatch of his grand Armada, but a very few years after the event of Lepanto.

The Church of England had been established, and Elizabeth was enjoying her splendid reign. Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, and other heroes of the sea were then young men.

Florence was about to enjoy her highest distinction as the home of learning and art, under Cosmo de Medici, and Pius V was Pope; one of the greatest that ever occupied the papal throne.

Rodolph, of Hapsburg, had had his fierce struggle with the Turks, by land; but Austria then had no naval force.

In France the weak and bloody Charles IX was upon the throne, and the massacre of Saint Bartholomew was close at hand.

And now, to come to the great event of Lepanto, which decided the question of supremacy between Christianity and Islamism.

The Turks had captured Cyprus; possessed almost irresistible power, and everything looked very dark for Christendom.

But in spite of the connivance of Charles IX in their advance, who by this base conduct preluded the great

crime of his reign; in spite of the calculated inaction of England; the timidity of Austria; the exhaustion of Poland, after a long war with still barbarous Muscovy, the genius of Christianity took a fresh flight, and the star of the west once more rose in the ascendant.

The honor of being the head of the effort at resistance to the encroaching Turkish power, and of victorious reprisals, belongs especially to Pope Pius V, a simple monk who had been exalted to the Pontifical throne; a zealous and austere priest, of a disposition naturally violent, which had been subdued by experience, foresight, and real greatness of soul.

This Pontiff, upon the first menace of the Turks against Cyprus, bestirred himself to form a league of several Christian States.

A crusade was no longer possible, from the condition of Europe, which was divided by religious schism, and by the ambition of princes. But, if the Pope could no longer send the whole of Europe to a holy war, such as was condemned by Luther as unjust and inhuman, he could at least, as a temporal prince, take his part in active operations.

Not even the coolness and calculated slowness of Philip of Spain—the Monarch from whom he had a right to expect the most assistance—could arrest the zeal of the ardent and generous Pontiff, who saw that the time had come for Christendom to conquer or submit.

Philip II, who was without mercy for the Mahomedans still scattered throughout his dominions, nevertheless hesitated to enter upon a struggle with the Turks; and above all did he dislike to defend Venice against them—so much did he envy the latter her rich commerce.

The first power asked to join the league against Selim, he only finally consented upon being given by the Pope

the revenues of the church throughout his vast realm, for as long as the war should last. But even this gilded bait became the source of delay, the avaricious and cunning monarch deferring preparations, and multiplying obstacles to the undertaking, so as to profit as long as possible from the rich revenue derived from that source.

Thus it happened that, by his delay, in spite of the coalition, and of the allied fleet, equal in number and superior in condition and discipline to that of the Turks, the Island of Cyprus was captured, after stubborn sieges of its two capitals, Nicosia and Famagousta, without any assistance from the rest of Christendom.

Famagousta was captured after a very prolonged and obstinate defence, which had been conducted at the expense of fifty thousand lives to the Turks, who had made six general assaults. Finally the city was allowed to capitulate on honorable terms. Mustapha, the same fierce Moslem general who had conducted the siege of Malta, requested four of the principal Venetian leaders to meet him at his quarters. Here a short and angry conference ensued, when, in violation of the terms of the capitulation, Mustapha ordered three of them to instant execution. But he reserved Bragadino, who had held the supreme command during the siege, and ordered him to have his ears cut off, and to be set to work to carry earth to repair the works. After a few days of this humiliation Mustapha caused him to be flayed alive, in the public market place. This horrible sentence was not only carried into effect, but his skin was stuffed and suspended from the yard arm of Mustapha's galley; and, with this shocking trophy thus displayed, he returned to Constantinople. Here he was rewarded by Selim for the capture of Cyprus. These terrible events added fuel to the flame

of revenge which the Venetians felt, and were, of course, additional incentives to their allies.

The capture of Cyprus, and the disgraceful events following it, aroused the indignation of all Europe. The iron yoke of the Turk, with his following hosts of Asiatic robbers and cut-throats, owing to the delay in relief, extended over the whole of the large, rich and populous island.

Pius V, in terrible grief at these events, and full of foreboding for the future, made himself heard throughout Europe; and with renewed ardor he insisted upon carrying out the treaty of alliance already made, the assembly of the allied fleet, and upon vengeance upon the Ottomans, since succor for Cyprus would arrive too late.

The greatest mark of his terrible earnestness was the assembling of a Pontifical fleet and army—a thing unheard of at that time. The Pope gave the command to a member of the very ancient Roman family of Colonna.

In the latter part of 1571, five months after the capture of Cyprus, the Christian armament appeared upon the Mediterranean, consisting of galleys to the number of two hundred, with galleasses, transports and other vessels, carrying fifty thousand soldiers. Then immediately followed the most important event of the sixteenth century.

The Christian fleet made rendezvous at Messina; whence Sebastian Veniero, the Venetian admiral, would have sailed at once, and have sought the enemy without delay, so much did he fear for the Venetian possessions in the Adriatic, from the rapid advance of the Ottomans.

But Don John, the supreme commander, with a pru-

dence worthy of an older and less fiery man, would not move until he was strengthened by every possible reinforcement, as he wished to use every means in his power to avoid a defeat which must be a final and crushing one to the side which should lose. He was certain that the great resources of the Ottoman empire would, on this supreme occasion, be strained to the utmost to equip their greatest armament. During this delay the Pope proclaimed a jubilee—granting indulgences to all engaged in the expedition—such as had formerly been given to the deliverers of the Holy Sepulchre.

On September 16th, the magnificent armanent, unrivaled since the days of imperial Rome, put to sea from Messina. They were baffled by rough seas and head winds on the Calabrian coast, and made slow progress. The commander had sent a small squadron in advance, for intelligence. They returned with the news that the Turks were still in the Adriatic, with a powerful fleet, and had committed fearful ravages upon the Venetian territories. The fleet then steered for Corfu, and reached there on September 26th, seeing for themselves traces of the enemy in smoking towns and farms, and deserted fields and vineyards. The islanders welcomed them, and furnished what they could of needed supplies.

Don John seems to have had his own plans: but he now called a council, because courtesy required that he should consult the commanders of the Allies—and because he had promised Philip to do so—the latter fearing his fiery and impetuous disposition.

The opinions were divided—as is always the case in councils of war. Those who had had personal experience of Turkish naval prowess appeared to shrink from encountering so formidable an armament, and would have confined the operations of the Christian fleet to besieging some

city belonging to the Moslems. Even Doria, the old sea-dog, whose life had been spent in fighting the infidel, thought it was not advisable to attack the enemy in his present position, surrounded as he was by friendly shores, whence he could obtain aid and reinforcement. He wished to attack Navarino, and thus draw the enemy from the gulf where he was anchored, and force him to give battle in the open sea. But, strange to say (for a proverb has it that councils of war never fight), the majority took a different view, and said that the object of the expedition was to destroy the Ottoman fleet, and that a better opportunity could not present itself than when they were shut in a gulf, from which, if defeated, they could not escape.

The most influential of the council held these views: among them the Marquis of Santa Cruz, Cardona, the commander of the Sicilian squadron, Barberigo, second in command of the Venetians, Grand Commander Requesens, Colonna, and young Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma—the nephew of Don John, who was seeing his first service now, but who was to become, in time, the greatest captain of his age.

Thus supported in his judgment, the young commander-in-chief resolved to give the Turks battle in the position they had chosen. But he was delayed by weather, and other causes, and the enemy were not actually met until October 7th.

The Ottoman fleet, two hundred strong, rowed by Christian slaves, and accompanied by numbers of transports, was moored in a gulf upon the Albanian coast, while the Christian fleet, seeking its enemy, came down from the north, led by the galleys of the Venetian contingent.

As the time of conflict approached, the commander-in-

chief, Don John, rose superior to the timid counsels of the generals of Philip II, who accompanied him, and who were, in a manner, charged with his safety.

Don John, of Austria, was the natural son of Charles V, but was fully recognized, not only by his father, but by Philip, his legitimate brother, who originally intended him for high ecclesiastical dignities. But Don John early showed great predilection for the profession of arms, and was conspicuous during the revolt of the Moors of Grenada. In 1570, when only twenty-six years old, he received the supreme command of the Spanish fleet; and his ability and success justified an appointment which was due to favoritism.

After Lepanto he conquered Tunis, and the idea was entertained of founding a Christian kingdom there, for him; but the jealousy of his arbitrary and suspicious brother prevented this. He then received the governorship of the low countries, succeeding the notorious and bloody Duke of Alva, and he there died, in his camp at Namur, in 1578, aged thirty-three. It is said that he was about to undertake an expedition to deliver Mary Stuart, at the time of his death, which was attributed by some to poison.

Don John was one of the remarkable soldiers of his time. Generous, frank, humane, he was beloved by both soldiers and citizens. He was a fine horseman, handsome, well made, and graceful.

Don John's principal force, in ships and fighting men, was Italian; for, besides the twelve galleys of the Pope, and those of Genoa, Savoy, and other Italian States and cities, many were contributed by rich and generous Italian private citizens. The greater number, however, were Venetian; this State contributing one hundred and six "royal galleys" and six galleasses. The galleasses were

large ships, rather dull as sailers, but carrying forty or fifty pieces of cannon.

Among the complement of the Venetians were many Greeks—either refugees from the Morea, or recruited in Candia, Corfu, and other islands, then subject to the Venetian power. In keeping with the jealous policy of Venice, none of these subjects had any maritime command or military rank; but they fought valiantly under the flag of St. Marc, which lost in the battle its chief admiral and fifteen captains.

The Spaniards had about eighty galleys; but had also a number of brigantines, and vessels of small size—and were better manned than the Venetians—so that Don John drafted several thousand men from the other Italian ships, and from those of Spain, to make good the Venetian complement. Veniero, the Venetian Admiral, took great offence at this, and much trouble arose from it, but the imminence of the conflict and the importance of the result to Venice prevented him from withdrawing his force, as he at first threatened to do.

The total number of men on board the allied fleet was eighty thousand. The galleys, impelled principally by oars, required a large number of rowers. Of the 29,000 soldiers embarked, 19,000 were sent by Spain. They were good troops, officered by men of reputation, and most of them illustrious, not only for family, but for military achievement. It was so also with the Venetian officers, as it should have been—for her very existence was at stake, unless the Turks were defeated.

Don John himself arranged the order of battle; and, standing erect in a fast pulling boat, clad in his armor, and bearing in his hand a crucifix, he pulled round the fleet, exhorting the Allies, by voice and gesture, to make a common cause, and without reference to the flags they

bore, to act as one nationality in the face of the common foe.

He then returned to his own galley, where a staff of young Castilian and Sardinian nobles awaited him, and unfurled the great banner of the League, presented by the Pope, and bearing the arms of Spain, Venice and the Pope, bound together by an endless chain.

The *Real*, or Admiral's galley of Don John, was of great size, and had been built in Barcelona, at that time famous for naval architecture. Her stern was highly decorated with emblems and historical devices, while her interior was furnished most luxuriously. But, most of all, she excelled in strength and speed, and right well did she do her part when exposed to the actual test of battle.

Lepanto was fought on Sunday. The weather was beautiful, and the sun shone in splendor upon the peculiarly clear blue water of those seas.

The sight on that morning must have been surpassingly grand. The beautiful galleys, with their numerous oars dashing the water into foam; gaudy pennons streaming from the picturesque lateen yards; gaily painted hulls, decorated with shields and armorial insignia; culverins mounted at the prows, with matches smoking; the decks filled with men in polished armor and gay plumes, and armed with sword and spear, matchlock and arquebus, cross-bow and petronel. Shouts of command and of enthusiam went up amid a brandishing of weapons, while an occasional hush occurred when the holy fathers of the church gave absolution to those who were about to meet the fierce infidel.

More than half the ships carried at their mast-heads the Lion of St. Marc, which waved over the sturdy sea-dogs of Venice, while other divisions showed the red and yellow of Spain, the white, with crossed keys and triple

mitre of the Pope, or the varied ensigns of the Italian cities.

On the other side were the Turks, with their numerous and powerful galleys, mostly pulled by Christian slaves, who were driven by cruel blows to put forth their utmost strength against their co-religionists; for in every galley, Turkish or Christian, where slaves worked the oars, there extended between the benches of the rowers, fore and aft, a raised walk, on which two or three boatswains, with long rods, walked back and forth, dealing heavy blows upon those who were not thought to be doing their utmost at the oars. The slaves were shackled to the benches when they rowed; and never left them, day or night. Their food and clothing were scanty, and the filth about them was seldom cleared away, except by the rain from heaven, or the seas, which sometimes washed on board. The fighting men of the galleys were mostly on the fore-deck, and on outside galleries, or platforms above the gunwales.

The Turks had the wild music which they love to encourage their fighting men, kettle-drums and pipes, cymbals and trumpets. The horse-tails of the Pashas streamed from the poops of their galleys, as with loud cries they appealed to Allah to deliver the Christian dogs once more into their hands. And there was every reason to suppose that their wish would be fulfilled, for they had the stronger force, and carried with them the prestige of former victories won over the best efforts of the Christians.

THE BATTLE.

On the morning of the memorable 7th of October the Christian fleet weighed anchor for Lepanto, at two hours before dawn. The wind was light, but adverse, and oars had to be used. At sunrise they came up with a group

of rocky islets which form the northern cape of the Gulf of Lepanto. The rowers labored hard at the oars, while all others strained their eyes for the first glimpse of the great Moslem fleet. At length they were descried from the masthead of the *Real*, and almost at the same moment by Andrew Doria, who commanded on the right.

Don John ordered his pennon to be displayed, unfurled the banner of the Christian League, and fired a gun, the preconcerted signal for battle.

This was answered by an exultant shout from all the ships.

The principal captains now came on board the *Real*, to receive their final orders; and a few, even then, doubted the propriety of fighting, but Don John sternly said, "Gentlemen, this is the time for battle, and not for counsel!" and the armada was at once deployed in fighting array, according to orders previously issued.

When ready for battle the Christian force had a front of three miles. On the extreme right was Doriá, whose name was justly held in terror by the Moslem, with sixty-four galleys. In the centre, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was Don John, supported on one side by Colonna, and on the other by Veniero. In his rear was the Grand Commander Requesens, his former tutor in military matters. The left wing was commanded by Barberigo, a Venetian noble, who was to keep his vessels as near the Ætolian coast as the rocks and shoals would permit, to prevent his wing being turned by the enemy.

The reserve, of thirty-five galleys, was commanded by the Marquis of Santa Cruz, a man of known courage and conduct, who had orders to act in any quarter where he thought his aid most needed.

The smaller craft took little part in the battle, the action being fought almost entirely by the galleys.

Each commander was to take space enough for manœuvring, yet to keep so close as to prevent the enemy from piercing the line. Each was to single out his adversary, close with him, and board as soon as possible.

Don John had the beak of his galley cut away; so little did he rely upon an instrument once, and for so long, considered formidable.

By this time galleys mounted guns upon their prows, and beaks were beginning to fall out of use. It is said that many commanders of the allies followed Don John's example.

The Ottoman fleet weighed and came out to the battle. But they came on slowly, as the wind had suddenly shifted and was now against them, while, as the day advanced, the sun, which had been in the faces of the Allies, shone in those of the Moslem; and both these natural phenomena were hailed by the Christians as an evidence of divine interposition.

The Turkish armament proved to be even greater in number than had been anticipated by the Christians, consisting of nearly two hundred and fifty "royal galleys," most of them of the largest class; and a number of smaller vessels in the rear, which, however, like the similar ones of the Allies, do not appear to have come much into action.

The number of the Turks, including rowers, is said to have been 120,000. As we have said, the rowers were principally Christian slaves, with some blacks and criminals.

As was usual with the Turks, their order of battle was crescentic, and, being more numerous than the Allies, they occupied a wider space than the straight alignment of the Christians.

As their formidable and magnificent array advanced, the moving sun shone upon gaudy paint and gilded prows,

thousands of pennons, polished cimeters and head pieces, and the jeweled turbans of the Pachas, and other chief men.

In the centre of their long line, and opposite to Don John, was a huge galley, bearing the Turkish commander, Ali Pasha.

His fleet was commanded on the right by the Viceroy of Egypt, a wary but courageous leader. His left was led by Uluch Ali, a Calabrian renegade and Dey of Algiers, noted as a successful corsair, who had made more Christian slaves than all the rest beside.

Ali was, like Don John, young and ambitious, and had refused to listen to any counsels looking toward declining battle on that day. Selim had sent him to fight, and he was determined to do so; although the prudent Viceroy of Egypt expressed some doubts of success.

Ali found the Christian fleet more numerous than he had supposed, and at first he did not perceive their left wing, which was hidden by the Ætolian shore.

When he saw the Christian line in its full extent, it is said that he faltered for a moment, but only for a moment, for he at once urged on the rowers to close with the enemy, and spoke of the prospects of the engagement, to those about him, in confident terms.

It is said that Ali was of humane disposition, and that he promised the Christian slaves that, if by their exertions he won the day, they should all have their freedom.

As he drew near the Allies, Ali changed his order of battle, separating his wings from the centre, to correspond to the Christian formation. He also fired a challenge gun, before he came within shot. This was answered by Don John, and a second one was promptly replied to from the Christian flag-ship.

The fleets now rapidly neared each other. Men held

their breath, and nerved themselves for the death grapple, and a perfect silence reigned, broken only by the plash of the huge oars, while the light breeze rippled the smiling blue waters.

Just about noon this beautiful scene, a perfect pageant, was broken in upon by the fierce yells of the Turks, the war cry with which they were accustomed to join battle.

At this moment, as if by contrast, every fighting man of the Christians fell upon his knee, as did Don John himself, and prayed the Almighty to be with his own that day. Absolution was then given by the priests, which were in each ship, and the men stood up, braced for the contest.

When the foremost Turkish vessels had come within cannon shot, they opened fire; and this ran along their line as they advanced, without cessation. The Christian kettle-drums and trumpets sounded in reply, with a general discharge of all the guns which would bear.

Don John had caused the galleasses, the large, high, unwieldy war ships, to be towed about half a mile ahead of his fleet, where they could intercept the advance of the Turks.

As the latter came abreast of them, the galleasses delivered their broadsides, with terrible effect. Ali caused his galleys to diverge, and pass these vessels, which were so high and formidable that the Turks did not attempt to board them.

Their heavy guns caused some damage and confusion in the Pacha's line of battle, but this appears to have been the only part they took in the engagement, as they were too unwieldly to be brought up again.

The real action began on the Allies' left wing, which the Viceroy of Egypt was very desirous of turning. But the Venetian admiral, to prevent that very thing, had

closed well in with the coast. The Viceroy, however, better acquainted with the soundings, saw that there was room for him to pass, and dashed by, thereby doubling up his enemy. Thus placed between two fires, the Christian left fought at very great disadvantage. Many galleys were soon sunk, and several more were captured by the Turks.

Barberigo, dashing into the heat of the fight, was wounded in the eye, by an arrow, and was borne below. But his Venetians continued the fight with unabated courage and fury, fighting for revenge, as well as for glory.

On the extreme Christian right a similar movement was attempted by Uluch Ali. With superior numbers he attempted to turn that wing; but here he met that experienced and valiant seaman, Andrew Doria, who foresaw the movement of Uluch, and promptly defeated it. The two best seamen of the Mediterranean were here brought face to face. Doria, to prevent being surrounded, extended his line so far to the right that Don John was obliged to caution him not to expose the centre. Indeed, he seriously weakened his own line, and the experienced Uluch instantly detecting it, dashed down, sank several galleys, and captured the great "Capitana," of Malta. While the battle thus opened badly for the Allies, on both wings, Don John led his division forward; at first with indifferent success. His own chief object was to encounter Ali Pasha, and the Turkish commander was also intent upon meeting him.

Their respective galleys were easily distinguished, from their size and rich decoration, besides displaying, the one the great Ottoman standard, the other the holy banner of the League.

The Ottoman standard was held to be very sacred. It was emblazoned in gold, with texts from the Koran,

and had the name of Allah repeated 28,900 times. The Sultans had passed it from father to son, ever since the formation of the dynasty, and it was never seen unless the Grand Signior or his lieutenant was in the field.

Both commanders urged forward their galleys, which soon shot ahead of the lines, and the two closed with a fearful shock, so powerful that the Pacha's, which was the largest, was thrown upon that of his antagonist so far that the prow reached the fourth bench of Don John's rowers.

As soon as those on board the two vessels recovered from the shock, the carnage commenced.

Don John had three hundred Spanish arquebusiers, the flower of the infantry. Ali had three hundred picked janizaries, and was followed by a small vessel with two hundred more. He had also one hundred archers on board; the bow being still much in use among the Turks.

The Pasha opened a terrible fire, which was returned with even greater spirit by the Spaniards. The latter had bulwarks, which the Mussulmen had not; and so the crowded janizaries presented an easy mark. Still, they filled up the gaps from the reserve in the small vessel, and the Spaniards wasted away under their fire. For a long time it was doubtful to which side victory would incline.

This conflict was now complicated by the entrance of others. The bravest on each side came to the aid of the two commanders, and each leader at times found himself assailed by several enemies. They never lost sight of each other, however, and after beating off lesser assailants, returned to the single combat.

The fight was now general, and the movements of both fleets obscured by clouds of smoke. Separate detachments desperately engaged each other, without regard

to what was going on in other quarters; and there were few of the combinations and manœuvres of a great naval battle.

The galleys grappled each other, and soldiers, sailors and galley slaves fought, hand to hand, boarding and repelling boarders, in turn.

There was enormous loss of life; the decks being encumbered with the dead, and in some ships every man on board was either killed or wounded. The blood flowed in torrents out of the scuppers, and the waters of the gulf were stained for miles. Wrecks of vessels encumbered the sea, with hulls shattered, masts gone, and thousands of wounded and drowning clinging to spars, and crying vainly for help.

As we have already seen, Barberigo, with the Christian left wing, was early in sore distress; Barberigo himself being mortally wounded, his line turned, and several of his galleys being sunk or captured. But the Venetians, in sheer despair, increased their efforts, and succeeded in driving off their enemies. In turn they became the assailants, and boarded Turk after Turk, putting the crews to the sword. They were led to the assault by a Capuchin friar, crucifix in hand—as were many other crews.

In some cases the Christian galley slaves of the Turkish vessels broke their chains and joined their countrymen against their Moslem masters.

The galley of the Viceroy of Egypt, was sunk, and he himself was killed by John Contarini, the Venetians having no mercy for even a drowning Turkish enemy. The death of their commander spread dismay among his followers, and that division fled before the Venetians. Those nearest the land ran on shore, escaping, and leaving their vessels to be captured, and many perished before they could gain the land. Barberigo lived to

hear the news, and giving thanks, expired in the moment of victory.

All this time the combat between the two commanders-in-chief had been going on, with an incessant blaze of great guns and musketry, making a cloud of smoke, riven by flame. Both parties fought with stubborn courage. Twice the Spaniards had boarded, and twice had been repulsed with severe loss. The enemy was continually reinforced, in spite of the loss inflicted by the steady fire of the Spanish arquebusiers. Occasionally interrupted, they always returned to each other; and both commanders exposed themselves as fully as any soldier, there being no honorable place of safety. Don John was slightly wounded in the foot, but would not have it dressed. A third time his trumpets summoned the boarders, and the Spaniards again boldly boarded the great Turkish galley. They were met by Ali, at the head of his janizaries; but the Ottoman leader was just then knocked senseless by a musket ball, and his chosen troops, though fighting well, missed his voice and presence. After a short but furious struggle they threw down their arms. Under a heap of slain the body of Ali was found. Life was not extinct, but he would at once have been dispatched had he not told the soldiers who discovered him where his money and jewels were to be found. In their haste to secure these, they left him lying upon the deck. Just then a galley slave, who had been liberated and armed, severed the head of Ali from his body, and carried it to Don John, on board his galley. Don John was shocked at the sight, and, after a glance of horror and pity, ordered it to be thrown into the sea. This was not done, however, but, in revenge for Bragadino, it was placed upon a pike, while the crescent banner was hauled down, and the cross run up in its place. The sight of the sacred banner

flying on board the captured flag-ship was welcomed by the Christian fleet with shouts of victory, which rose above the din of battle. The intelligence of the death of Ali was soon passed along the line, cheering the Allies, and disheartening the Turks, whose exertions diminished and whose fire slackened.

They were too far off to seek the shore, as their comrades on the right had done, and they had either to fight or surrender. Most of them preferred the latter, and their vessels were now carried by boarding, or sunk by the Allies; and in four hours the centre of the Moslem fleet, like their right wing, had been annihilated.

On the right of the Allies, however, Uluch Ali, the redoubted Algerine, had cut Doria's weakened line, and inflicted great damage and loss, and would have done more but for the arrival of the reserve, under the Marquis Santa Cruz. He had already assisted Don John, when assailed by overwhelming numbers, and had enabled him again to attack Ali.

Santa Cruz, seeing the critical condition of Doria, pushed forward to his relief, supported by the Sicilian squadron. Dashing into the midst of the mêlée, the two commanders fell like a thunder-bolt upon the Algerine galleys, few of which attempted to withstand the shock; and in their haste to avoid it, they were caught again by Doria and his Genoese.

Beset on all sides, Uluch Ali was compelled to abandon his prizes and seek safety in flight. He cut adrift his great prize, the Maltese "Capitana," which he had attached by a hawser to the stern of his own vessel, and on board of which three hundred corpses attested the desperate character of her defence.

As tidings reached him of the defeat of the centre, and of the death of Ali Pasha, he felt that retreat alone was

left for him, with as many of his own ships as he could save from capture. His contingent comprised the best vessels in the Turkish fleet, with crews in perfect discipline and hardened to the sea, having always been corsairs, and accustomed to scour the Mediterranean at all seasons.

Making signal for retreat, the Algerine made off, under all the sail the battle had left him, and urged forward also by the exertions of his Christian galley slaves, smarting under the blows of his enraged *comites*.

Doria and Santa Cruz followed swiftly in his wake, but he managed to distance them, and to carry off with him many of his ships. Don John himself joined in the chase, having disposed of his own assailants, and they finally managed to drive a few of the Algerine vessels upon the rocks of a headland; but their crews in great part escaped. Uluch's escape was due to the fact that the rowers of the Christian fleet had taken part in the battle, and while many were killed or wounded, the remainder were much exhausted, while the Algerine galley slaves, chained to their benches, and passive during much of the fight, were comparatively fresh.

As already stated, the battle lasted more than four hours, and before it was over the sky showed signs of a coming storm; Don John reconnoitred the scene of action before seeking a shelter for himself and his numerous prizes. Several vessels were found to be too much damaged for further service, and as these were mostly prizes, he ordered everything of value to be removed from them and the hulls burned.

He then led his victorious fleet to the neighboring haven of Petala, which was accessible and secure. Before he reached there the storm had begun, while the late scene of battle was lighted up by the blazing wrecks, throwing up streams of fire and showers of sparks.

The young commander-in-chief was now congratulated upon his signal victory, by his companions in arms.

Officers and men recounted the various events of the day, and natural exultation was mingled with gloom as they gained certain tidings of the loss of friends who had bought this great success with their blood.

The loss of life had indeed been very great; greater by far than in any modern sea fight. It is supposed that the Turks suffered most heavily, but their loss was never known. It has been estimated at 25,000 killed and drowned, and 5000 prisoners. It was, indeed, a crushing blow to them.

To the victors great pleasure was given by the fact that at least 12,000 Christian slaves, who had been (some of them for many years) chained to the oars of the Turkish galleys, were made free. Many of them were hopelessly broken in health; but tears streamed down their haggard cheeks at the prospect of dying in their own land and among their own people.

The losses of the Allies, though very great, were as nothing compared to that of the Moslem. About one thousand Romans and two thousand Spaniards were killed, while the Venetians and Sicilians lost about five thousand. This disparity of loss has been attributed to the superiority of the Christians in the use of firearms. The Turks still clung to the bow, and a large proportion of their fighting men were thus armed. The Turks, moreover, were the vanquished party, and, as is generally the case, suffered terribly in the pursuit. Their great armada was almost annihilated, not more than forty of their galleys escaping. One hundred and thirty were actually taken, and divided among the conquerors; the remainder were either sunk or burned. The Allies had about fifteen galleys sunk, and had many much damaged;

but their vessels were much better constructed and stronger than those of the Turks, whom they also excelled in nautical evolutions.

An immense booty of gold, jewels and brocades was found on board the prizes; it being said that Ali Pasha's ship alone contained 170,000 gold sequins, or nearly $400,000, a very large sum for those days.

The number of persons of rank and consideration who embarked in the expedition was very great, both among the Christians and the Moslem, and many of these were slain. The second in command of the Venetian force, the commander-in-chief of the Turkish fleet, and the commander of his right wing, all fell in the battle. Many a high-born Christian cavalier closed at Lepanto a long career of honorable service. On the other hand many dated the commencement of their success in arms from that day. Among these was Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, who became a great general, and whom we shall hear of again, in connection with the Spanish Armada. Although only a few years younger than his kinsman, Don John, he was making his first campaign as a private adventurer. During the battle the galley in which he was embarked was lying, yard arm and yard arm, alongside a Turkish galley, with which she was hotly engaged. In the midst of the fight Farnese sprang on board the enemy, hewing down with his Andrea Ferrara all who opposed him, thus opening a path for his comrades, who poured in, one after another, and after a bloody contest, captured the vessel. As Farnese's galley lay just astern of that of Don John, the latter witnessed, with great pride and delight, the gallant deed of his nephew. Another youth was at Lepanto, who, though then unknown, was destined to win greater laurels than those of the battle field. This was Miguel de Cervantes, then twenty-

four years of age, and serving as a common soldier. He had been ill of a fever, but on the morning of the battle insisted on taking a very exposed post. Here he was wounded twice in the chest, and once in the left hand, from which he lost its use. The right hand served to write one of the most remarkable books ever known, Don Quixotte; and Cervantes always said that, for all his wounds, he would not have missed the glory of being present on that memorable day.

A fierce storm raged for twenty-four hours after the battle of Lepanto, but the fleet rode in safety at Petala; and it remained there four days, during which Don John visited the different vessels, providing for their repairs and for the wounded, and distributing honors among those who had earned them. His kindly and generous disposition was not only shown to his own people, but to the Turkish prisoners. Among these were two young sons of Ali, the Moslem commander-in-chief. They had not been on board his galley, and to their affliction at his death was now added the doom of imprisonment.

Don John sent for them, and they prostrated themselves before him on the deck; but he raised and embraced them, and said all he could to console them, ordering them to be treated with the consideration due to their rank. He also assigned them quarters, and gave them rich apparel and a sumptuous table. A letter came from their sister, Fatima, soliciting the freedom of her brothers and appealing to Don John's well known humanity. He had already sent a courier to Constantinople, to convey the assurance of their safety. As was the custom then, Fatima had sent with her letter presents of enormous value.

In the division of the spoils and slaves, the young Turkish princes had been assigned to the Pope, but Don

John succeeded in procuring their liberation. Unfortunately, the elder, who was about seventeen, died at Naples; but the younger, who was only thirteen, was sent home with his attendants, and with him were sent the presents received from Fatima, on the ground that the young commander-in-chief only granted free favors.

Don John also made friends with the testy old Venetian admiral, Veniero, with whom he had had a serious difficulty before the battle.

Veniero afterwards became Doge—the third of his family to reach that eminence—which office he held until his death.

Before leaving Petala a council was held, to decide upon the next operation of the fleet. Some were for an immediate attack upon Constantinople; while others considered the fleet in no condition for such an enterprise, and recommended that it be disbanded, go into winter quarters, and renew operations in the spring.

Some agreed with Don John, that, before disbanding, they should do something more. An attack upon Santa Maura was determined on; but on reconnoitering, it was found to be too strong to be captured otherwise than by siege.

A division of spoils among the Allies then took place. One-half of the captured vessels, and of the artillery and small arms, was set apart for the King of Spain. The other half was divided between the Pope and the Republic of Venice; while the money and rich goods were distributed among the officers and crews.

The fleet then dispersed; and Don John proceeded to Messina, where great joy was felt, and immense fêtes awaited him; for he had been gone from them only six weeks, and had, in the meantime, won the greatest battle of modern times. The whole population flocked to the

water side to welcome the victorious fleet, which came back not without scars, but bearing the consecrated banner still proudly aloft. In their rear were the battered prizes, with their flags trailing ignominiously in the water. There were music, garlands of flowers, triumphal arches, salvos of artillery, a gorgeous canopy, and a *Te Deum* in the Cathedral. A grand banquet followed, when Don John was presented with 30,000 crowns by the city, which also voted him a colossal statue in bronze. Don John accepted the money, but only for the sick and wounded; and his own share of booty from Ali's galley he ordered to be distributed among his own crew.

The news of Lepanto caused a great sensation throughout Christendom, as the Turks had been considered invincible at sea. Upon the receipt of the intelligence the Sultan Selim covered his head with dust, and refused food for three days—while all Christendom was repeating, after the sovereign Pontiff, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

In Venice, which might be said to have gained a new lease of life from the results of the battle, there were ceremonial rejoicings, and, by public decree, the 7th of October was set apart forever as a national anniversary.

In Naples the joy was great, as their coasts had been so often desolated by Ottoman cruisers, and their people carried off as slaves. So, when Santa Cruz returned he was welcomed as a deliverer from bondage.

But even greater honors were paid to Colonna, in Rome. He was borne in stately procession, and trophies were carried after him, with the captives following, quite in the style of the old Roman triumphs.

Of course, the rejoicing in Spain did not fall short of that in the other countries concerned.

The great Ottoman standard, the greatest trophy of

the battle, was deposited in the Escorial, where it was afterwards destroyed by fire.

When the victory was announced to Philip he was at prayer, which he did not interrupt, and he pretended to receive the intelligence very coolly. But he ordered illuminations and masses; and commanded Titian, who was then in Madrid, and ninety years of age, to paint the "Victory of the League," still in the Museum of Madrid.

The Pope made every effort, by special ambassadors, to have the King press the war, and to extend the alliance against the Turks.

But Philip was lukewarm, even cold, and said that, for his part, he feared the Turks less than he did the Christian dissenters of Belgium, England, and the Low Countries.

It has been said that Charles V would have followed his victory to the gates of Constantinople, but the Duke of Alva thought that, Don John's force being a mixed one, he would not have succeeded unless supported by the united force of Christendom, so great was the Moslem power at that time.

The battle lost the Turks no territory, but broke the charm of invincibility which they had possessed. Venice gained confidence, and the Ottomans never again took the initiative against that State—while those who have most carefully studied the history of the Ottoman Empire date its decline from the battle of Lepanto.

THE ENGLISH FLEET FOLLOWING THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.
(From the Tapestry in the House of Lords, destroyed in the fire at the Houses of Parliament.)

VI.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA. A. D. 1588.

RMADA signifies, in Spanish, a Sea Army; and Philip the Second named the great fleet which he sent forth in 1588 "invincible," because he thought that it must prevail against the forces of the heretic Hollanders and English, who excited his disgust and anger much more than the Moslem enemies with whom we have seen him last engaged.

Philip II, son of Charles V, was born at Valladolid, in 1527, and, by the abdication of his father, became King of Spain in 1556. His first wife was Maria, of Portugal, and his second was Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII.

Philip was the most powerful prince of his time. Spain, Naples, Sicily, the Milanais, Franche Comté, the Low Countries, Tunis, Oran, the Cape Verdes, Canaries, and a great part of the Americas owned his sway.

Always a fanatic, as he advanced in years the extermination of heretics became his one passion. He sent the pitiless Duke of Alva to the Low Countries, where, however, all his cruelties and persecutions could not prevent the spread of the reformed religion. Fortunately for England, as we shall see, the Low Countries secured their independence in 1581.

In Spain, Philip was employing the Inquisition against Moors and heretics; and executions were depopulating

the Peninsula and ruining the country. It was only by serious insurrections that the Milanese resisted the establishment of the Inquisition there; but to make up for that, and for his loss of the Low Countries, Philip had made the conquest of Portugal, and had extended to that country the practices of Spain.

Elizabeth of England had not only established heretical practices in her realm, but had executed Mary Stuart, and also added to her offences, in his eyes, by sending sympathy and assistance to the persecuted Flemings.

Brooding over these things, in his secret, silent way, Philip determined to invade England, reëstablish Catholicism, and avenge the Queen of Scots.

To this end he devoted some years to the assembling of the most tremendous fleet which the world, up to that time, had seen.

The Spanish nobility were encouraged to join in this new crusade, and responded to the invitation in crowds. The ships, collectively, were to carry more than three thousand guns. A Vicar-General of the Inquisition was to accompany the fleet, and establish the Inquisition in England; and it has been affirmed that complete sets of instruments of torture were also taken.

The Duke of Parma, with a large army, was to join the Armada from Belgium, and insure the conquest. This, we shall see, was prevented by the noble and faithful conduct of Holland, which, in spite of legitimate cause of complaint against England, in the recent design of the Earl of Leicester, came nobly to the rescue, and blockaded Parma, so that he and his troops were rendered unavailable. But for this, and some mistakes of the naval commanders, in all probability English history would have been very different. Many reports of the expedition had reached England, but just about the time it was ready Elizabeth's

fears had been lulled by the prospect of successful negotiations, and many of her advisers thought the threatened expedition would never approach English shores.

Elizabeth, fortunately for England, had revived the navy, as well as the merchant service, which had been so greatly neglected between the death of her father and her own accession.

The wealthier nobles and citizens, encouraged by the queen, built many men-of-war, and the Royal navy was soon able to take the sea with 20,000 fighting men.

The prudence and foresight of the queen in these measures was rewarded by the success of her seamen in disposing of a force such as had hardly ever been arrayed against any country, by sea. Philip, "who from his closet in Madrid aspired to govern the world," and who hated Protestantism with so great a hatred that he declared "if his own son was a heretic he would carry wood to burn him," had good and devoted soldiers to carry out his views. The Duke of Alva was inconceivably cold-blooded and cruel, yet he was a man of great ability. No more perfect chevalier and enlightened soldier existed than the young Don John, whose career was so short; and the famous Duke of Parma, the greatest general of the day, was to command the army of invasion; while the Duke of Medina Sidonia, one of the highest grandees of Spain, was a most gallant soldier. He was no seaman, and was surrounded by a staff of soldiers, or else there might have been a different story to tell of Philip's Armada. But that does not detract from the Duke's personal devotion and gallantry; and the expedition was accompanied by hundreds of officers of like personal character.

In regard to the Armada and its destination, Philip at first preserved the secrecy which was so consonant with

his nature; but at last, when publicity could no longer be avoided, he had every dock-yard and arsenal in his dominions resounding with the hum and noise of a busy multitude, working day and night, to provide the means necessary to accomplish his purpose. New ships were built, and old ones repaired; while immense quantities of military stores were forwarded to the Netherlands, a convenient base of supplies for the invaders.

The New World was then pouring its treasures into Philip's coffers, the product of the enslavement of whole nations, and this immense wealth Philip poured out in turn, lavishly, to accomplish his darling ambition, which was the subjection of all that remained free in the Old World.

"Rendezvous for the shipment of seamen were opened in every seaport town; while throughout Philip's vast dominions there was not a hamlet so insignificant, or a cottage so lowly, but that the recruiting sergeant made his way to it, in his eagerness to raise troops for the grand army, which, blessed by the Pope, and led by the famous Duke of Parma, was destined, it was confidently believed, to march in triumph through the streets of London, and, by one sweeping *auto-da-fé*, extirpate heresy from that accursed land which every Spanish Catholic was taught to regard as the stronghold of the devil."

"Volunteers of every degree, and from every corner of Europe, hastened to enlist under the banner of Castile. Of these, many were religious bigots, impelled to the crusade against English heretics by fanatic zeal; a few, men of exalted character, not unknown to fame; but by far the greater number, needy adventurers, seeking for spoil. At length, in April, 1588, after nearly three years of preparation, the army of invasion, 60,000 strong, was concentrated at Dunkirk and Nieuport, where large,

flat-bottomed transports were built, ready for its reception.

"But still the Armada, that was to convoy the transports, and cover the landing of the troops on their arrival in England, loitered in Lisbon, waiting for a favorable wind. Toward the end of May it moved out of the Tagus by detachments, and passing the dangerous shoals called the Cachopos in safety, took its departure from Cape Roca, the westernmost point of Portugal, and of the continent of Europe, on June 1st, sailing due north, with a light southwesterly breeze. The fleet consisted in all of one hundred and thirty-two vessels, carrying 3165 guns, 21,639 soldiers, 8745 seamen, and 2088 galley slaves; and its aggregate burden was not less than 65,000 tons."

The San Martin, a vessel of fifty guns, belonging to the contingent furnished by Portugal, carried the flag of the commander-in-chief, the Duke de Medina Sidonia, already mentioned.

This great Armada was very unwieldy, and contained many dull sailers, so that, making its way at the average rate of only about thirteen miles a day, it passed the Berlingas, crept by Figuera, Oporto and Vigo, and finally lay becalmed off Cape Finisterre. Up to this time the winds, if baffling, had been moderate, the weather pleasant, and the sea smooth as glass. But now the Spanish fleet was assailed by a tempest, which might be called fearful, even in the stormy Bay of Biscay.

Blowing at first fitfully, and in heavy squalls, it by nightfall settled into a steady gale from west-north-west, driving before it a tremendous sea, the surges of which broke with a roar distinctly heard above the fierce howling of the wind. Yet, though the sea ran high, it was not irregular, and the Armada, under snug canvas, was making good weather of it, when, a little after midnight,

the wind shifted very suddenly to northeast, blowing with the violence of a tornado, and taking every ship under square sail flat aback. Some of the vessels, gathering sternboard, lost their rudders, which were in that day very insecure; some, thrown on their beam-ends, were forced to cut away their masts and throw overboard their guns; while all lost sails and top-hamper, and not a few the upper deck cabins, at that time so lofty.

When day broke the spectacle was presented of a whole fleet helplessly adrift upon the ocean. Many of the largest and finest vessels were lying in the trough of the sea, which every now and then made a clean breach over them, each time carrying off some of the crews. Among the fleet was a huge Portuguese galley, the Diana, which had been knocked down by the shift of wind, lost her masts and oars, and was lying on her side, gradually filling with water, and fast settling by the stern. The rest of the vessels were powerless to assist her, and she soon sank before their eyes, carrying down every soul belonging to her, including, of course, the poor galley slaves chained to her oars.

Then, to add to the horrors of storm and shipwreck, a mutiny broke out among the rowers of the galley Vasana (a motley crew of Turkish and Moorish prisoners and Christian felons), who had been long watching for an opportunity to secure their freedom; and now, seeing their galley to windward of all the vessels of the Armada, with the exception of the Capitana galley, which was a mile away from them, they judged the occasion favorable for the accomplishment of their purpose. Led by a Welshman, named David Gwynne, the mutinous galley-slaves attacked the sailors and soldiers of the Vasana, and as they exceeded them in number, and the free men had no time to seize their arms, while the slaves were

armed with stilettoes made of all kinds of metal, and carefully concealed for such an occasion, they quite easily prevailed. The captain of the Capitana, seeing that something was wrong on board the Vasana, ran down as close to her as the heavy sea would permit, and, finding her already in possession of the Welshman and his fellow galley-slaves, poured a broadside into her, which cut her up terribly, and filled her decks with more killed and wounded men. At this critical moment, while engaged with an enemy without, the crew of the Capitana found themselves threatened with a greater danger from within. Their own slaves now rose, broke their chains, and took part in the engagement. It is not known whether they had any previous knowledge of an attempt on board the Vasana, or whether it was the effect of example. At any rate, they rushed upon their late masters and oppressors with such weapons as they had concealed, or could seize at the moment, and attacked them with desperate and irresistible fury and resolution. The struggle, in the midst of the gale, for the possession of the Capitana, was furious but brief. It ended in the triumph of the galley-slaves, who, like their fellows on board the Vasana, spared no rank nor age. The massacre was soon over, and the bodies thrown into the water; and the gale soon after abating, the galleys were run into Bayonne, where, Motley says, Gwynne was graciously received by Henry of Navarre. The crippled Armada, having lost three of its finest galleys, managed to creep into the different ports on the northern shore of Spain.

Once more they all made rendezvous at Corunna, and after a month spent in repairs, sailed again, on July 22d, for Calais Roads.

With fair winds and fine weather, the Spanish fleet struck soundings in the English channel on July 28th, and

the following day, in the afternoon, were in sight of the Lizard, whence they were seen and recognized, and soon, by bonfires, and other preconcerted signals, all England knew that the long threatened danger was close at hand; and, without faltering, one and all prepared to meet it.

The most of the English fleet was in Plymouth at the time. Many of the principal officers were on shore, playing at bowls, and otherwise amusing themselves, and the wind was blowing directly into the harbor, preventing the fleet from pulling to sea. But the commander-in-chief, Lord Howard of Effingham, was equal to the emergency; summoning all to instant exertion; and before daylight the following morning sixty-seven of his best ships had been, with extreme labor and difficulty, towed and kedged into deep water, and, commanded by such men as Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, were off the Eddystone, keeping a sharp lookout for the Spaniards. Every hour additional vessels were joining the English fleet.

During the whole forenoon the wind was very light, and the weather thick; but towards evening a fine south-west wind set in, and the mist rising, the two fleets discovered each other.

The Armada, in a half-moon, and in complete battle array, was so compactly drawn up that its flanking vessels were distributed but seven miles from each other; and all were bearing steadily up channel. The Spanish guns were so numerous, and so much heavier in calibre than anything the English carried, that the Lord High Admiral saw at once that the force at his command could not successfully confront the enemy. He therefore permitted them to pass without firing a shot; but hung closely upon their rear, in hopes of cutting off any vessels which might chance to fall astern of the others. It was not until the next day, Sunday, July 31st, that an opportunity offered for

attacking to advantage. Then, "sending a pinnace, called the Defiance, before him, to denounce war against the enemy, by the discharge of all her guns," Howard at once opened fire from his own ship, the Royal Oak, upon a large galleon, commanded by Don Alphonso de Leyva, which he took to be the flag-ship of the Spanish commander-in-chief.

In the meantime, the combined squadrons of Drake, Frobisher and Hawkins opened furiously upon the fleet of Biscay, or of northern Spain, which, consisting of fourteen vessels, and carrying 302 guns, was commanded by Vice-admiral Recalde, an officer of great experience. This squadron had been formed into a rear guard, in expectation of just such an attack.

Recalde maintained the unequal fight for some hours, and with great obstinacy; all the while endeavoring to get within small-arm range of the English, which he knew would be fatal to them, as he had a large force of arquebusiers embarked in his division.

But his wary antagonists, whose vessels, "light, weatherly and nimble, sailed six feet to the Spaniards' two, and tacked twice to their once," evaded every effort to close, and keeping at long range, inflicted much damage upon their enemy without receiving any themselves.

At length, seeing how matters stood, the Duke Medina Sidonia signaled to Recalde to join the main body of the fleet; and, hoisting the Royal standard of Spain at his main, drew out his whole force in order of battle, and endeavored to bring on a general engagement. This Howard prudently avoided, and so the Spaniards had to keep on their course again, up channel, and "maintain a running fight of it;" the English now, as before, hanging on their rear, and receiving constant reinforcements from their seaport towns, in full view of which, as the

Armada hugged the English shore, Howard, with his gallant ships and men, was passing.

In these days London alone sent forth fifty armed ships.

The night which followed was one fraught with disaster to the Spaniards. The gunner of the Santa Anna, a Fleming by birth, who had been reprimanded by his captain for some neglect of duty, in revenge laid a train to the magazine, and blew up all the after part of the vessel, with more than half her officers and crew.

The vessel nearest the Santa Anna hurried to her assistance, and was engaged in rescuing the survivors, when, in the darkness and confusion, two galleys fell foul of the flagship of the Andalusian squadron, and carried away her foremast close to the deck, so that she dropped astern of the Armada, and, the night being very dark, was soon lost sight of by her friends, and assailed by her vigilant foes.

Being well manned, and carrying fifty guns, she maintained her defence until daylight, when, finding the English hemming her in on all sides, Don Pedro de Valdez, the Admiral, struck his flag to Drake, in the Revenge, much to the chagrin of Frobisher and Hawkins, who had hoped to make prize of her themselves.

Don Pedro, who was courteously received by Drake, remained on board the Revenge until the 10th of August; so that he was an eye witness of all the subsequent events, and of the final discomfiture of his countrymen.

Drake sent the captain of the Santa Anna, "a prisoner, to Dartmouth, and left the money on board the prize, to be plundered by his men."

All the following day was spent by the Duke in rearranging his fleet; and after the vessels were in the stations assigned them, each captain had written orders not to leave that station, under penalty of death.

In this new order the rear guard was increased to forty-three vessels, and placed under the command of Don Alphonso de Leyva, who had orders to avoid skirmishing as much as possible, but to lose no opportunity of bringing on a general engagement, or decisive battle.

On the 2d of August, at daylight, the wind shifted to the northeast, whereupon the Spanish, being to windward, bore down upon the English under full sail. But the latter also squared away, and having the advantage of greater speed, refused, as before, to allow their enemy to close with them; so the engagement was without result, there being little loss on the part of the Spaniards, while the only Englishman killed was a Mr. Cock, who was bravely fighting the enemy in a small vessel of his own.

Towards evening the wind backed to the west again, and the Armada once more continued its course toward Calais.

On the 3d of August there was a suspension of hostilities, and the Lord High Admiral received a supply of powder and ball, and a reinforcement of ships, and intended to attack the enemy in the middle of the night, but was prevented by a calm

On the 4th, however, a straggler from the Spanish fleet was made prize of by the English.

This brought on a sharp engagement between the Spanish rear guard and the English advance, under Frobisher, which would have resulted in Frobisher's capture had not Howard himself gone to the rescue, in the "Ark-Royal, followed by the Lion, the Bear, the Bull, the Elizabeth, and a great number of smaller vessels." The fighting was for some time severe, but as soon as Frobisher was relieved, Howard, observing that the Duke was approaching, with the main body of the Spanish fleet, prudently gave the order to retire. It was, indeed,

high time, for the Ark-Royal was so badly crippled that she had to be towed out of action.

The Lord High Admiral afterwards knighted Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Townsend, Hawkins and Frobisher, for their gallantry on this occasion; but a convincing proof that the English had the worst of it in the encounter is the determination of a council of war "not to make any further attempt upon the enemy until they should be arrived in the Straits of Dover, where the Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Winter were lying in wait for them."

So the Armada kept on its way, unmolested, and with a fair wind, past Hastings and Dungeness, until it got to the north of the Varne, an extensive shoal in the Channel.

Then it left the English coast, and hauled up for Calais Road, where it anchored on the afternoon of Saturday, August 6th, close in to shore, with the Castle bearing from the centre of the fleet due east.

The English followed, and anchored two miles outside. Strengthened by the accession of Seymour's and Winter's squadron, they now numbered one hundred and forty sail—many of them large ships, but the majority small.

Every day since he had been in the Channel the Spanish commander-in-chief had despatched a messenger to the French coast, to proceed by land, and warn the Duke of Parma of the approach of the Armada, and to impress upon him the necessity of his being ready to make his descent upon England the moment the fleet reached Calais; and especially he desired Parma to send him, at once, pilots for the French and Flemish coasts, which those in the fleet had no knowledge of. To his bitter disappointment, on reaching Calais he found no preparation of any kind, and none of his requests com-

plied with. All that night, and all day of August 7th, the vast Armada lay idly at anchor, vainly watching for the coming of Parma's army, and not knowing that its egress from Nieuport and Dunkirk was a simple impossibility, since the fleets of Holland and Zealand were in full possession of all the narrow channels between Nieuport and Hils Banks and the Flemish shore; and Parma had not a single vessel of war to oppose to them.

On the evening of the 7th the appearance of the weather caused great anxiety to the seamen of the Armada, the sun setting in a dense bank of clouds, and they realized, much more fully than the soldiers on board, the insecurity of their anchorage; as a northwest gale, likely to rise at any moment, would drive them upon the treacherous quicksands of the French coast.

While this apprehension was troubling the seamen of the Armada, the English were fearful least Parma's transports, eluding the vigilance of the Dutch cruisers, should suddenly heave in sight. But, as the evening drew on, and they observed the threatening sky, and heard the increasing surf upon the shore, both of which boded a storm, they became reassured. A little before midnight of the 7th, the weather being very thick, and a strong current setting towards the Spanish fleet, the English prepared to send in among them eight fire-ships, which they had prepared as soon as they found the enemy anchored close together. The English captains Young and Prowse towed them in, directing their course, and firing them with great coolness and judgment. A great panic resulted among the Spaniards, for they knew that the English had in their service an Italian, who, three years before, had created great havoc and destruction at Antwerp, by ingenious floating torpedoes or mines, and they no sooner saw the fire-ships, "all alight with flame,

from their keelsons to their mast-heads," and bearing down upon them, than they imagined Giannibelli and his infernal machines in their midst. Shouts of "we are lost!" passed through the fleet, but in the midst of the panic the Duke de Medina Sidonia (who had been warned by Philip to be on his guard lest the dreaded Drake should burn his vessels) maintained his composure. He at once made the signal agreed upon, to cut cables and stand clear of the danger; and the Armada was soon under sail, and out of harm's way from fire. But the fright and confusion had been so great that, next morning, when the Duke wished to rally his fleet and return to his anchorage, many ships were out of signal distance, some far at sea, and others among the shoals of the coast of Flanders.

The 8th of August dawned with squally, southwest weather, and the English observed some of the Spanish vessels to be crippled, and drifting to leeward, while the San Lorenzo, flag-ship of the squadron of galleasses (the class of large vessels which had contributed so much to the victory of Lepanto), was endeavoring to get into the harbor of Calais. Her rudder was gone, and, although her rowers were endeavoring to keep her in the narrow channel leading to the town, she yawed widely across it, and finally grounded on a sand bank near the town. In this position she was attacked by the boats of the English fleet, and after a stubborn resistance, in which many fell on both sides, was boarded and carried. The Govenor of Calais claimed her as of right pertaining to him, and the English, just then not caring to quarrel with the French, gave her up to him, but not before they had plundered her.

The boat expedition no sooner returned, than Howard bore up for the Armada, the bulk of which was then off

Gravelines, sailing in double echillon, with flanks protected "by the three remaining galleasses, and the great galleons of Portugal." The Duke Medina Sidonia at once hauled by the wind, with signal flying for close action, and the Royal standard at his fore. But the English had speed, handiness, and the weather gauge in their favor, and were enabled, as before, to choose their own distance, and after a desultory fight of six hours, the Duke (finding he was losing men, and had three of his best ships sunk, as many more put hors-de-combat, and having exhausted his shot, without a chance of bringing Howard within boarding distance, or of Parma's coming out to join him) telegraphed to the fleet "to make its way to Spain, north about the British Isles," and then himself kept away for the North Sea.

The sands of Zealand threatened him on one hand, and the hardy English seamen on the other; and with these odds against him, the proud Spaniard had no resource left but to retreat.

That night it blew a strong breeze from the north, and the next day some of the Spanish vessels were in great danger from the Dutch shoals, but a shift of wind saved them.

The English kept close after them until August 12th, when, being themselves short of provisions and ammunition, they came by the wind, and stood back for their own shores, where, of course, the intelligence they brought caused great joy, after the narrow escape from invasion.

An intelligent officer, Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, United States Navy, commenting upon these actions, says, "it has been asserted that Medina Sidonia so dreaded the passage around the grim Hebrides that he was upon the point of surrender to Howard, when he last approached him, but was dissuaded from doing so by the

Ecclesiastics on board his vessel; but this story, as well as one told by the Spanish soldiers who were taken prisoners in the fight of August 8th, and who wished to curry favor with their captors, that this fight 'far exceeded the battle of Lepanto,' may be safely classed with the marvelous relations of the 'intelligent contraband,' and the 'reliable gentleman just from Richmond,' so often brought to the front during the great civil war in America. Why, indeed, should the Duke have surrendered to a force unable to fire a shot at him, and which, had it ventured within boarding distance of the Armada, must have inevitably fallen into his hands? Was not the Saint Matthew, when assailed in a sorely crippled condition by a whole squadron, defended for two long hours? And did not several Spanish vessels, refusing to strike when they were in a sinking condition, go down with their colors flying? Was, then, the Commander-in-chief less courageous than his subordinates? Let the truth be told. Medina Sidonia, from his want of experience at sea, was utterly disqualified to command the great fleet entrusted to his care; but Spain possessed no braver man than he."

The history of the Armada, after Howard left it, is one of shipwreck and disaster. Many of its vessels foundered at sea, and many more were lost on the rocky coasts of Scotland and Ireland; and the crews of some, who managed to reach the land, were massacred by the savage inhabitants of the west of Ireland.

Few of the leaders lived to return to their native land, and there was hardly a family in Spain that was not in mourning.

Upon learning of the disaster Philip affected great calmness, and merely remarked, "I did not send my fleet to combat the tempest, and I thank God, who has made me able to repair this loss."

But, in spite of that, his disappointment was terrible, and in his fierce and savage resentment at the depression of his people he cut short all mourning by proclamation. A merchant of Lisbon, who imprudently allowed himself to express some joy at the defeat of the conqueror of his nation, was hanged by order of Philip—so that, as Motley says, "men were reminded that one could neither laugh nor cry in Spanish dominions."

In other parts of Europe great joy was felt, for both England and the Continent were delivered from the nightmare of universal empire and the Inquisition. Well might England rejoice, and proceed to build up a more powerful navy.

The Spanish marine was irretrievably wrecked, and never again rose to its former position; and the loss of the preponderance of Spain in European affairs began at this time.

The commander first selected for the Armada, Alvaro de Bazan, a fine seaman, died just before it left Lisbon. He would, no doubt, have handled it better than Medina Sidonia; and he certainly would have attacked the windbound English fleet in Plymouth, in spite of orders, and if he had done so would probably have destroyed it.

Philip had disregarded the advice of Parma and Santa Cruz, experienced soldiers, to secure a point in Flanders, before attacking England; and he erred in binding down Medina Sidonia not to take the initiative and attack the English fleet until he had been joined by Parma's transports.

We may add a few words concerning Philip II. He survived the loss of his Armada ten years; having succeeded in making his memory thoroughly odious. Philip was gifted with high capacity, but was sombre, inflexible and bloody minded. He was at the same time vindictive,

pusillanimous and cruel; full of joy at an *auto-da-fé*, while he trembled during a battle. To sanguinary fanaticism he added violence of temper almost bestial in its exhibition. He was close and deceptive in politics—always covering himself and his designs with the mask of religion. He seemed, indeed, not to have a human heart in his breast; and yet he had a taste for the fine arts—loving painting, but even better, architecture, in which latter he was learned. He finished the Escorial and beautified Madrid, which he made the capital of Spain.

Besides the foregoing his sole pleasure was the chase; while, unlike his father, he was generous to those who served him, and very sober in living and simple in dress.

A SPANISH GALLEASS OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

EVENTS SUCCEEDING THE ARMADA.—SIR FRANCIS DRAKE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

VII.

SOME NAVAL EVENTS OF ELIZABETH'S TIME, SUCCEEDING THE ARMADA.

THE signal discomfiture of the Armada caused, in England, an enthusiastic passion for enterprises against Spain; and this was fostered by the unusual good fortune of English adventurers, especially in their attacks upon the commerce and colonies of the Spanish.

Don Antonio, of Portugal, having advanced a claim to the crown of that country, then held by Spain, an expedition was undertaken, in England, to conquer that country for him. Nearly 20,000 volunteers enlisted, and ships were hired and arms and provisions provided by the adventurers. The frugal Queen only contributed to the enterprise some £60,000 and six of her ships. Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris were at the head of it, and if they had not allowed themselves to be drawn off from the main object of their enterprise to attack a Spanish fleet, fitting at the Groyne for another invasion of England, it is quite probable that Lisbon would have been taken by a *coup-de-main*. In consequence of their delay Lisbon was too strongly defended, and the English fleet was obliged to retire. After taking and burning Vigo they returned to England, having lost more than half their number by sickness, famine, fatigue, and wounds. This was, indeed, usually the case with the

maritime adventurers of that day, the losses from illness alone being perfectly frightful.

As this expedition was returning another was going out, under the Earl of Cumberland, all the ships, except one man-of-war sent by the Queen, being equipped at his own expense. Cumberland went to the Terceras and took many Spanish prizes, but the richest one, a galleon, was lost on the Cornish coast, in the attempt to reach England. Attempting to seize the Islands, Cumberland met with a bloody repulse, losing nearly half his men, and a great mortality seizing upon the survivors, left him hardly men enough to steer his ships back into a home harbor.

But all these maritime expeditions, whether successful or not, had a good effect in keeping the Spaniards in check, as well as in keeping up the spirit and nautical ability of the English.

At a later period, when Elizabeth was assisting Henri Quatre, in France, against the Duke of Parma and the League, she employed her naval power very freely against Philip, and endeavored at all times to intercept his West Indian treasure ships, the source of that greatness which rendered him so formidable to all his neighbors.

Among other operations she sent Lord Thomas Howard, with a squadron of seven ships, upon this service. But Philip, informed of her intentions, fitted out a great fleet of fifty-five sail, and despatched them to escort home the fleet of galleons from the West Indies.

The Queen's seven ships, commanded by Howard, were the Defiance, the Revenge, the Nonpareil, Bonaventure, Lion, Foresight, and Crane. They are said to have been miserably fitted out. Howard went to the Azores, and anchoring at Flores, there waited six months for the

approach of the treasure ships, which were inconceivably slow and deliberate in their passages. In the meantime Don Alphonso Bassano, the commander of the Spanish escort fleet, hearing of the small English force at Flores, determined to attack it. The English squadron was at the time unprepared, beside having much sickness on board. Howard put to sea hurriedly, leaving many men on shore, and was attacked by the whole Spanish fleet. The brunt of the engagement which followed was principally borne by the Revenge, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville. The fight began about three o'clock in the afternoon, and continued until after daylight the next morning.

The Revenge was laid on board at one and the same time by the St. Philip, of 1500 tons and 78 guns, and four others of the Spanish men-of-war of the largest size, and filled with soldiers. The enemy boarded no less than fifteen times during the night, and were as often repulsed, although they continually shifted their vessels, and boarded with fresh men. The gallant Grenville was wounded early in the action, but refused to quit the deck. About midnight, however, he was wounded by a musket ball, which passed through his body. He was then carried below to have his wound dressed, but while under the surgeon's hands, was again wounded in the head, and the surgeon was killed by his side while attending to his wounds.

The gallant crew held out till daylight, by which time the ship was a mere wreck, and out of an original crew of 103, forty were killed, and almost all the rest wounded. The ammunition was expended in the long and constant firing, and most of their small arms were broken and useless. In this condition nothing remained but surrender. But Sir Richard proposed to trust to the mercy of God, rather than that of the Spaniards, and to destroy themselves with the ship, rather than yield. The master

gunner and many of the seamen agreed to this, but others opposed it, and obliged Grenville to surrender as a prisoner. They refused to strike, however, until they were promised their liberty, and the Spaniards assenting, the ship was at last surrendered.

This was the first English man-of-war that the Spaniards had ever taken, but she was not doomed to be exhibited as a trophy, for she foundered a few days afterward, with two hundred of the Spanish prize crew which had been placed on board of her. It is said that it cost the Spaniards a thousand lives to capture the Revenge.

Sir Richard Grenville was carried on board the Spanish admiral's ship, where he died, two days after, impressing his enemies very much by his extraordinary behavior and courage. His last words were: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion and honor. My soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the everlasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do."

In the meantime the treasure ships had been detained so long at Havana, for fear of the English cruisers, that they were obliged to sail at an improper season, and most of them were lost at sea before they reached Spanish harbors.

In 1592 an expedition under Sir Martin Frobisher, consisting of two men-of-war belonging to the Queen, and others fitted by Frobisher and Sir Walter Raleigh, made a cruise on the coast of Spain, and took many Spanish ships. Among them was a carrack, called Madre de Dios, of which a description is given, and which must have been a most extraordinary vessel, more like a floating castle or tower than a ship. "She had seven decks, of

165 feet from stem to stern, was of 1600 tons burden, manned with 600 men, and carried thirty-two brass guns. Her cargo was valued at £150,000 on her arrival in England, besides what the officers and seamen had plundered her of when taken." This was an immense sum for those times, and an extraordinary booty to be taken in a single ship.

The Queen's adventure in this cruise was only two ships, one of which, the least of the two, was at the taking of the carrack Madre de Dios; in virtue of which she assumed power over the whole of the valuable cargo, taking what portion of it she pleased, and making the rest of the adventurers submit to her pleasure in the matter. She is said to have dealt with them rather indifferently, taking the lion's share.

In 1594 the brave and skillful Admiral Sir Martin Frobisher was lost to his country. He had been sent with the Vanguard, Rainbow, Dreadnought, and Acquittance, to aid the French in the attack upon Brest, which important naval station was then held by the Spaniards. The Admiral entered the harbor with his ships, and attacked the forts most vigorously. But the place was well defended, and the attacking party suffered serious loss. At length the forts surrendered, and the garrison was put to the sword.

Sir Martin Frobisher was wounded in the hip by a grape shot, and died soon after he had brought his squadron safely home.

The accounts of the English naval enterprises of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign read like romance. These enterprises, often entirely of a private nature, though sanctioned by the State, were a curious mixture of chivalrous search for glory and of the grasping love of lucre of a freebooter or pirate.

In 1594 Richard Hawkins, son of the celebrated navigator, Sir John, made an unsuccessful raid upon the Spanish possessions in the South Seas, by way of the Straits of Magellan. And in the same year James Lancaster was sent by some London merchants to South America, with a squadron, and took thirty-nine Spanish ships. He also attacked and captured, against great odds, the very rich city of Pernambuco, destroying his boats after his men had landed, so as to force them to fight or to be slaughtered. He returned safely to England, with an immense booty.

In 1595, Sir Walter Raleigh took a fleet in search of the gold mines of Guiana, and ascended the Oronoco in boats. He suffered immense loss in battle and by disease, and found nothing of what he went in search for. His account of his adventures is most marvelous, and has long been known to be drawn principally from his imagination.

In the same year, Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins, with six men-of-war of the Queen's and twenty others, proceeded on an expedition against the Spanish settlements in Central America. They first attacked Porto Rico, where they were repulsed with very serious loss, and Hawkins soon after died. Drake then resolved to go to Nombre de Dios, on the Isthmus of Darien, whence he made an attempt to cross the isthmus to Panama. But the resistance of the Spaniards, coupled with the difficulties of the region and the climate, all proved too great even for this seasoned adventurer, and the exposure, vexation and disappointment so worked upon him that he died. Sir Thomas Baskerville took command of the expedition, and after an indecisive fight with a Spanish fleet, returned home empty-handed.

Philip II being known to be making preparations for

another invasion of England, a powerful English fleet was equipped at Plymouth, consisting of one hundred and seventy vessels, seventeen of which were first-rate men-of-war. Twenty ships were added to these by the Hollanders. This fleet was commanded by the High Admiral, Lord Effingham, while Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Essex, commanded the troops embarked. Many of the first men of England were either commanders or serving as volunteers.

The fleet sailed from Plymouth on the first of June, 1596, with a fair wind, with orders to rendezvous off Cadiz. Fast vessels sent in advance intercepted all traders, and the fleet found the Spaniards unsuspicious of any attack, and the port full of men-of-war and richly laden merchantmen.

After a fruitless attack at St. Sebastians, it was resolved to take the fleet into the bay and attack the Spanish shipping. The Admiral did not look upon this plan with much favor, conceiving it to be rash, but at last it was determined upon, so much to Essex's joy that he is said to have thrown overboard his richly jeweled cap, on hearing the decision of the council of war. His joy was much moderated when he heard that Effingham had orders from the Queen not to allow him to lead in the attack, as he was not to be exposed. Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Thomas Howard were appointed to lead, but when the fight began Essex forgot his orders, and pressed into the thickest of the fire. The English had great incentives to do well. The nobles were emulous for glory, while all were incited by the prospect of great plunder, and by animosity against their old enemy, the Spaniards. The English fleet attacked with such ardor that the Spaniards were soon obliged to slip their cables, and, retreating to the bottom of the bay, run on shore. Essex landed his

men, and carried the city, sword in hand. After the place was taken, he is said to have stopped the slaughter usual on such occasions, and to have treated his prisoners with great humanity.

The English fell into a great amount of plunder, but a much richer booty was lost by the burning of the fleet and the merchantmen, which was ordered by the Spanish Admiral, the Duke de Medina Sidonia. Thus was immense loss caused to Spain, not to speak of the humiliation of that proud nation at seeing one of her principal cities in the hands of the hated heretics.

In 1597 Spain was busy collecting ships and troops at Ferrol, for the purpose of a descent upon Ireland. Elizabeth at once put the Earl of Essex in command of a fleet, with Sir W. Raleigh, Lord Thomas Howard and Lord Mountjoy, as commanders, while many of the first nobility embarked as volunteers.

This fleet sailed from Plymouth on the 9th of July, but the very next day encountered a severe storm, which damaged and scattered it. After reassembling and refitting, the project of going to attack Ferrol was given up, and it was determined to endeavor to capture the great annual treasure fleet from the Spanish Indies.

In that age, from the unwieldiness of these great galleons and from imperfect navigation, these fleets had stated courses and seasons for going and returning. They had also certain ports where they touched for water and provisions, rendered necessary by the immense time they consumed in their voyages. The Azores was one of these points, and Essex determined to go there, and to take the port of Fayal, as a preliminary step to capturing the fleet. But the English ships becoming separated on the passage, Raleigh and his squadron arrived alone. Seeing the Spaniards at work fortifying, he at once attacked and

took the place. Essex, upon his arrival, was much incensed at being robbed of the glory he so much coveted, and but for Howard, would have cashiered Raleigh and his officers. Sir Walter having made due amends, the matter was arranged, and dispositions were made for intercepting the galleons. Sir William Monson was stationed off the islands, in observation, and in due time made the appointed signal that the Spaniards were in sight. These, however (owing, as Monson says, in his memoirs, to Essex's want of seamanship), almost all managed to get into the secure and strong port of Angra. Only three were taken, but these were of such value as to defray the whole cost of the expedition.

"HENRY GRACE DE DIEU"—"*The Great Harry.*"
(Built by Henry VII of England.)

VIII.

NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND HOLLAND. A. D. 1652-3.

IN 1652 the Dutch naval power was without a rival in the world. The sea seemed to be their proper element, and their fleets of war and commerce penetrated to every part of the globe. Their colonial possessions were only inferior to those of Spain, and their wealth, energy and valor gave every promise of their extension.

England had better home harbors, and a finer geographical position; a more numerous population, and almost equal maritime resources; and it was a natural and cherished idea of the English Republicans to form the Commonwealth and the United Provinces of Holland into one powerful Protestant State, which should be able to resist all the other powers. The advantages of such a union were easily to be seen, but the splendid conception was opposed by commercial jealousies and by dynastic interests.

William, the second Prince of Orange of that name, had married a daughter of Charles the First, so that in addition to a princely antipathy to Commonwealths, an alliance of this kind would have interfered with a possible succession of his wife and children to the English throne.

William was exceedingly popular with the masses, and

so long as he lived the two States remained on bad terms. He even refused to extend to the agents of Parliament the protection of the Dutch law, and they were constantly insulted, and one lost his life at the hands of a mob, it was said, by the machinations of Montrose. No redress could be obtained.

Holland's recent successes, especially at sea, against Spain and the Barbary States, had made her very confident in her maritime power. England was then much exhausted, from internal dissension, and Holland was anxious to be considered mistress of the Narrow Seas, a right which England had long claimed, and which the Dutch had always firmly disputed.

The Prince of Orange died rather suddenly, leaving his heir yet unborn, and the Democratic party, which comprised the most liberal and enlightened of the Dutch people, seized the opportunity to abolish the office of Stadtholder, and restore a pure Republic. After their success in this it was thought and hoped that at least a close alliance, offensive and defensive, might be formed between the two Republican States. An ambassador was sent from England to Holland for that purpose, but the negotiation lagged. The "High Mightynesses" who now ruled Holland offered a counter-proposition. Delays followed, and St. John, the English envoy, whose time was limited to a certain fixed date, had his pride hurt by the delay. The Dutch, on their side, thought it arrogant and menacing in the English Parliament to have set a time for their action and its agent's return. The exiled court was then at the Hague, and the exiled cavaliers frequently made St. John feel their presence. Then, again, Holland may have wished to see the result of the invasion of Scotland, and, after long delays, St. John left Holland, more inclined for war than peace.

The Dutch statesmen saw their mistake after the battle of Worcester had firmly established the English commonwealth, and now endeavored to renew negotiations. But new troubles prevented an understanding. Dutch privateers had continued to injure English commerce; while still more insuperable difficulties arose from the passage by the English Parliament of the Navigation Act. At that time, in addition to being great traders, the Dutch were great fishermen. Rotterdam and Amsterdam were the exchanges of Europe, and immense fortunes were made by the ship owners of these ports. Under the Stuarts England had neglected the merchant marine, and afforded a fine field to the Dutch traders, but the Navigation Act, in declaring that no goods the produce of Asia, Africa or America, should be imported into England, except in vessels either belonging to that commonwealth or to the countries from which the goods were imported, put a period, so far as the British Islands, their colonies and dependencies were concerned, to a very lucrative branch of Dutch enterprise.

The new Dutch ambassador endeavored to have this law of exclusion repealed at once; and while urging the point, hinted that his country then was fitting out a powerful fleet for the protection of their trade. This hint was taken as a menace, and Parliament ordered its sea captains to exact all the honors due the red cross flag which had been claimed by England in the Narrow Seas since Saxon times. This order soon made much trouble. An English Commodore, Young, falling in with a Dutch fleet returning from the Mediterranean, sent to request the Admiral in command of the convoy to lower his flag. The Dutch officer refused to comply with this demand, so unexpectedly made, without consultation with his superiors. Young then fired into his ship, and a sharp action

ensued; but the English being stronger, and the Dutch taken by surprise, the latter were obliged to strike.

To avenge this insult to their flag, the States General fitted out a fleet of forty-two sail, and placed it under the command of Van Tromp, with instructions to use his discretion in resisting the English claim to supremacy. He was, however, positively required to repel, on all occasions, and at all hazards, attacks upon the commerce of the Republic of Holland, and to properly support the dignity of its flag. Tromp, who had genius as well as courage and skill, was well suited to carry out these orders. This celebrated naval commander was born at Briel, in 1597, and died in 1653. He served on a frigate commanded by his father when only eleven years old, his father being killed in an action with the French, and the son made prisoner. He rose rapidly in the Dutch navy, and was a Vice Admiral at the age of forty, when he totally defeated a Spanish fleet, superior in numbers and weight of metal. This success not only made him very popular at home, but caused him to be made a French noble. We shall see in the following pages how Tromp died. He was buried at Delft, where a splendid monument was raised to him.

When Tromp was put in command of this fleet war had not been declared, and the Dutch ambassador was still in England when Tromp and his fleet suddenly appeared in the Downs. Bourne, who was stationed off Dover with part of the English fleet, at once sent a messenger to Blake, who was off Rye with another division of ships. Upon receipt of the intelligence Blake at once made all sail for the Downs. This wonderful man, one of the greatest names in English naval history, was fifty years old before he became a sailor; and yet, upon being appointed a "General at Sea," he performed some of the greatest exploits, and won some of the greatest victories

recorded in naval annals. Blake found Tromp in and about Dover Roads. When the English were still about ten miles off Tromp weighed and stood out to sea, without lowering his flag. This, under the regulations then existing, was an act of defiance. Blake fired a gun, to call attention to the omission, but no answer was returned. To a second and a third gun, Tromp replied by a single shot, keeping his flag flying. Stretching over to the other side of the Straits, he then received some communication from a ketch which met him, and, as if she had brought imperative orders, he soon came round and made toward Blake; his own ship, the Brederode, taking the van.

Blake felt that, in spite of a want of any declaration of war, Tromp had received orders to offer battle, and at once proceeded to prepare for it.

Tromp was superior in force, their numbers being greater. This was partly made up for by the fact that the English carried more guns in proportion, and larger crews, but many of their men were landsmen.

When the fleets had approached within musket shot, Blake, affecting not to notice the menacing attitude of the Dutch, stood toward the Brederode, to remonstrate concerning the lack of honors, in not lowering the flag.

The Dutch ship sent a broadside into the James, Blake's flag-ship, and stopped all remonstrance short. Blake was at this moment in his cabin, with some officers, and the fire smashed the windows and damaged the stern. Blake coolly observed, "Well! it is not civil in Van Tromp to take my flag-ship for a brothel, and break my windows." As he spoke, another broadside came from the Brederode. At this he called to those on deck to return the fire, and the action at once began.

Few of the English officers in high command had then

any experience of warfare at sea, and Vice Admiral Penn was the only one who had received a regular naval education.

The Council, in giving Blake chief command at sea, had left the selection of two vice admirals to himself; and to these posts he had, with Cromwell's approval, named Penn and Bourne. Penn sailed on board the Triumph, of 68 guns, taking young Robert Blake, the nephew of the admiral, as his lieutenant. Bourne was on board the St. Andrew, 60. Not supposing hostilities likely to occur while the Dutch ambassador was still in England, Penn was on leave, and there was not a practical seaman left in high command in the English fleet.

The battle began about four in the afternoon, with a rapid exchange of broadsides. On the part of the English no line appears to have been formed; the ships grappled as they happened to meet. The James, a ship of fifty guns and 260 men, seems to have borne the brunt of the action. She received 70 shots in the hull, lost all her masts, and was completely dismantled as to her battery, by the Dutch fire. She was exposed to a storm of shot for four hours, and had several of her officers killed or wounded. In spite of great loss her men stood well up to their unaccustomed work, and their energies were aroused afresh, just before nightfall, by the arrival of Bourne and his division, which attacked the enemy's rear. This additional force came just in time, and Van Tromp withdrew at dark, after a drawn battle. Blake was too much disabled to follow, and spent the night in repairs. At daylight no enemy was in sight, and the English found themselves unopposed upon the Narrow Seas.

Two Dutch ships had been taken, one of which soon sank, and the other, of 30 guns, was manned for immediate service. For such a well contested affair

the loss in killed and wounded had been surprisingly small.

This sudden encounter, without any declaration of war, caused profound feeling in both countries. The Dutch ambassador insisted that Van Tromp was the assailed, and only stood on the defensive, and that, with his force, he could have destroyed the English if he had chosen. The English mob was so indignant that the ambassador had to be protected by a military guard; and, after long and angry debate and negotiation, took his leave.

Blake continued to patrol the Channel, with undisputed sway, harassing the Dutch trade and making many captures. The Dutch merchantmen were forced to abandon the route by the Channel, and to go north about; or else land their goods and tranship them, at great expense, through France. The English Council not only fitted out the captured Dutch ships, but added more men-of-war and some fire-ships to their fleet; while the seamen's wages were raised, and a large number enrolled in the service of the State.

In the meantime the Dutch, a people of vast resources and inflexible spirit, were not idle. But Blake, who was the chief authority in naval matters, caused the English Council to raise the English navy to 250 sail and fourteen fire-ships. While squadrons were sent to the western part of the Channel, to the Baltic, and to the Straits of Gibraltar, one hundred and seventy sail, of all classes, as well as the fire-ships, were to be placed under Blake's immediate orders, to fight the enemy.

The full number of vessels so authorized was never fitted out; but in a month from the fight off Dover the Admiral had one hundred and five ships, carrying near 4000 guns, under his immediate command. The great difficulty was in obtaining men to man the ships; and, to

make up for the scarcity of seamen, two regiments of foot were taken bodily on board the fleet—and from that time marines, as a distinct corps, have formed part of the equipment of English men-of-war.

In the meantime the Dutch were urging their preparations, and their dock-yards at the Texel, the Maas, and on the Zuyder Zee, were at work day and night. They laid the keels of sixty men-of-war, intended to be larger and more perfect than had ever been seen in the North Sea. Merchantmen of size were fitted as men-of-war, and all able seamen lured into service by high pay and the hope of prize money. In a few weeks Van Tromp found himself in command of one hundred and twenty sail, of all classes.

It had become necessary for England to send to the Baltic for supplies of hemp, tar and spars, and it required a strong fleet to convoy these vessels safely home. Another fleet was detailed to intercept the rich Dutch merchant fleets from the East Indies and elsewhere, as well as to break up the great herring fishery, which the hardy and industrious Hollanders had monopolized, and in which their vessels were employed by the thousand. The spring fleet of herring vessels, numbering 600, was now coming home from the neighborhood of the North British islands, and as Tromp showed no immediate intention of putting to sea, Blake himself went to the North, leaving Sir George Ascue, his second in command, in the Channel, to keep a lookout for Van Tromp.

Blake sailed in the Resolution, with sixty ships, leaving Dover Road on the 21st of June, and about the time he had passed the Frith of Forth, Van Tromp appeared in the Downs with over one hundred men of war and ten fire-ships. Ascue was compelled to shelter his division under the guns of Dover Castle, and the whole south of

England was at the mercy of Van Tromp. Couriers were sent by land, in hot haste, to intercept Blake on the Scotch coast, and recall him from his ill-judged cruise. But before they found him he had met the Dutch herring fleet, escorted by twelve men of war, and captured 600 of the "busses," with their freight. This was not done, however, without a most gallant fight by the twelve Dutch men-of-war, which lasted three hours, against overwhelming odds, ending in the sinking of three and the capture of the others. Blake let the fishing boats go, after warning them never to fish again among the British islands. For his conduct in thus restoring their all to these poor people he was afterwards much blamed by many in England.

Meantime, in the South, hurried preparations were made to meet Van Tromp. But the latter was detained in mid-channel by a calm, and when the wind sprung up, it blew from the land with such force that the Dutch fleet could not approach, and his intention of crushing Ascue was foiled. With the same strong wind Van Tromp, therefore, returned to the Texel, where an immense fleet of merchant vessels were waiting for him to escort them clear of all danger from English cruisers. This duty he accomplished, and then followed Blake to the North. Blake's fleet had suffered much from bad weather, and was now scattered among the roads and havens of the Orkneys, for repairs. But on hearing that his enemy was approaching, Blake hastily re-assembled his ships and prepared for the encounter.

Towards evening on the 5th of August the fleets came in sight of each other, about half way between the Orkney and the Shetland islands. Both leaders were confident, and both anxious to engage. But while preparations were being made a fierce gale burst upon them, which

damaged and destroyed many of the ships of both fleets, but particularly those of Van Tromp, so that he was obliged to make his way home with much loss, followed by Blake, who ravaged and insulted the Dutch coast with impunity. Thence he returned to the Downs, and gathered his fleet once more about him.

In the meantime Ascue and De Ruyter, Van Tromp's second in command, had had a drawn battle, and the States General of Holland, undaunted by recent reverses, were refitting another large fleet for service in the Channel.

The failure of Van Tromp to accomplish anything with the powerful fleet provided him, caused great tumult in Holland. The Dutch had been so long accustomed to victory at sea that the mob became ungovernable. Van Tromp was insulted upon his return, and resigning his command, retired to private life. De Witt, a renowned statesman, as well as an Admiral, was called to the command of the fleet. De Ruyter now wished to resign his command, pleading long service, advancing years, and failing health. But his countrymen would not listen to his retiring, and insisted upon his once more leading them, as of old, to glory and victory.

When the fleet was ready for sea, De Witt joined De Ruyter, and assumed the supreme command.

To oppose this new danger Blake summoned Ascue and his squadron from Plymouth, and the two hostile fleets were soon at sea, and searching for each other, to have a renewed trial of strength.

Blake had sixty-eight ships of various force, and was superior to the Dutch fleet both in number of vessels and in guns.

While cruising about the Channel in search of the Dutch, Blake fell in with the fleet of the Duke de Ven-

dome, which was fresh from a victorious engagement with the Spanish fleet. The French fleet was intended to relieve Dunkirk, then besieged and closely pressed by the Spaniards. The town was in extremity, but the disaster to the Spanish fleet had left the sea open to France, and Vendome at once ordered a relief squadron to Calais Road, to take on board men, arms, stores and fresh provisions.

At this time privateers from Dunkirk and from Brest preyed, as they had always done, more or less, upon English commerce, and English cruisers often retaliated, but there was no formal declaration of war between France and England.

As soon as Blake learned of Vendome's doings at Calais, without awaiting instructions or reporting his intentions, he stood for the Roads, and found there seven men of war, a small frigate, six fire-ships, and a number of transports with men and provisions on board, all ready to sail. Such an accession would enable Dunkirk to hold out indefinitely.

English interests, both commercial and political, required the downfall of this stronghold of privateers. The Council of State was convinced that if the place was taken by the Spaniards they might be induced to cede their conquest to Great Britain, as was, indeed, afterwards done. Blake knew the public feeling in England, and was certain that if he struck a successful blow at the French force, he would not be held responsible for any trouble it might occasion with the French Government. Only he must take care to succeed.

He, therefore, in spite of Vendome's protest, attacked the force anchored at Calais, and in a few hours had the whole—war-ships, fire-ships and transports, Admiral, officers and men—safe under the guns at Dover Castle.

Dunkirk could do nothing but surrender to the Archduke Leopold, and the seizure of Vendome's squadron in time of peace remained a monument of Blake's bold conception and rapid execution, as well as an illustration of the extreme powers which he exercised at sea, independent of the Council of State.

The prizes safely bestowed, he sailed again at once, in quest of De Witt and De Ruyter. On Sept. 28th Admiral Penn, in the James, came in sight of the Dutch off the *North Foreland.* He at once signaled to Blake, who, in his turn, transmitted to his vanguard the order to "bear in among them as soon as the fleet was up." "Blake was always ready for action; he trusted in God and kept his powder dry." De Witt was not really in condition for battle, for his ships were not in good order, and his men were very discontented. The brave and experienced Ruyter urged him to avoid a battle at that time; but his pride prevented him from listening to the suggestion; and he resolved to fight at a disadvantage rather than afford the world the spectacle of a Dutch admiral retreating before any number of the presumptuous islanders. His preparations for battle were hastily made, much confusion prevailing in the fleet.

BATTLE OFF THE NORTH FORELAND.

De Ruyter, always foremost in fight, led the van upon this occasion; De Witt the main body, and De Wilde the rear. Evertz, another distinguished Dutch admiral, was stationed with a reserve, to send succor where it should be most needed.

Just before the battle opened De Witt sent a despatch boat round the fleet, to enjoin the captains to do their duty on this great day. But it is well known that apathy, intrigue and discontent ruled on every Dutch deck, and

in almost every cabin; and no good could result from such an appeal at the eleventh hour.

The Brederode, Tromp's old flag-ship, was in the fleet, but the admiral appointed in Tromp's place thought it not prudent to remain among Tromp's devoted followers, and just before the action commenced his flag was removed to a huge Indiaman. Several other ships, besides the Brederode, resented the disgrace of their favorite leader, and either disputed the new admiral's orders, or obeyed them without the zeal which is essential to victory. Hoping that success would restore loyalty, De Witt hove his topsails to the mast, and formed line.

By four in the afternoon the English line was also formed and well up, the only order issued from the Resolution being "to attack, but hold their fire until close in with the enemy." Then the whole of the English van bore down upon the Dutch, who kept up an intermittent and harmless fire as it approached. Just then the Dutch line tacked, and the two fleets came into almost instant collision. They were so close together that an unusual number of shots told, and the crash of the first broadside was terrific; the roar of artillery continuing incessantly for more than an hour.

After that the action became less furious, and there were pauses in the storm of battle. The Dutch ships fell off to a greater distance, and, as a breeze arose the clouds of powder smoke partially cleared away. But, although the Dutch fell back, they fell back fighting, and with their faces to the enemy; and, with their usual obstinate valor they continued the battle until night fell upon the scene of slaughter. The Dutch had lost most men, while the English had suffered most severely in masts and rigging. It was thought by experienced commanders, in both fleets, that De Witt would have

been completely defeated and broken had he not drawn off at nightfall.

Ruyter had, as usual, commanded his important division with consummate skill and bravery. He lost a large proportion of the crew of his own ship, and his masts and rigging were almost destroyed, and the hull seriously shattered. De Witt himself, by his courage and conduct during the battle, atoned in part for his rashness in fighting such an enemy in the then condition of his fleet. But, in spite of their efforts, the Dutch had the worst of it. Two of their ships foundered in the first shock of battle; and two others were boarded and taken, one of them being the Rear Admiral's flag-ship. As has been seen, the loss of life in the Dutch fleet was great, and this, in addition to the general disaffection, caused about twenty of De Witt's captains to take advantage of the darkness, withdraw their ships from the main fleet, and make for Zealand, where they carried the first news of disaster.

As many of the Dutch fleet remained in sight, and kept their lights burning during the night, Blake naturally assumed that they would fight again at daylight. Every one, therefore, on board the English fleet was engaged in repairing damages, in securing prisoners, caring for the wounded and burying the dead.

At daylight the whole fleet bore down for the Dutch position, and, from the attitude of the latter, it seemed likely that the bloody work of the previous day would begin again.

De Witt wished to fight; but a change of counsel took place before the fleets got within cannon shot of each other. Evertz and De Ruyter's opinion prevailed, and it was decided to collect the scattered ships, to gain one of their own ports, repair, refit, and re-man the ships, and await the orders of the States General.

Blake, in his disabled state, could not prevent them from carrying out this decision; and was obliged to content himself with petty raids upon the Dutch coasts, such as Tromp had inflicted upon the English in the preceding year.

The news of this action was received in London and throughout England with great exultation. It was the first great naval action fought by the English since the days of Elizabeth. England had come off victorious against the best seamen and most experienced admirals of the world. Tromp, Evertz, and Ruyter had been regarded as invincible sea commanders; yet now a land officer, with but three years' experience of the sea, with soldiers and landsmen, had successfully withstood the attacks of veteran sailors who had swept the great navies of Spain from the face of the ocean.

Blake took his place at once among the highest of living Admirals.

Parliament wished at once to release the ships hired from the merchant service, and to reduce the fortifications about Deal and Sandown.

This Blake replied to by a demand for thirty new frigates, but such was the momentary confidence and security felt that he did not obtain them. Vendome's renewed complaints were treated with haughty indifference, and the Council dreamed of a "*mare clausum*," the dominion of the Narrow Seas, and the exclusion of the Dutch from all the valuable fisheries.

They little understood the resources and determination of the people with whom they had to deal.

1652–3.

And now we shall see how sturdy Van Tromp came to the fore again.

De Witt's return with his discomfited fleet was the signal for great disorders in Holland. The enemies of the Orange party did not hesitate to accuse him of rashness, cowardice and treason. The sailors of the fleet, who had been almost mutinous before the battle, really became so after it.

Even on board his own flag-ship De Witt was not entirely free from danger. He had, before sailing, executed some seamen for mutiny, and excited much silent rage thereby; but when he came back unsuccessful, the popular passions were aroused, and he was mobbed as soon as he landed, in Flushing; his proud heart being almost broken by the insult from a people he had served so long and well, he fell sick, and relinquished his command. Ruyter shared some of his unpopularity, but was persuaded to continue in his command.

Having so often triumphed at sea, the Dutch could not understand that their reverses were not the result of gross misconduct in their sea generals; and they now remembered that, if Tromp's success in the early part of the war had not been very great, he had not, at least, suffered defeat, and they felt that the elements, and not man, had destroyed the powerful fleet which he had lost.

His reputation became once more the first in Holland, while personal feeling and his past training peculiarly fitted him to meet the English.

The States General were ready to reverse their decision when they found him necessary, and this was confirmed when they found that the King of Denmark, alarmed by the sudden growth of England's maritime power, was making interest with leading Dutch statesmen, not only for a vigorous renewal of hostilities, but also for the restoration of Tromp to his offices and honors.

The most eminent of his rivals in naval ability and in

political influence were, upon his restoration, appointed to serve under him as Vice and Rear Admirals. These were De Witt, Ruyter, Evertz and Floritz. De Witt, completely mortified and disgusted, excused himself on the plea of ill health; and Ruyter joined the fleet as second in command.

The Danish King now refused to allow the English ships, which had been sent to the Baltic for the naval stores so necessary to the fleet, to return through the Sound or the Belts, and thus proved a new enemy for the Commonwealth to deal with.

As the term for which Blake had been appointed sole General and Admiral of the fleet had expired, he requested the appointment of two colleagues, as he considered the coast command of England equally important with that of the cruising fleet.

Colonel Deane and General Monk were accordingly so commissioned, both these officers being in the land service, and at that time actively employed in Scotland.

Winter had now set in, and Blake distributed the fleet, some for convoy duty, and some for repairs. The Dutch were hard at work in their dock-yards, and Blake, with a reduced force, cruised from port to port of the Channel, not expecting the enemy to appear at sea before the return of fine weather. In this he had greatly mistaken the energy and influence of Tromp, who, in an incredibly short time, fitted out and manned a vast fleet; and while the English squadrons were dispersed in various directions, suddenly appeared off the Goodwins with more than one hundred sail of the line, frigates and fire-ships. His plan was bold and well conceived. Coming suddenly into the Downs with this large force, he intended to close up the Thames, cut off reinforcements preparing there, and then to fall upon Blake's division, and either capture

it or drive it westward out of the Channel; then, with the coast at his mercy, he could dictate terms to the Commonwealth. At that time a winter cruise or campaign was hardly thought possible; but Tromp relied upon a swift and daring blow to finish the war in a few days.

Blake was then in the Triumph, and the first intimation he had of Tromp's being at sea was from his own look-out ships. On the 9th of December the two fleets were in presence of each other, between Calais and Dover; and the English Admiral then learned that Tromp was in command, and accordingly prepared himself for serious work.

A council of war was held on board the Triumph. Blake declared his intention to fight, even without his detached squadrons, rather than leave the coast exposed to the incursions of the great and uncrippled Dutch fleet.

All that December day the two Admirals worked for the weather gage. The succeeding night was long, cold and stormy, and the ships were unable to keep well together. At daylight of the 10th the manœuvres for the weather gage were renewed, the two flag-ships, the Brederode and the Triumph, both drawing toward the Nase, and by three in the afternoon the fleets were quite near each other, off that headland of Essex.

Tromp being most anxious to engage, made a sudden effort to get alongside the English Admiral. The latter's ship, however, by a skillful evolution, passed under the Brederode's bows to the weather gage. In passing the two ships exchanged broadsides, and the battle opened. Blake's ship was closely followed by the Garland, and missing the Triumph, Tromp ran afoul of this second ship, and carried away her bowsprit and head. The Garland and the Brederode then engaged, the English ship, though much lighter, fighting bravely until joined by the

Bonaventure, 30, when the two together rather overmatched the Brederode. Tromp, by every possible appeal, encouraged his men; but his position was becoming very precarious, when Evertz, seeing him in such straits, attacked the Bonaventure, placing that small ship between the two Dutch flag-ships. The four ships were all grappled together, and it was more than an hour before the weight of metal obliged the two English ships to yield. After they had suffered great loss the Dutch boarded and captured them. Of the other English ships the Triumph, the Vanguard and the Victory bore the brunt of the action. In spite of being surrounded by enemies, and suffering severely in men, hull, masts and rigging, they all came out of the desperate encounter uncaptured. Night came early at that season, and the fleets were about separating, when Blake heard of the capture of the Garland and Bonaventure, and he at once attempted their recapture. This brought on a more destructive conflict than the previous one. Blake was surrounded by the Dutch ships, and the Triumph was three times boarded, and the assailants as often repulsed. She was reduced to a wreck, and with difficulty kept afloat, and had it not been for the Sapphire and the Vanguard, which stood by him with extraordinary courage and devotion, the English Admiral must have succumbed. Thick fog and darkness at last interposed and enabled Blake to draw off his ships toward Dover Roads.

The next morning there was a dense fog, and the Dutch were not to be seen. His disabled vessels required a shelter, and the English Admiral, therefore, resolved to run into the Thames, and there repair damages, ascertain the enemy's intentions, and wait the recall and concentration of his scattered squadrons.

In the action off the Nase the Dutch had had much

the best of it, but had lost many men, and one of their ships had blown up, every soul on board of her perishing. Tromp's and Ruyter's ships were both unfitted for further service, and many others were crippled; but they were the victors, and once more masters of the Channel.

Blake offered to resign, but the Council would not hear of this, and only seemed intent upon weeding out of the fleet those captains who had not shown sufficient zeal and courage. Several were broken after proper inquiry, among others, Blake's own brother, who was reported as guilty of neglect of duty.

More vessels were concentrated and placed under Blake's orders, and the effective force of the navy raised to 30,000 men.

While reforms, renovations and recruitments were being carried on under Blake's own eye, Tromp sailed up and down the Channel with a broom at his masthead, typical of his having swept the Narrow Seas; and the States General proclaimed a state of blockade of the British Islands.

Caricatures and ballads were circulated in the Dutch cities, all bearing upon the late naval event. The fear that Tromp would seize the Channel islands, and the certainty that he had effectually cut off commerce, hastened the preparations of the English for a second winter campaign; and, on the 8th of February, 1653, Blake, still in the Triumph, sailed, at the head of some sixty men-of-war and frigates, having Monk and Deane with 1200 soldiers from the army on board. Penn, the father of the Quaker proprietor of Pennsylvania, was the vice admiral, and Lawson the rear admiral.

In the Straits of Dover he was joined by the Portsmouth squadron, of twenty sail; and with this addition

to his strength, Blake resolved to seek the Dutch fleet, and once more give battle.

Tromp had gone to the southward, to meet a large fleet of Dutch traders which had collected near Rochelle, with the intention of convoying them home. Here intelligence reached him that the English were about to quit the Thames with a large fleet, and he hoped to be able to return in time to block it up in the river mouth, and to keep the Portsmouth squadron from effecting a junction with the main body. But Blake had stolen a march upon the Dutch Admiral, and when the latter came up with Cape la Hogue, he was surprised to find a force equal to his own prepared to dispute the passage of the seas so lately swept by his broom. He, however, accepted battle eagerly, for he was confident of victory.

THE BATTLE OFF PORTLAND.

Day was just breaking, on the morning of the 18th of February, 1653, when the Dutch van was made out from the masthead of the Triumph. Blake was on deck at once, and a grand spectacle he must have had, as the sun rose, showing the heaving wintry sea covered with ships, their sails and pendants lighted up by the early rays. There were seventy-three Dutch ships of war, convoying more than three hundred merchant ships. Owing to the darkness the ships had not seen each other until only three or four miles apart. The English flag-ships happened to be all within hailing distance of each other, but General Monk was some miles astern, in the Vanguard, and the bulk of the English fleet about five miles astern of Admiral Blake when the Dutchmen hove in sight.

Tromp, with his seaman's eye, saw his advantage, and at once availed himself of it.

With the wind in his favor he might have forced his

way by, and carried his convoy to the Scheldt in safety, returning at his leisure to give battle. But he chose to play a bolder game, and fancying that his enemy's vanguard of some twenty ships could not resist the weight of his attack, he sent his fleet of traders to windward, out of range, with orders to await there the issue of the engagement.

This great battle was fought under circumstances which lent it thrilling interest. Both nations had had time to collect their best fleets, and the largest and finest vessels they had were there arrayed against each other, commanded by the most renowned Admirals. Blake, Deane, Penn and Lawson were on one side; Tromp, De Ruyter, Evertz, Swers, Floritz and De Wilde, all great names, on the other.

The fleets were nearly equal in strength, and their relative merits had to be determined on that day. Even the common seamen on each side felt that this was the decisive battle.

At the outset the Dutch had the wind, and therefore, the advantage of position. They were also well up together, and when they opened on the English vanguard it seemed almost impossible for only about twenty ships to withstand the crash of so many heavy broadsides.

As usual, the Triumph was the first of the English to engage, and the Brederode, ever in the van, was ready to meet her, reserving her fire until within musket shot, when her broadside would have most deadly effect. With a strong favoring breeze Tromp shot by the Triumph, pouring a fearful broadside into her as he passed; and then, tacking, gave her a second and more destructive one, leaving her with decks strewed with killed and wounded, and torn canvas, stranded rigging, and tottering masts. After this the two Admirals parted for the

day, for Penn came dashing up, in the Speaker, followed by other vessels, to cover Blake from some part of the circle of fire which threatened him with destruction.

As the other divisions of the English fleet came up the battle became general. On both sides the wreck and destruction was awful. In less than one hour after the first shot was fired almost every ship engaged had received serious damage. At one moment an English crew was to be seen boarding a Dutch man-of-war, and the next they would be driven back, and their own vessel boarded in turn by the doughty Hollanders. Here might be seen a ship completely wrapped in flames; there one foundering, with all her men, their cries for help unheeded by either friend or foe; perhaps elsewhere occurred a fearful explosion, which sent ship and crew into the air together, and added fresh volume to the lurid cloud which hung over the scene.

Cotemporary writers say that the tremendous roar of artillery could be heard along the shores of the Channel, from Boulogne on the one side to Portland Bill on the other.

About midday Monk succeeded in arriving up with his division, and the contest was now entirely upon equal terms. De Ruyter, as ever, in the forefront of battle, added, if possible, to his already well earned renown. Early in the day he singled out and engaged the Prosperous, a hired ship of forty guns, commanded by a Captain Barker. The English ship maintained so steady a fire, in response, that De Ruyter, impatient, and wishing to finish her and pass on to fresh combats, called away his boarders, ran his ship alongside the Prosperous, and the Dutchmen gallantly boarded, leaping down on her deck, sword and pistol in hand. But, to their surprise, they were driven back again in a very few minutes. Not

satisfied with forcing back his assailants, Barker threatened De Ruyter in return; but the brave old Dutchman, singing out, "Come lads! that was nothing! at them again!" led them to a second and more successful boarding. Barker and his officers were unable to resist this renewed assault, and were soon prisoners. At this very moment Blake, with several vessels, came up to their assistance. The prize was recovered, and Ruyter himself was surrounded by the English. Vice Admiral Evertz and Captains Swers and Krink hastened, in their turn, to relieve Ruyter from his dangerous position, and the battle soon raged with extraordinary violence around this new centre. Penn's ship, the Speaker, was so shattered as to be unfit for further service, and when night put an end to the first day's engagement he was despatched to the Isle of Wight, for the ships left at that station.

The Dutch Captain Cruik, in the Ostrich, was very conspicuous in this day's engagement. Like a true sailor, he fought till he had not a spar showing above his bulwarks, and his deck was literally covered with the dead and wounded of his devoted crew. At last he was boarded by the English; but, as the ship appeared to be sinking, and her officers and crew were nearly all killed or wounded, the boarders made hasty plunder of her valuables and left her to her fate. De Wilde offered his aid to bring her off; but suddenly it fell calm, and not having a particle of sail spread, the attempt to tow her off failed, and she was again abandoned. Next morning Blake found her floating about, without a living soul on board, and the unburied corpses lying just as they had fallen; occasionally, under a more than ordinarily heavy roll, showing a startling movement.

Captain Swers, afterward a most distinguished Dutch

Admiral, was taken prisoner. He had gone to the assistance of Captain De Port, who was being roughly handled by two English frigates, and the four ships were immediately locked together. De Port's ship had several shots between wind and water, and began to fill. He himself was severely wounded by a large splinter; nevertheless, as he lay on his back, in great agony, he waved his sword, and shouted words of encouragement to his men, until ship and crew all went down into the deep together.

The Dutch had always been noted for close fire, but on this occasion the English fire proved quite as deadly and regular. Swer's ship foundered from shot holes, himself and those of the officers and crew left being taken on board the frigates, and their lives thus preserved.

Toward dusk of the second day Blake felt himself in a sufficiently strong position to be able to send some of his best sailing ships with orders to gain the wind, and if possible prevent the escape of the vast fleet of rich traders which had remained hove to, awaiting the issue of the action. Tromp saw the movement, and at once divined the cause, so he fell back, with a great part of his fleet, to cover his convoy. This movement put an end to that day's action; for, seeing their Admiral make sail and leave the enemy, some of the Dutch Captains made sail, and, under the cover of night, were soon far away. Blake remained on the scene of action, but with his men too much exhausted, and his vessels too much damaged, to permit of a chase in a mid-winter night.

Both sides had shown the most devoted valor and untiring zeal. The Dutch had had eight large ships either taken or destroyed. During the battle the Prosperous, the Oak, the Assistance, the Sampson, and several other English ships had been boarded and taken, although

most of them were afterward recaptured. The Sampson was so damaged that her Captain, Button, and his officers and men, were taken out of her, and she was allowed to sink.

The flag-ship Triumph suffered most severely. Her Captain, Andrew Ball, was killed, as was the Admiral's secretary, Sparrow, who was shot down at his side, and nearly half her crew were killed. Blake himself was wounded in the thigh; and the same ball which lamed him for life tore away a part of Deane's buff coat.

The Dutch loss was never ascertained, but it was very heavy, for some of their ships had nearly all the men killed or wounded; and the appearance of their gun-decks, spattered with blood and brains, shocked even the callous captors.

At night Blake sent many of his wounded on shore, where preparations were made for them, all classes turning out to relieve and succor them. Collections of money and clothing were made in all the South and West of England, and the miserable provision made at that day for the sick and wounded was supplemented by the spontaneous gifts of the people.

Blake's own wound, which was not really dangerous at first, required repose and proper treatment, but he would not go on shore.

At night the fleets lay close together, never losing sight of each other's lights during the whole of the long winter's night. During these dark hours all hands were employed in stopping leaks, repairing sails, and getting gun tackle in readiness to renew the contest in the morning.

A dead calm had succeeded to the fresh breeze which was blowing when the battle began; and if it continued the Dutch could have no choice as to renewing the fight.

But at daylight a light breeze sprang up, and Tromp, anxious to take home his convoy in safety, disposed his men of war in the form of a crescent, with the traders in the centre, and crowding all sail, stood directly up Channel. Blake followed in pursuit, with all his available ships. It was noon, however, before the Triumph came within gunshot of the rearmost Dutch ship, and it was two in the afternoon before the main body came up with them, off Dungeness.

Seeing that he would be compelled to fight, Tromp ordered his convoy to make the best of their way to the nearest Dutch port, keeping close along Calais and Dunkirk, for protection; and then he turned upon his pursuers, like a lion at bay.

The battle was renewed with great fury. De Ruyter again performed miracles of courage and conduct, but the fortune of war was against him. After some hours his own ship became unmanageable, and would have fallen into the enemy's hands but for Tromp, who saw his danger, and sent a ship to extricate him. With great difficulty this was accomplished. An hour or two later Tromp began to haul off towards Boulogne, but it was not until night fell again that the hostile fleets separated once more.

That night proved bitterly cold, but unusually clear, for winter, so that the English fleet was enabled to keep the Dutch lights in sight. On this day just closed Blake had captured or destroyed five of his enemy's ships, and, in consequence of the recent reforms, had not had occasion to complain of the want of courage, steadiness or promptness of a single commanding officer. In the Dutch fleet Tromp had to contend against want of concert, party bitterness and personal envy in many of his captains. At the close of this day's fighting several of the latter sent

word on board the Brederode that they were out of powder, and Tromp was compelled to send them away in the night, so as to prevent cowardice and treason from spreading to the other ships. To conceal his true motive he pretended to give them orders to take a new position, to windward of the convoy, to protect them from the light craft of the English, which were hovering about.

But when day dawned Blake saw at a glance that the Dutch fleet was considerably reduced in numbers, and inferred that a squadron had been despatched during the night to cover the convoy; and he at once sent a squadron of fleet sailers after them, while he himself bore down once more on his reduced but unconquered enemy. Tromp met him with undaunted courage, and, as usual, fought desperately. But the most he could now hope for, with his reduced fleet, was to occupy Blake until his richly laden convoy could reach a friendly port. But even this seemed doubtful. After the first shock of this day's renewed fighting he felt that he would be able to afford them but small protection; and he sent Captain Van Ness to the merchant fleet, with orders to crowd all sail for Calais Road. As the fight went on he again sent another officer to hurry them in, or else the English frigates would soon be among them. But the wind was blowing from the French coast, and Van Ness' most energetic efforts were insufficient to carry the confused mass of traders near enough to the Roads to be out of danger. More than half the men-of-war and frigates of the Dutch fleet had been scattered, taken, or sunk, by this time, and many of the captains who were left had, contrary to Tromp's orders, retreated upon the flying convoy. Confusion now reigned, and as the English came up, the merchantmen, in their alarm, either ran

foul of each other and knocked themselves to pieces, or fell into the enemy's hands.

Still engaged with the retreating Dutch men-of-war, Blake arrived on the scene in the afternoon, and finding some of the merchant ships actually throwing themselves into his way, he began to suspect that it was done to lure him to make captures and give the discomfited fleet time to rally. He accordingly gave strict orders that every man-of-war still in condition to follow and fight should press on after the main body of the enemy, leaving the traders to be either picked up by the frigates detailed for the purpose, or driven where they could be captured after the Dutch fleet was swept from the Channel. At last darkness put an end to the chase. Tromp ran in and anchored the remnant of his fleet under the French shore, about four miles from Calais. They were in number about one-half what he had sailed with; and all of them more or less damaged.

Blake's pilots all agreed that Tromp could not, as the winds and tides then were, come out to sea again, in order to get home. He, therefore, anchored his fleet also, and set to repair damages. The night was dark and a gale was blowing, and ships' lights could not be seen at any distance. At daylight the sea was clear where so many ships had been at anchor at sunset. Tromp had slipped away toward Dunkirk; and afterward succeeded in entering the various ports of Zealand.

Blake felt that it would not be well for him to follow the enemy into the flats and shallows of his own coast, and so he stood over for England. The bad weather continuing, he carried his fleet and the prizes into Stoke Bay, whence he reported his success to Parliament.

During these successive days of fighting there had been great loss of life. Seven Dutch captains were

killed, and three taken prisoners. Three English captains were killed, and Blake himself, Rear-Admiral Lawson, and many other distinguished officers wounded. The total loss on each side was never published. A day of thanksgiving was appointed in England, and provision made by public subscription, as well as by the State, for the widows and children of those who had fallen.

Blake took no rest, in spite of his wound, but refitted and revictualed his ships, intending to strike a blow at the Brest privateers.

But in April he received information that the equally indefatigable Tromp was making great efforts to equip another fleet. He at once proceeded off the Texel, with about one hundred sail. In the Texel he saw many men-of-war, but Tromp himself had already gone out to the Northward, to convoy in an expected fleet of traders from Spain and the Levant. By good seamanship he brought them safe home, but not by the Channel which he had formerly brushed down with his broom.

Then came Cromwell's assumption of supreme power; and political events of magnitude usurped, in English minds, the Dutch war, and all other matters.

Blake's opinions were known to be unfavorable to the extreme practices of the Protector, and when the Dutch heard of the revolution which had occurred in London, by means of the army, they jumped to the conclusion that their redoubtable naval enemy would no longer carry on the war with the same energy. But in this they were deceived. Blake was loyal to his country and her welfare, before all, and told his captains that "it was not for them to mind affairs of State, but to keep foreigners from fooling us." Though he suspected Cromwell, and abhorred military rule, he had patriotism enough not to deprive his country of such services as he could render,

because it had allowed itself to submit, in an irregular way, to a power not of his choosing.

It was fortunate that he took this resolution promptly, for Tromp, Evertz, Ruyter and De Witt, under the impression that the English fleet was divided by political discord, sailed for Dover Road, with one hundred and thirty ships, manned in haste, took some prizes, and began firing upon the town.

The English fleet was then in three divisions. Deane and Monk, sailing together, in the Resolution, had under their orders thirty-eight sail, carrying 1440 guns, and about 6000 men; Penn had thirty-three sail, with 1200 guns, and 5000 men; and Lawson had thirty-four ships, with 1200 guns, and about 5000 men. The Dutch had a few more ships than the English, but were about equal in guns and men.

When Tromp thus suddenly reappeared, Blake was at the North, with a small fleet, but couriers rode overland, day and night, to apprise him that the Dutch were again in the Channel, and had fired upon Dover.

He made all sail for the South as soon as he heard this important news, having a favoring breeze, and burning with anxiety to join the main fleet before a battle took place.

But on the 2d of June, before he arrived, the hostile fleets sighted each other near the Gable, and were soon in collision. Lawson was in advance of the English fleet, and broke through the Dutch line about midday, separating Ruyter's division from the rest, and engaging it heavily before the main body on either side could get up.

In about an hour Tromp came to Ruyter's relief, and the action then became general. One of the first shots which struck the Resolution killed General Deane, and Monk threw his cloak over the mangled body, and called

to his men to avenge his death. For some hours the Dutch fought with reckless courage, and when night fell both fleets had sustained great damage and loss, but nothing was decided. All that night, while the hostile fleets lay to, near each other, repairing damages, Blake was carrying every possible stitch of sail, to reach the fleet. He was, of course, unaware of the day's events, of the death of his friend and comrade, Deane, and of the doubtful position of the English fleet. The officers and men who had been engaged on the English side watched anxiously for signs of the coming of their great leader, but when the summer morning dawned no trace of his sails could be seen on the northern horizon. Tromp was unaware that Blake was expected that day, as he believed him to be too far North to be recalled. He, therefore, spent the whole morning in manœuvres for the weather gage. A calm put a stop to this at about noon, and then the great guns opened again on both sides, and the battle was renewed with great energy, but neither side seemed to have any decided advantage. If there was any it was upon the side of the Dutch. But early in the afternoon Blake managed to draw near, with a light air, and his thundering broadsides upon the flank and rear of the Hollanders put new life into the harassed and flagging English. Young Blake was the first of the English reinforcement to engage the enemy, and, as if to announce the arrival of the great captain upon the scene, he broke through the Dutch line, belching forth death from both batteries, and greeted with tremendous cheers from the English ships.

By four o'clock the battle was over, and the retreat of the Dutch began. Tromp fought with the energy of despair; but nothing could withstand the onset of such a force, led by Blake himself.

The Brederode boarded Penn's flag-ship, the James, but

the attack was repulsed by Penn's crew, who, in turn, boarded the Brederode, and would probably have captured that ship had not Tromp, resolved not to fall into his enemy's hands alive, thrown a match into the magazine, and caused an explosion, which sent the upper deck and the gallant boarders upon it into the air, the planks shivered into splinters, and the men horribly scorched and mutilated.

Most strange to relate, Tromp himself was but little hurt; but a report of his death spreading, many of his captains, thinking all was lost, bore up and fled. De Ruyter and De Witt exerted themselves in vain to stem the tide of disorder and defeat. Tromp, after his marvelous escape, left the wrecked Brederode for a fast sailing frigate, and passed through his fleet, encouraging those who stood fast, and threatening the waverers, while he fired upon some who fled the scene.

But it was too late. The day was lost, and the brave old man had at last, reluctantly, to give the order for retreat.

Just then a fresh gale sprang up, but the English fleet pressed sail after them, sank some ships, captured others, and were only made to cease by darkness coming on.

Favored by the darkness, Tromp anchored in Ostend Road, and next day escaped, with the remnant of his fleet, into Weilingen.

The news of this great defeat threw the United Provinces into a dangerous ferment. The mob rose in many towns, and committed great excesses. The Admirals offered to resign; and they all declared that they would go to sea no more with such an organized fleet as they then possessed. De Witt openly acknowledged that the English were, for the present, masters of the sea.

The naval power of Holland was indeed, for the time, completely broken; and the final battle of the war,

hazarded and lost two months later, was an expiring effort, made with crippled resources, and under circumstances of the greatest discouragement.

The English fleet, though it kept the sea, was scarcely in better condition than that of their enemy. Blake kept the Dutch coast blockaded, nevertheless, while their commerce was intercepted and their fisheries idle. In doing this his fleet suffered from bad and scanty provisions, which brought on much sickness. Blake himself fell ill, and had to be taken on shore, more dead than alive, leaving to Monk, Penn and Lawson the carrying out of his plans.

One more blow, and all was over. In the temporary absence of the English blockading fleet, the Dutch squadrons at Weilingen and the Texel put to sea, and effected a junction. But their shattered fleet was felt to be unfit to cope with their powerful opponents, and when they met the English fleet, they endeavored to avoid a battle. But Penn and Lawson pressed sail to come up with them, and some fighting had already taken place, when night came on, and stopped it.

Next day a heavy gale prevented a renewal of the action; but on the next the fleets once more met.

During the close fighting which ensued the aged and able Van Tromp received a musket ball through the heart, and fell upon his own quarter-deck,—an appropriate death for the gallant but unfortunate veteran.

At his death his fleet fled; the English pursuing without mercy, for the ruthless Monk was now in command, and had ordered his captains to give no quarter. They made no prisoners; and the end of the engagement was rather a massacre than a battle.

Immediately after this the humbled States General sued for peace.

IX.

FRENCH AND DUTCH IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. A.D. 1676.

IN the latter part of 1674 Messina and a part of Sicily revolted against the Spaniards, and Louis XIV resolved to sustain the insurrection, in pursuance of his political designs. In consequence, Duquesne, who had just been named General of the Naval Forces, sailed from Toulon, on January 29th, 1675, with eight ships-of-war, bound for the Sicilian coast.

Before we detail his operations there, it may be of interest to give some sketch of this very remarkable man.

Abraham, Marquis Duquesne, one of the greatest seamen France ever produced, was born in Dieppe, an important seaport in the north of France. He entered the navy early, and soon rose to the command of a ship, in which he joined in the recapture of some of the French islands from the Spaniards, for which service he was reported most favorably to the great Richelieu. During these operations he learned of the death of his father, in action with the Spaniards, and Duquesne seems ever after to have entertained the greatest dislike for this nation, causing them to feel the effects of his resentment on numberless occasions. In 1638 he, under circumstances of great difficulty and danger, rescued from under

the guns of St. Sebastian several French vessels which had been stranded there. The same year, at the battle of Gattari, Duquesne decided the victory by blowing up the Spanish admiral's flag-ship, by means of a fire-vessel.

The next year he served on the Biscayan coast, and, at Santona, was dangerously wounded in the jaw by a bullet, while boarding a Spanish galleon.

During 1641 he served against Spain in the Mediterranean, was constantly engaged, and again wounded. In succeeding years he was actively employed, at Cape de Gatte, and at Carthagena, and was again wounded.

Already a veteran, Duquesne was obliged, by the neglect into which the French navy fell after Richelieu's death, to take service under the Swedes, then engaged in a naval war with Denmark. Queen Christina, who knew his merit, received him cordially, and made him a vice-admiral.

In this capacity he was engaged in the naval battle of 1644, under Fleming and Torstensen, against the old king, Christian IV, of Denmark. He also served in other naval battles, in the north, under Admiral Wrangel.

Peace being concluded between Denmark and Sweden, Duquesne left the service of the latter State, and returned to his own country; and, in 1645, was again actively employed against Spain, and was again wounded.

In 1647, being then a *capitaine de vaisseau*, he was sent to Sweden to purchase four vessels of the line for the French navy. After this he had command of Dunkirk, in French Flanders, for five years.

In 1653 occurred the naval operations of the Duke de Vendome, about the mouth of the Gironde, in consequence of the civil war of the Fronde. The French navy had at this time so decreased that the Duke, in summoning Duquesne from the North Sea to his assistance, was

obliged to ask the latter to man and equip some of the vessels at his own expense.

On his way down the Channel to join the Duke, Duquesne met an English squadron, which summoned him to lower his flag, a token of submission at that time imposed upon all foreigners by the English, if within Ushant or even Finisterre. To this demand Duquesne returned a haughty refusal, whereupon a very close and murderous engagement took place, which resulted in the English, although quite equal in guns to the French, being put to flight.

On arriving off the Gironde a Spanish squadron, operating in connection with the insurgents, attempted to bar his progress; but he drove them off, and succeeded in joining the Duke, and greatly assisted in the reduction of Bordeaux and all Guienne.

In recognition of his services Anne of Austria bestowed upon Duquesne a chateau and estate in Brittany, with a promise of reimbursement for his expenses in fitting out his squadron.

The peace of 1659 relegated Duquesne to civil life; but Colbert, during this cessation of arms, had the wisdom to imitate Richelieu in fostering and rebuilding the navy of France, so that, when war broke out between France and Holland, in 1672, the former was able at once to send to sea a formidable fleet.

During this year Duquesne held a high command in the great naval battles in the North Sea; particularly those off Southwood, where Vice Admiral d'Estrées was opposed to the Dutch Admiral Benkaërt; as well as the two battles where the combined French and English fleets, under Prince Rupert, Admiral Spragge, and d' Estrées, fought the Hollanders under Ruyter, Cornelis, Tromp and Benkaërt.

England suddenly made peace with Holland, but France continued the war, with the alliance of Spain, Germany, and the two Sicilies; and it is at this point that we take up Duquesne's battles with the Dutch fleet.

When he sailed from Toulon, in January, 1675, he had on board the Duke de Vivonne, General of the Galleys of France, who had been named Viceroy of Sicily. He had in charge a convoy, also, with a great store of wheat and other provisions for Messina.

On February 11th, in sight of the Sicilian coast, Duquesne and Vivonne were attacked by a Spanish fleet of twenty men-of-war and seventeen galleys, commanded by Don Melchoir de la Cueva. Duquesne sustained the attack of this large force with such vigor and determination that he gave time for the Chevalier de Valbelle to arrive from Messina with a considerable reinforcement, when, in his turn taking the offensive, he drove off the Spanish fleet, pursued it until it took refuge in Naples, and then triumphantly entered Messina with his convoy.

He soon after, in concert with Vivonne, captured the town of Agosta; after which Duquesne was sent back to France, with the greater part of the fleet, to bring back to Sicily munitions of war and reinforcements, then much needed at Messina.

On his arrival at Toulon Duquesne learned that the great Dutch naval commander, Ruyter, had entered the Mediterranean, to operate in conjunction with the Spanish fleet. He was placed in command of a very considerable fleet, to enable him to measure his forces with those of the redoubtable Hollander who had been so successful against the English and others. Duquesne was then sixty-four years of age, and Ruyter was near seventy.

The Dutch Admiral had risen from the lowest origin to be the Admiral of Holland. This was the result of his

own great ability and bravery; and he was so much the favorite of the Dutch government and people that, although he begged to be excused from further service, on account of age, nothing would satisfy them but that he should make this one important campaign. Duquesne sailed again, from Toulon, on the 17th of December, 1675, with a fleet of twenty ships-of-the-line, and six fire-ships, bound for Messina.

As soon as the veteran Ruyter heard that he had put to sea, he hastened to meet him. Some days before this an English trader had met the illustrious Admiral of Holland off Melazzo, about twenty-five miles from Messina. The Englishman inquired what he was doing in those parts, and Ruyter replied that "he was waiting for the brave Admiral Duquesne."

The hostile fleets met on the 16th of January, 1676, off the Lipari Islands, between Salino and Stromboli, under the very shadow of the ever active volcano.

The whole day was passed in reconnoitring each other's strength, and in manœuvring; and during the whole succeeding night the fleets were working for the weather gage. Each commander had a true respect for the courage and ability of his opponent; and each knew that he must expect an exceptionally vigorous attack.

On the morning of the 8th, at daylight, Duquesne, who had obtained the advantage of the wind, crowded sail down upon the Dutch fleet, which lay about two leagues to leeward.

The French were in three divisions. Their van was commanded by Preuilly d'Humières; the rear by Gabaret l'ainé, both excellent officers; the centre was under the command of Duquesne himself, who had his flag in the Saint Esprit, and was immediately supported by the

Chevalier de Valbelle, in the Pompeux, and that splendid sailor, Tourville, in the Sceptre.

The Dutch fleet, which comprised twenty-four ships-of-the-line, two flutes, and four fire-ships, was also divided into three. Their van was commanded by Verschoor, their rear by De Haan, and the centre by Ruyter himself.

The French came down in such a beautiful line that Ruyter himself showed and expressed a sailor's admiration for the skill and discretion shown. The French van opened fire at about nine in the morning, and both fleets immediately engaged. The battle, as may be supposed from the character of the officers, was a most obstinate and well contested one, and continued for seven hours, with very varying fortunes. At the termination each side claimed a victory; but the advantage was clearly with Duquesne, for the Dutch fleet, which was there to bar his passage, was so much injured that Ruyter could not prevent Duquesne from entering Messina with his fleet; which he did, on the following day, without molestation from the Dutch.

In the course of the battle Ruyter's flag-ship, the Concordia, and Duquesne's flag-ship, the Saint Esprit, had an encounter, which lasted until the Concordia declined further battle, after so sharp and murderous an engagement that Ruyter said it was the hottest fight he had ever been in in his life; and no one was a better judge.

But this battle of the Lipari Islands was only the prelude to a still more desperate and important one.

The active and enterprising Duquesne, having refitted at Messina, sailed from that port again, with two objects in view. The first was to protect important convoys of stores and provisions expected from France; and the second to protect the town of Agosta from an expected attack by the Dutch fleet.

Ruyter, hearing that Duquesne was again at sea, went straight to meet him, with his fleet reinforced by a Spanish squadron, under the command of Don Francisco de la Cerda.

The rival Admirals made each other out on the 21st of April, and the next day the fleets met off Agosta, which is some fifteen miles to the northward of Syracuse.

Duquesne had now thirty sail-of-the-line, and eight fire-ships. Ruyter had twenty-nine sail, nine galleys, and four fire-ships.

On this occasion the French Admiral had entrusted the command of his van to Almeiras, his rear to Commodore Gabaret l'ainé, and himself commanded the centre.

Ruyter, in this battle, preferred to command the van himself, and not the centre, as was usual for the Commander-in-chief.

The Spanish ships he put in the centre of his line of battle, and Vice-admiral de Haan in command of his rear division.

At about two in the afternoon Ruyter, with the van division, attacked that of Almeiras, which sustained his vigorous assault with great steadiness. Unfortunately, however, Almeiras was soon killed by a cannon-ball, and wavering and indecision at once showed itself in his division; but the Chevalier de Valbelle coming up, and assuming command, the temporary confusion ceased, and the division conducted itself well. Just then Duquesne came down to the assistance of his van; and the battle became general all along the line, the firing of the two well drilled and well appointed fleets being described as unusually sharp and terrible.

The two Admirals' ships, the Saint Esprit and the Concordia, met once more, and a most obstinate and destructive fight ensued. For a long time it was doubt-

ful which would have the advantage. At last the Concordia suddenly and unexpectedly slacked her fire; then it ceased, and she wore ship, and made sail in retreat. Ruyter had been badly wounded, his left foot being carried off, and his right leg broken in two places, while, in falling, he had injured his head severely.

Even after he fell he continued to exhort those about him to fight courageously, but, disheartened by the strong resistance of the French, and by the desperate wounds of their beloved Commander-in-Chief, the Dutch van, from that moment, ceased their fire and ran to leeward, leaving their centre and rear still heavily engaged.

Vice Admiral de Haan was true to his reputation as a superior sea officer, and made desperate efforts to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but the victory was with the French, and De Haan was glad to be able to withdraw his fleet, at nightfall, and to take refuge in the convenient port of Syracuse.

Duquesne remained off the port all night, his battle lanterns burning, and the next day took every means to provoke the Dutch to come out and renew the battle, but without effect.

This ended the naval battle of Ætna, or Mount Gibel.

Ruyter died seven days after the battle.

On the 28th of May Vivonne, the Viceroy of Sicily, came out of Messina with Duquesne, in his flag-ship, the Saint Esprit, with the intention of attacking the combined fleets of Holland and Spain, which were then together, and lying in Palermo. They arrived off that city on the 31st, and next day the Spanish and Dutch fleets came out. But it was not until the second of June that a decisive battle was fought. It was decided in a comparatively short time, for no less than twelve of the Dutch and Spanish ships, set on fire by the fire-ships of

Duquesne, blew up, destroying, besides their officers and crews, Admiral de Haan, Don Diégo d' Ibarra, Don Francisco de la Cerda, Flores, and other admirals and principal officers.

The French loss in this last engagement was comparatively insignificant.

Upon his return from this engagement Duquesne met the "Concordia," which had left Syracuse with the remains of Ruyter, which she was carrying back to Holland. Giving the ship free passage, he saluted the remains of the illustrious seaman in an appropriate manner. Louis XIV, in learning of Ruyter's death, ordered all of his forts and batteries (in sight of which the Dutch ship passed while bearing his remains) to salute. This was considered very remarkable, for Ruyter was a Protestant, which, in that day, was considered worse, in France, than being a political enemy.

Still more remarkable, Duquesne was a Protestant, and when it came to recompensing him for his long and arduous and distinguished services, Louis XIV required him to renounce the Protestant faith, promising him a Marshal's baton, and other honors. Duquesne simply replied that, if he was a Protestant, his services were Catholic. He received the domain of Du Bouchet, and afterwards a Marquisate, but never was really in favor with Louis.

It may be of interest to some to continue the history of this great French sailor.

He continued to serve at sea, though an old man; and among some other exploits of his of this date, was the burning of some Spanish vessels in the very port of Barcelona.

After the peace of Nimeguen he kept very quiet, and seldom went to court, an unusual thing in those

days, especially for those who had such claims as Duquesne.

In 1682 he was sent with a fleet to Algiers, which city he bombarded for several days, with great effect, but was compelled, by bad weather, to return and winter at Toulon.

In June, 1683, he reappeared before Algiers, completely reducing the place by his fire, so that the population rose up against the Dey. All the French slaves were given up, but Mezzo Morto, who had succeeded to the Dey, who had been put to death by the insurgents, renewed the defence, when the bombardment was continued by Duquesne, to such an extent that it rendered the Algerines harmless for a long time, by destroying all their vessels and naval stores.

Two years after this Duquesne commanded the French fleet which bombarded Genoa, and, at different times, inflicted so much damage that the Doge and four Senators were obliged to come to Versailles, to beg pardon, in person, from the King. It was on this occasion that the Doge was asked what he found most surprising in Versailles, and answered "that it was to find himself there."

The Genoese expedition was Duquesne's last service. He had been sixty years in actual service, a time only rivaled by Doria. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes distressed the veteran beyond measure. He alone, of all the Protestants of France, was excepted from proscription, and enabled to retain his rank and honors. But his children and friends, his relatives and co-religionists, were banished from their homes; and this had a most depressing effect upon the Admiral, and, no doubt, hastened his death.

He died at Paris, on February 2, 1688, aged seventy-eight years. With his last words he implored his eldest

son not to serve against his country, as many of the exiled Huguenots were then doing. So great was the feeling at the time of his death, that his remains were privately buried, his son's request to have them sent to him in Switzerland being refused; but he erected a tablet to his memory.

This was in great contrast with the splendid obsequies and the tomb given by Holland to his adversary, Ruyter.

Louis XVI, afterwards tried to make reparation for this treatment of such a great French naval hero, by placing Duquesne's portrait in the royal apartments at Versailles. In 1844 the City of Dieppe erected a bronze statue in his honor, and one of the large vessels of the French navy is generally called "Duquesne."

A CARAVEL OF THE TIME OF COLUMBUS.

X.

BATTLE OF CAPE LA HAGUE. A. D. 1692.

LA HAGUE, or La Hougue, is in the Department of the Manche, in the north of France. It is to the westward of Cherbourg and on the same peninsula. It is often confounded with La Hogue, another cape to the eastward of Cherbourg; and the battle which took place off this point in 1692, and which gave such a fatal blow to the naval power of Louis XIV, is generally called, in the histories, La Hogue.

Louis XIV, having seen the failure of the expedition which he had prepared to attack Ireland, with a view to the re-establishment of James II, resolved, if possible, to strike a vital blow at England in another manner. He, therefore, prepared an armament which was to protect and take part in a descent upon the territory of England, herself the hereditary enemy of France.

The French King reckoned not only upon the number and force of his fleet, but also upon the revulsion in public opinion which seemed to have taken place in England, in regard to King William. Many eminent persons, among others the famous Duke of Marlborough, were known to have opened secret relations with James II; and that Prince had reason to count upon many adherents in the English fleet, which he had for a long time commanded, previous to his accession. Among others, he is said to

have depended upon Admiral Russel and Rear Admiral Carter.

Louis XIV, confident in the ultimate result of all his designs, laid down the plan of a naval expedition, by which he would be enabled to land a force of 30,000 men, fully equipped, upon the English coast.

Tourville was ordered to the command of the French fleet. Aimé Hilarion de Cottentin, Count de Tourville, was born at the Chateau of Tourville, in Normandy, in 1642. He entered the Order of Malta while still a boy, and at the age of eighteen began to serve in the galleys of the Order, where he soon made a reputation, so much so that he was called to court, and given the grade of Capitaine de Vaisseau. He served under the Duke de Beaufort, at the relief of Candia, then besieged by the Turks; and afterward distinguished himself in the war with Holland; and still later, distinguished himself at the relief of Messina, which had revolted against the Spanish rule.

The following year he took part in Duquesne's brilliant expedition against the Algerines and Tripolitans, when the Corsairs received the most crushing blows which had ever been dealt to them, up to that time.

In 1684 he participated in the bombardment of Genoa, and four years after, in a successful cruise against the Dutch. In the same year he inflicted a severe bombardment upon Algiers.

In 1689, being now an Admiral, he commanded a fleet which, in connection with one under D'Estrées, was to support the cause of James II. This combined fleet succeeded in landing some few men and some munitions of war in Ireland, but, on the whole, the operation was a failure. While in command of the French fleet, in the year following, he had a battle with the Anglo-Dutch fleet,

off the Isle of Wight, which was a most inglorious affair for the English, their Admiral, the Earl of Torrington, behaving with great want of spirit. The result was that Tourville captured and burned many of the English ships, not losing one himself. The sturdy Dutchmen made a good fight, and came off much better than their English allies.

In 1692, as above stated, Tourville was ordered to the fleet fitted for a descent on England; and now we shall take up the account of the battle once more.

The bulk of Tourville's fleet was in Brest, and as the spring opened he received orders to sail from that port, enter the Channel, and attack the English fleet, no matter in what force they might be found, before they could be reinforced by the Dutch fleet, which was preparing to join them.

The French King and his ministers had convinced themselves that, in the event of a collision, a very large part of the English fleet would go over to the side of the Allies of James II.

All these projects and all these hopes were brought to naught, however, by head winds and bad weather, which detained Tourville in Brest harbor for more than a month, while the two squadrons from Rochefort and Toulon, which should have reinforced him, were prevented by the same bad weather from joining him in time.

Tourville, supposing that the same winds which had prevented his leaving Brest had facilitated the junction of the Allies, requested the permission of the Minister of Marine to remain in Brest until his expected reinforcements had joined him.

Pontchartrain, at that time minister, and exercising an enormous influence over the King, ordered him to fight the English fleet, whether he was strong or weak—"*fort*

ou faible." The minister added, "It does not become you to discuss the King's orders. Your duty is to execute them, and to sail for the Channel at once. Send me word whether you intend to do so; and, if not, the King will place in command of the fleet some one who is more obedient and less cautious."

This was certainly a most insolent and improper manner for the minister—who was, by the way, profoundly ignorant of naval matters—to address the greatest seaman which France, up to that time, had produced.

But Pontchartrain was noted for his arrogant and overbearing official manners. Tourville having at this time complained of the bad quality of the powder supplied him, and reporting that it could not be depended upon, a subordinate of the Ministry of Marine was deputed to reply to him that "if he found the powder did not carry far enough, he had only to approach his enemy a little nearer." There seems to be absolutely something grotesque and ridiculous in such words, addressed in such a way, to such a man, had it not been for the sad termination of the action into which he was driven, against his own professional convictions.

Tourville put to sea with about fifty-six ships, in place of seventy-eight which had been promised him. He had hardly got to sea before Louis XIV received information that the Jacobite plot had completely failed, and that it was reported that Marlborough and several other persons of distinction had been arrested; and that the Dutch and English fleets had effected a junction.

The King at once sent orders, in great haste, to despatch fast-sailing corvettes to seek for Tourville, and to warn him not to go into the Channel before he had been joined by the squadrons expected from the southern ports. This was just what Tourville had asked for, when

he received such an unmerited rebuke from Pontchartrain.

Unfortunately, none of the vessels despatched for the purpose found him, and he pressed on into the Channel.

On the 19th of May, at daylight, between Barfleur and La Hague, he found himself in the presence of the Allied fleet, the most powerful that, up to that time, had ever taken the sea. It consisted of ninety-nine ships, thirty-six of which were Dutch. Seventy-eight of these vessels were of more than fifty guns. Admiral Russel's flag was flying on board the Britannia, of 100 guns; his Vice-Admiral was Sir Ralph Delaval, in the Royal Sovereign, 100; and the Rear-Admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in the London, 100. There were three other 100-gun ships in the English fleet. The second division, or "Blue Squadron" of the English fleet was commanded by Admiral Sir John Ashby, in the Victory, 100; Vice-Admiral George Rooke, in the Windsor Castle, 90, and Rear-Admiral Richard Carter. The Dutch fleet was commanded by Admiral Allemonde.

The total number of guns carried by these ninety-nine ships was 6998; and they were manned by nearly 41,000 men.

To oppose this great force Tourville had, as we have said, sixty-three vessels, including seven which had joined him from Rochefort; and about 3500 guns, with a little less than twenty thousand men.

When they made each other out the French fleet bore west of the Allies, and it was quite hazy, so that neither could tell upon which tack their opponent was. But soon after sunrise the haze dispersed, and the French were found to be upon the starboard tack, the same as the van and centre of the Allies, and forming their line. At 8 A. M. the Allied line was formed, the Dutch in the van, Ad-

miral Russel in the centre, and Sir John Ashby in the rear.

Tourville, at sight of the Allies, and making out their force and numbers, called a council of war on board his flag-ship, the Soleil Royal. All his officers of any rank or experience advised him to avoid a battle against such odds. By 9 A.M. the French fleet had stretched nearly as far to the southward as the Allied fleet; the wind continued light from the southwest, and the French fleet could with ease have avoided or delayed an engagement. But Tourville exhibited to his officers the orders he had received—written orders from the king himself—and at the sight of these no more was to be said, and at about half past ten A.M. the French fleet, to the astonishment of the English, made all sail, and bore down to the attack. It was certainly an act of temerity, for the division of Admiral Russel himself would have been not a bad match for the French.

Tourville, with his division, steered straight for that of Russel. The latter did not avail himself of the advantage of firing as his adversaries approached, but allowed Tourville to come down in silence and choose his own distance; at the same time he ordered the Dutch fleet to tack to the northward. In doing so a Dutch vessel fired at Tourville, and the whole line at once took it up. Tourville at first had evidently intended to bear down and cut through the English line; and had he done this the probability is that the English centre would have been seriously damaged before the rear or van could have approached to its assistance, as the light wind dwindled to a calm as soon as the heavy firing commenced. In bringing to when he did, the French Admiral relinquished this advantage.

The engagement which now followed was terribly

destructive, especially in the centre. The English especially attacked the Soleil Royal, on which Tourville showed the Admiral's Standard of France. At times she had to sustain the fire of five or six ships at once. She was finally so cut up in sails, rigging, and spars, that she had to be towed out of action. It is said that the English excelled the French in rapidity of fire, delivering three broadsides to two of the French.

During the fight between the centre divisions the English rear division cut in two a French division commanded by Admiral Pannetier, and turned the flank of the French rear. This would have been most disastrous for the latter had not the greater part of Ashby's division pursued four or five vessels of Pannetier, in place of turning again upon the mass of the French. Gabaret, the French rear commander, was thus enabled to hold his own against the rest of Ashby's division, while a portion of his ships went to the relief of Tourville, who was sore beset, as we have seen. Coëtlogon, who commanded the succoring ships, was an old friend and comrade of Tourville's, and he determined to save his chief or to die with him. He made so vigorous an attack that he not only extricated the Soleil Royal, but even made Russel's division, strong as it was, temporarily give way.

A dense fog now came on, and firing ceased, as they could not distinguish friend from foe, the ships drifting together, with the tide. Gabaret, with the ships of the rear division which were left him, profited by the respite, to fall in astern of Tourville's line, and they then anchored. Russel's division not doing so immediately, drifted off to some distance.

The killed and wounded in this day's fight were very numerous, on both sides. The English ship Eagle, a 70,

lost seventy men killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. Among the English killed was Rear-Admiral Carter, whom the French always insisted had promised James II to abandon William, while he was revealing to the latter the French plans against him.

Ashby's ships having now abandoned the pursuit of Pannetier's, that Admiral joined Tourville, and a brisk fire was once more opened. Happily for the French, it was just then impossible for Russel to come up, owing to lack of wind and a strong tide, or the French fleet must have been crushed, as it lay between him and Ashby.

The Dutch division had been held in check by the French van division, owing to the ability with which its Commander, d'Amfreville, had preserved the weather gage. Possibly, also, the Dutch did not fight with their whole heart for those who, as they said, had sacrificed them off Beachy Head, some years before.

Night was now coming on, and Admiral Ashby, becoming uneasy at his separation from the rest of the fleet, determined to rejoin Russel. To do this he had to pass through the French fleet, and succeeded in doing so, with some loss.

The French fleet having anchored to stem the flood tide were soon left far to the westward by the English, who kept under way. On the morning of the 20th the bulk of the French vessels were seen nine or ten miles to the westward, and a general chase ensued.

Thus far no French ships had been taken, and only one or two destroyed. Tourville gathered most of his vessels, except eight or ten which had made for Brest, when chased off the day before, and finding many of them much injured, ordered them to endeavor to reach any port they could, in Normandy or Brittany. In the unfortified places they were at once stranded, and as much of

their armament and stores were saved as possible. Some fifteen of their finest ships, in this position, were soon afterward burned by the English, and it was this which pointed out more forcibly to the French government the necessity of a military port either at La Hague or Cherbourg, as had been repeatedly urged by Colbert and Vauban.

Had the English understood the intricate navigation about the Channel Islands and Saint Malo as well as the French did, there is no doubt that they would have secured some of the French ships as trophies. As it was, not one was brought in to an English port.

The moral effect of a victory remained the same, however, rendering William III more firm upon his throne, while the hopes of James II were completely dissipated.

Louis XIV, the real author of the defeat suffered by his fleet, wrote to Tourville the following singular letter:—

"I have had so much joy in learning that, with forty-four of my ships, you have fought, for a whole day, ninety of my enemies, that I feel no sorrow for the great loss which I have suffered."

This letter was intended, no doubt, to soothe the wounded feelings of Tourville. Indeed, Louis seems to have taken upon himself the whole responsibility of the defeat, as he should have done.

The following year he bestowed upon Tourville, in company with the Duke de Villars, Marquis de Boufflers, the Duke de Noailles, and Catinat, the baton of a Marshal of France.

XI.

BENBOW. A. D. 1702.

FOR some reason Benbow has always been considered the typical seaman of the latter part of the 17th century, a distinction which he appears to owe to his honesty and bravery, together with the fact that he was almost always actively employed in the service of King William III, with whom he was a favorite. He was born in 1650, and entered the navy as a midshipman in the reign of James II.

Queen Anne ascended the English throne on the 8th of March, 1702, and on the 2d of May declared war against France.

In September, 1701, Vice-Admiral Benbow had sailed to the West Indies with a squadron of ten sail of third- and fourth-rate ships, under orders to detain the Spanish galleons, which were to make their yearly voyage home, with treasure and valuables.

Admiral Chateau Renaud also sailed from Brest, with the same destination, with fourteen sail-of-the-line and sixteen frigates, to meet the galleons and escort them to Cadiz. Benbow was very active in the West Indies, not only in protecting English trade, but in combating the plans of Chateau Renaud, of which he had managed to become informed.

On the 19th of August, 1702, in the evening, Benbow, with his small squadron, being off Santa Martha, fell in

with ten sail of French ships, under Admiral Du Casse. His squadron, consisting of four ships, each mounting sixty or seventy guns, one large Dutch ship, another full of troops, and the remainder chiefly small vessels, were running down close in shore, under their topsails.

Benbow immediately gave chase; but his ships being very much separated, he was under the necessity of waiting their arrival up before commencing an attack upon the French. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, his ships being up, the engagement began.

The British squadron consisted of the Breda, of 70 guns, Benbow's flag-ship, one sixty-four, one fifty-four, and four forty-eight-gun ships.

Benbow's intention seems to have been to overtake the leading French ship, and as soon as his second astern was abreast of this ship, to have commenced the action. If these were disabled, the rest would have fallen an easy prey; but the Falmouth, 48, disobeyed his orders, and, being in the rear, closed with and engaged the Dutch ship. The Windsor, 48, and Defiance, 64, also engaged the ships nearest to them, but after an interchange of broadsides, hauled off, and stood out of gunshot, in a most cowardly manner. The brunt of the action thus fell upon the Breda, the flag-ship, which was opposed to the two sternmost French line-of-battle ships, by which she was seriously cut up and disabled.

The fight lasted until night fell, and Benbow continued the pursuit of the enemy until the next morning, but at daybreak he found he had only the Ruby, 48, near him, the rest of his ships being five miles astern.

At 2 P.M. on the 20th, the sea breeze having set in, the French formed line and made sail on their way, followed by the Breda and two other English ships; the remaining four making no effort to join in the pursuit of their

enemy. The ships with Benbow could only annoy the enemy's rear, but he continued to follow them, under every disadvantage, for the next two days. At 2 A.M. of the 24th the Breda was enabled, by a change in the wind, to pass close to the sternmost French ship, and a smart action ensued. Benbow, in person, boarded the French ship three times, in doing which he received a severe wound in the face and another in the arm; and shortly afterward the gallant Admiral had his right leg shattered by a chain-shot, and was carried below; but he insisted upon being again taken on deck, and there he remained, lying in his cot and continuing to give orders as to the engagement.

The Breda's immediate opponent was in a short time reduced to a mere wreck, having lost her fore-top-mast, main yard and mizzen-mast, and having her hull completely riddled by shot. Soon after daylight Benbow observed the other French ships bearing down to her assistance; and at the same time he had the extreme mortification of seeing the Windsor, Pendennis, Greenwich and Defiance, of his own squadron, actually bearing up, and running away to leeward, in despite of his signal, then flying, for "close action."

The French, observing the dastardly conduct of Benbow's captains, steered for the Breda, and opened fire upon that ship, which shot away some of her spars, and otherwise considerably damaged her. They then sent fresh hands on board the Breda's late opponent, and taking her in tow, made sail and went away, without any attempt on the part of the English ships to prevent it.

One of Benbow's lieutenants, at this time expressing his sympathy on the loss of the Admiral's leg, the brave man replied, "I am sorry for it too; but I had rather lost them both than have seen this dishonor brought upon

the English nation. But do you hear," he continued, "if another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out!"

In spite of his condition and that of his flag-ship, Benbow determined still to follow the enemy, so he communicated with his captains, and ordered them to keep their stations in the line, "and behave like men." Upon this Captain Kirkby, of the Defiance, came on board the flag-ship, and told the Admiral "that he had better desist; that the French were very strong, and from what was passed he might guess he could make nothing of it." Upon sending for the captains of the other ships, to his great disgust, surprise, and chagrin, he found they coincided in opinion with Kirkby; and although at that time the English squadron possessed advantages of both strength and position, the gallant Benbow had to yield, give up the pursuit, and proceed with his squadron to Jamaica, where he died of his wounds, on November 4th, at the age of fifty-two.

Before his death a court-martial assembled, to try Captain Kirkby on charges of cowardice, disobedience of orders and neglect of duty, and these charges having been most clearly proven, he was justly sentenced to be shot. Captain Constable, of the Windsor, was tried on the same charges, but cowardice not being proved, he was only cashiered. Wade, of the Greenwich, was tried for like offences, which were proven, as well as drunkenness, and he was shot. Wade and Kirkby were both shot to death on board the Bristol, at Plymouth, on the 16th of April, 1703. Captain Hudson, of the Pendennis, died before his trial came on, and the other two captains were cleared by the court-martial. Altogether, this was one of the most disgraceful affairs that ever happened in the British navy.

Shortly before his death Benbow received the following letter from his late adversary, Admiral Du Casse, which speaks for itself:—

"CARTHAGENA, August 22d, 1702.

"SIR: I had little hopes on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin, but it pleased God to order it otherwise; I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for by —— they deserve it. Yours, DU CASSE."

The galleons which poor Benbow was to intercept did not finally escape. They succeeded in crossing the Atlantic, under convoy of the French fleet, and put into Vigo. Admiral Sir George Rooke was off Cadiz, with the English fleet, and as soon as he heard of the arrival of the galleons and their escort at Vigo, sailed for that place. Arriving off that bay he sent in a boat to obtain intelligence respecting the force and disposition of the French and Spanish ships.

This being determined, it was considered that the whole fleet could not act, in the bay, upon the enemy's ships; but, on the contrary, that they would only impede each other. It was therefore arranged that fifteen English and ten Dutch men-of-war (acting with them), and a number of fire-ships, should be sent in to destroy the Franco-Spanish fleet. The frigates and bomb vessels were to follow this detachment, and the larger ships were to come in afterward, if their services should be required. Some troops were to be landed at the same time, and attack a fort at the south of the harbor. All the English and Dutch flag officers went in the attacking squadron, leaving their heavy flag-ships outside. Vice-Admiral Hopson led the van, followed by the Dutch Vice-Admiral Van der Goes. Sir George Rooke himself, Rear-Admiral Sir Stafford Fairborne, and the Dutch Admirals Callemburg and Wassenaer, commanded the centre; while Rear-Admiral Graydon and Vice-Admiral Pieterson brought

up the rear, with the mortar vessels and fire-ships. Seldom has it happened that so few vessels should have so many officers of high rank in command, but it was done to give eclat, and to ensure the success of a difficult undertaking.

On the 12th of October, in the morning, the attacking squadron got under way, and made sail for the harbor, the entrance to which is very narrow, and was protected by a strong boom, composed of masts and yards, secured to anchors dropped in mid-channel, and the ends attached to two of the largest French ships, the Espérance and the Bourbon.

Within the boom five ships of from sixty to seventy guns were moored, with their broadsides bearing upon the mouth of the harbor.

The van division of the attacking fleet had hardly reached within gunshot of the batteries when the wind died away, and they were obliged to anchor. But a strong breeze soon sprang up, and Vice-Admiral Hopson cut his cable, and, crowding all sail, bore down upon the boom. The velocity acquired by his ship, the Torbay, broke the boom, and he at once found himself between the two large French ships. Owing to a flaw of wind, the other ships could not just then follow, but Admiral Van der Goes and the remainder of the squadron soon found a way through the passage Hopson had made, and the Bourbon was captured.

In the meantime the Torbay was in great danger, from a fire-ship, and owed her preservation to a rather singular circumstance.

The fire-ship was a French merchant ship, which had on board a large cargo of snuff, which, in the hurry of preparing her for a fire-ship, had not been removed. When the fire reached the snuff it was so deadened that

the Torbay was saved from otherwise certain destruction. This ship, however, suffered very severely, as she had no less than one hundred and fifteen killed and drowned and very many wounded, including her captain. Her masts and rigging were so injured by fire that Admiral Hopson had to shift his flag to another ship.

The English ships, Association and Barfleur, then attacked the batteries on both sides of the harbor, with great success, and the French Admiral, finding that the English land forces, which had attacked at the same time, had gained possession of a part of the town of Vigo, and that more English ships were coming in, gave orders for setting fire to the shipping. Before this order could be carried into effect, however, a great many ships were taken possession of by the English and Dutch.

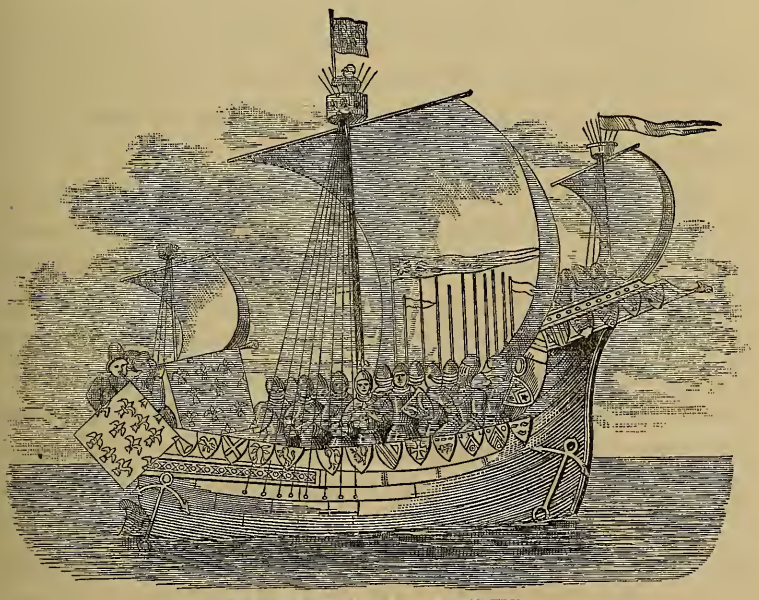
There were burned or destroyed seven ships, carrying 334 guns, and over 2000 men, while the English took four ships of 284 guns and 1800 men, and the Dutch six ships of 342 guns and over 2000 men. This was the French loss.

Three Spanish men-of-war, carrying about 180 guns, were destroyed, and of fifteen galleons found there, and which had really caused poor Benbow's death and this important naval battle, four were taken by the English, five by the Dutch, and four destroyed. The gold and silver on board this fleet was computed at twenty millions of pieces of eight (dollars); fourteen millions of which had been removed previous to the attack, the remainder being either taken or sunk in the galleons. Merchandise of nearly equal value was taken or destroyed, besides much plate belonging to individuals.

The capture and destruction of this fleet was a severe blow to the French and Spaniards, and was accomplished with a very small loss to the fleet of the Allies, if we

except the Torbay. Hopson was adequately rewarded for his gallantry.

Sir George Rooke, in leaving Vigo Bay, after this event, entrusted to Sir Cloudesley Shovel the fitting out of the prizes, and the rescuing of treasure from the sunken galleons. He also recovered the Dartmouth, an English 50-gun ship, which had been captured in the previous war; and took out of the French ships which were lying aground many very fine brass guns. Every ship which he could not bring away was completely destroyed.



NORMAN SHIP OF THE 14TH CENTURY.

XII.

BYNG AND LA GALISSONIÈRE. A. D. 1756.

ADMIRAL the Hon. John Byng, was the fourth son of Viscount Torrington, and upon entering the British navy, served under his father, who was a very distinguished officer.

In 1745 Byng, then a Rear-Admiral, commanded a squadron on the coast of Scotland, which prevented supplies from being thrown into that country, from France, and did much to defeat the designs of the young Pretender, the grandson of James II.

War between England and France was formally declared in 1756, but long before that it had been known that the French were equipping an expedition at the port of Toulon, which was intended for the capture of Minorca, then in possession of the English. The French, to cover their real design, gave out that it was intended for a descent upon England. Although warned, the Ministry of George the Second showed blind incredulity in regard to the designs of the French upon Minorca. When their eyes were at last opened to the true state of affairs, it was too late, and the British Cabinet then acted with foolish haste and precipitation. The French had thrown a large body of troops into the island and obtained complete possession of it, with the exception of Fort St. Philip, at Port Mahon, which still held out.

Byng was advanced to the rank of full Admiral, and appointed to the command of the expedition intended for the relief of Fort Philip, which was blockaded by sea and besieged by land. The fleet with which he was provided, instead of being of a character fit to obtain command of the Mediterranean, consisted of ten sail-of-the-line only, and these wretchedly fitted out. Unaccountable negligence was also observable in manning this fleet; for, being ordered to convey a reinforcement of troops to Gibraltar and Minorca, the marines of the ships were ordered to be landed, to make room for the troops, and thus the proper complement of each ship was much reduced.

The fleet should have sailed early in the year, but delay followed delay, and Byng's remonstrances were unheeded. The crews of the ships were left incomplete, although they might have been filled by drafts from vessels lying in home ports.

The expedition finally sailed from England on the 10th of April, 1756, having on board the troops alluded to above and thirty or forty officers whose regiments were in garrison in Minorca.

Even at this time, from the instructions given to Byng, the English ministry did not seem fully to believe that Minorca was to be found in possession of the French, as Byng was directed to detach a portion of his squadron, under Rear-Admiral West, to America, in case he should learn, on arriving at Gibraltar, that the French fleet had passed out of the Straits into the Atlantic. Byng arrived at Gibraltar on May 2d, after a stormy passage, and here all uncertainty in regard to the motions of the French was relieved. A French armament, commanded by M. de la Galissonière, with thirteen ships-of-the-line, and transports conveying 15,000 troops, had taken full possession of the

island, from which Byng's informant, Captain Edgecomb, had retired upon their landing. This intelligence the Admiral despatched to England, accompanied by remarks little likely to win the favor of those who then misdirected the naval affairs of England. "Byng's admonitory tone irritated their Lordships excessively, and undoubtedly led them thus early to take measures to transfer any blame from themselves to the officer who could presume to complain of their fatal tardiness in then attempting to defeat the enemy's designs."

At daybreak, on May 19th, the English fleet arrived in sight of Minorca, and reconnoitred Port Mahon, with a view of endeavoring to communicate with General Blakeney, in command of Fort St. Philip, and the fleet stood in shore. But the appearance of the French fleet soon changed the nature of the British Admiral's movements. Galissonière's well appointed fleet stood down, and towards night were within a few miles, when they tacked to obtain the weather gage, and Byng tacked his fleet to preserve it. They both continued working to windward all night, with light variable winds, and at daybreak, on May 20th, were not visible to each other, as it was very hazy. Soon, however, the French fleet was discovered to leeward, but at so great a distance that it was two in the afternoon before Byng considered it necessary to form his line of battle.

The French had twelve sail-of-the-line and five frigates, carrying 976 guns and 9500 men. Byng had thirteen sail-of-the-line (having been reinforced at Gibraltar), four frigates and a sloop-of-war, carrying 948 guns and 7000 men.

About three o'clock Byng made signal for his ships to approach and engage the enemy in an oblique direction, so as to avoid exposing them to a raking fire as they

approached the French line, which was lying waiting for them, with main-top-sails aback. The signal was to bear away two points, but Admiral West, who was leading, misinterpreted the signal, bore away seven points, and brought the French to action in a manner which it would have been well for the Commander-in-chief to have followed; for had West's mode of attack been generally adopted in the British fleet, it would have saved Byng's life as well as some disgrace to the British navy. Byng shortly bore up to the support of his Rear-admiral, but the Intrepid, the last ship of the leading division, soon had her fore-top-mast shot away, and in an entirely unaccountable manner, threw all the ships astern of her into confusion. Such a loss, with the wind on her quarter, ought not to have occasioned any trouble, as the other ships could pass her to leeward. The next ships luffed up, to pass her to windward, but, in fact, did not pass her at all, remaining on her weather quarter, nor did several other of the rear ships, including Byng's flag-ship, the Ramillies, of 90 guns. This ship did not get into action at all, although her crew wasted much ammunition by firing while completely out of gunshot. In this she was imitated by four other heavy ships. The division of Admiral West, who was really in action, suffered a good deal, and would probably have fallen into the hands of the French, if the latter had not, after about three hours' cannonading, filled, and made sail out of action.

After this partial and rather disgraceful affair Byng returned to Gibraltar, leaving the English garrison of Fort Philip to its fate.

The French account of the action was the first to reach England. It claimed decided advantage for the French, and stated that the English had appeared unwilling to fight; that the engagement was not general; and that,

on the next morning, to the surprise of the French Admiral, the English fleet had disappeared. Most of this was true; indeed, all of it, except West's gallant fight.

Immense indignation was excited in England by this news; and this excitement was fostered by many in authority.

Without waiting for Byng's despatches, the Admiralty appointed Sir Edward Hawke and Admiral Saunders to supersede Byng and West, directing Hawke to place them both under arrest, and send them home prisoners, to England. This feverish and unusual haste had the effect upon the public mind of a condemnation of Byng. Hawke and Saunders reached Gibraltar on the 3d of July; and Byng, West, and other officers arrested, reached England on the 26th of that month.

Byng was immediately placed in close confinement, and his younger brother, who had hastened to see him, was so struck by the abuse of the Admiral in every town he passed through that at sight of him he was taken suddenly ill, and died in convulsions. Byng had been burned in effigy in all the large towns, before he arrived in England; and his place in the country was mobbed, and the house with difficulty saved from destruction.

The streets and shops were filled with caricatures and libelous ballads, abusing the ministry, as well as Byng; the ministry being held popularly responsible for not having sent an efficient fleet sooner.

Such public excitement and universal condemnation, upon slight knowledge of the facts, was most unusual, and most unjust to the Admiral, who had faults enough to answer for.

From Portsmouth he was sent to Greenwich, to await trial. Here he was again in close confinement, and an

impression was sought to be conveyed to the public that he desired to make his escape.

But Byng always manifested a desire to be put upon his trial, and seemed, to the last, confident of an honorable acquittal.

In December he was taken back to Portsmouth, with the same parade of guards as when he had been brought up.

The Court-martial to try him assembled at Portsmouth, on board the St. George, on the 28th of December, 1756, and sat every succeeding day, except Sunday, until the 27th of the following month.

The charges against him were seventeen in number, but the court ignored most of them, and only imputed blame to Byng in that, during the engagement, he did not do his utmost to "take, seize and destroy" the ships of the French, and to assist such of his chief officers as were engaged.

The prisoner's conduct fell under a part of an Article of War providing for such offence; and the court had no other alternative than to pass sentence of death upon the unfortunate Admiral, as provided in the Article.

But as all evidence showed that he did not lack personal courage, the court refused to find him guilty of "cowardice or disaffection," and earnestly recommended him to mercy.

In a letter to the Admiralty, signed by every member of the court, they say, "we cannot help laying the distress of our minds before your Lordships, in finding ourselves under the necessity of condemning a man to death from the great severity of the 12th Article of War, *part* of which he falls under, and which admits of no mitigation, even if the crime should be committed by an error of judgment; and therefore, for our own conscience's sake, we

pray your Lordships, in the most earnest manner, to recommend him to his Majesty's clemency."

This the Lords of the Admiralty did not do, but simply requested the King to submit the case to the twelve judges, as to whether the sentence was a legal one. There had been no question of its legality. The judges declared the sentence legal.

On the very same day they did so, the Lords of the Admiralty, at the head of whom was Lord Temple, signed a warrant for carrying the sentence into execution, on February 28th.

Admiral Forbes, one of the Board of Admiralty, refused to sign it; and the sentence was generally considered by naval officers cruel in the extreme. Admiral West demanded a revision of the 12th Article, and declared he would resign unless it was abrogated. Wm. Pitt characterized it as unjustly severe, but it was only modified twenty-two years afterwards, by inserting, after the word *death*, "or to inflict such other punishment as the nature and degree of the offence shall be found to deserve."

As Byng was a member of the House of Commons it was necessary to expel him before execution, and this led to a long and acrimonious debate as to an appeal to the throne for mercy. Nothing was done, however. Byng's political enemies were too strong for his friends, among whom was Mr. Fox, and pardon was no longer hoped for. In the meantime the execution had been postponed, but was finally ordered for the 14th of March. This decision was met by Byng almost with cheerfulness, as he was to be relieved from imprisonment, indignities and protracted anxiety, which had lasted for seven months.

The sentence was carried into effect on the day appointed, on board the Monarch, in Portsmouth Harbor. About noon, having taken leave of two friends and a

clergyman who had attended him, Byng walked out of the state cabin on to the quarter-deck, where two files of marines were drawn up to execute the sentence. He advanced with a firm and deliberate step, and composed and resolute countenance, and wished to suffer with his face uncovered; but his friends represented that perhaps his look might intimidate the marines, and prevent them from taking proper aim. So he allowed a handkerchief to be tied over his eyes, and kneeling on a cushion, dropped his handkerchief as a signal for the marines to fire. Five balls passed through his body, and he dropped dead instantly. The time consumed from the moment he left the cabin until his body was in its coffin was just three minutes.

He left a paper containing a solemn protest against the malice and persecution he had encountered, and saying that he felt justice would ultimately be done his memory. He also declared that he had done his duty, to the best of his judgment, and that he forgave his enemies.

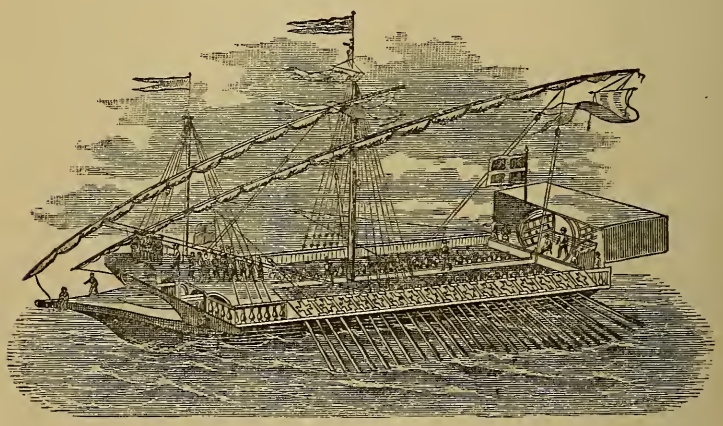
Byng had not been a popular officer; something of a martinet, he was cold and haughty in manner, but no one had ever accused him of want of personal courage, any more than his gallant father. He was opinionated, and self-willed, and it was shown on his trial that, if he had listened to the sensible and seamanlike suggestions of Gardner, the captain of his flag-ship, the result of his engagement with Galissonière might have been different, and have prevented him from taking refuge under the decision of a Council-of-war partly composed of the land officers, passengers in the fleet, which had much hurt the pride of the navy. It was by advice of this Council that he withdrew from Minorca.

Byng's execution, in spite of his manifest lack of criminality, was an opprobrium to the ministers of two adminis-

trations, for he was denounced and persecuted as a coward and traitor under that of the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Anson, while the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Temple sanctioned his death.

The court which tried him expressly acquitted him of cowardice and treachery, and complained of the severity of the law which awarded the punishment of death on a *secondary* charge, recommending him to mercy.

The famous Voltaire remarked that the English had just shot an Admiral "*pour encourager les autres.*"



VENETIAN GALLEON OF THE 16TH CENTURY.
(A specimen of the Venetian Fleet at the Battle of Lepanto.)

XIII.

SIR EDWARD HAWKE AND CONFLANS. A. D. 1759.

IT may be of interest to have some account of the successor of the ill-fated Admiral Byng, in the command of the fleet in the Mediterranean.

Sir Edward Hawke, who was born in 1705, and died in 1781, was the son of a barrister. He entered the Navy early, and in 1733 had risen to the command of a ship. In an engagement with the French, off Toulon, in 1744, he broke from the line of battle to engage a vessel of the enemy; and, although he caused her to strike her colors, he was dismissed from the service for the breach of discipline. He was, however, restored almost immediately, by the King's command, and in 1747 made a Rear-Admiral. In October of that year he was sent with a squadron to intercept a large fleet of French merchant vessels bound to the West Indies, under convoy of nine men-of-war, and many transports filled with troops. Coming up with them off Isle d' Aix, he succeeded, after a severe struggle, in capturing six of the men-of-war, but darkness coming on most of the convoy escaped. The delay of the French expedition, caused by this action, contributed very materially to the capture of Cape Breton. In consequence of his success, Hawke was

made a Knight Commander of the Bath; and soon after became Member of Parliament for Bristol.

In 1748 he was made a Vice-Admiral, and in 1755 an Admiral; and the following year succeeded Admiral Byng—but much too late to succor Minorca.

Hawke had no opportunity of again distinguishing himself until 1759, when he was in command of the squadron blockading Brest. Having been driven by stress of weather into Torbay, he sailed from thence to resume his station off Brest, on the 14th of November, and on the same day Admiral Conflans put to sea with a strong fleet—though not equal to that of Hawke.

The latter conjectured that the French had gone to Quiberon Bay, to attack an English squadron cruising there, and he pressed sail in that direction. Owing to strong head winds it was the 20th before he arrived off Belleisle. When that island bore about east, the French fleet was discovered. The weather was thick, and it was blowing a very fresh gale of wind from the northwest, with a heavy sea.

Hawke made all haste to get his ships together, and then sent one of them in to make the land, and ascertain the exact position. Soon after the weather cleared, and the French fleet was seen, crowding sail to get away; and Hawke ordered a part of his fleet in chase, and followed with the rest. The fresh gale rendered it impossible for either fleet to carry much sail. Early in the afternoon the leading English ships caught up with the French rear, and a very animated action ensued. The French Rear-Admiral, Verger, in the Formidable, 80, was set upon by five or six ships at once, and was obliged to surrender, after having had two hundred men killed. The English Magnanime, 74, Captain Lord Howe, soon became closely engaged with the Thesée, 74; but the

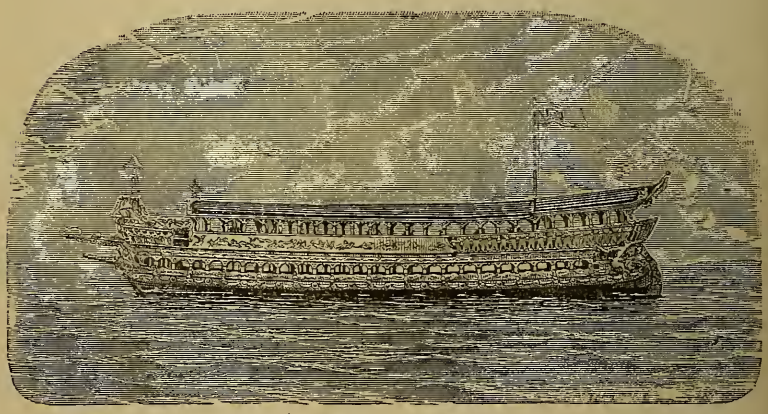
latter being disabled, dropped astern, and was engaged by the Torbay, while Howe pushed on in search of a fresh opponent, which he found in the Héros, 74. Captain de Kersaint, of the Thesée, imagining from a slight lull in the wind that he could fight his lower deck guns, unfortunately tried the hazardous experiment, and commenced firing at the Torbay. Captain Keppel, of the latter ship, followed de Kersaint's example, and narrowly escaped the same fate. A heavy squall struck the Thesée, and she filled and went down; and out of her crew of 800 men only twenty were saved by the British boats. The Torbay shipped a great deal of water, but, by great exertions, was preserved. The Superbe, a French 70-gun ship, also capsized and sank, from the same cause. At 5 P. M. the Héros surrendered to Howe, and anchored, but the sea ran so high that they could not lower a boat to take possession of her. The night came on very dark, and exceedingly tempestuous, and, being among the rocks and shoals of a treacherous coast, and without pilots, it was considered prudent to discontinue the chase, and anchor. During the night the Resolution, 74, drove on shore, and was totally wrecked, with the loss of most of her crew.

At daybreak of the next day the Héros was discovered aground, and the flag-ship of Conflans, the Soleil Royal, dismasted. Shortly after being discovered she cut her cables, and also went on shore. The Essex, a 64, was ordered to stand in and destroy her, but that ship got on a sand bank and was wrecked; her crew, however, being saved. The two French vessels which were on shore were finally set on fire, and destroyed. Seven or eight others, by their knowledge of the coast, had got to the mouth of the river Vilaine, and by means of taking out

their guns, crossed the bar, and reached a place of security.

In effecting all this damage and loss upon the enemy's fleet, the loss in killed and wounded among the English must have been severe. But in those days they were not very particular in reporting such things. For his success, under exceptional difficulties and dangers, Sir Edward Hawke received the thanks of Parliament, and a pension of two thousand pounds per annum.

In 1765 he was appointed Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, and First Lord of the Admiralty; and in 1776 was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Hawke of Towton.



BUCENTORO.

(Barge of the Doges, used annually, on Ascension Day, in the Ceremony of "Venice Wedding the Adriatic.")

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE SERAPIS AND BONHOMME RICHARD.

XIV.

SERAPIS AND BONHOMME RICHARD. A. D. 1779.

THIS remarkable action is interesting not only on account of its bloody and desperate character, and on account of the sensation it produced at the time, but because it illustrates one phase of our great struggle for independence; a considerable space is therefore devoted to it.

The hero of this action, John Paul, was born at Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, July 6th, 1747; and was sent to sea, as an apprentice, at the age of twelve. He afterwards made voyages as mate of a slaver, then an honored and recognized employment for a portion of the English merchant marine.

At twenty-one he had command of a vessel in the West India trade, so that his merits as a seaman were early recognized. He afterwards became a trader in a vessel of his own.

At the age of twenty-six he left the sea; and adopted the name of Jones. The reason for this does not clearly appear. He may have had some old scores to clear; and, settling in a new world, may have thought a new name necessary.

In December, 1775, he was appointed a First Lieutenant in the United Colonial Navy, and ordered to the Alfred, our first flag-ship. He hoisted the first flag of the

Colonies afloat; a yellow flag, with the pine tree and rattlesnake. In this ship he participated in several actions; and was afterwards in command of the Providence, when he only escaped capture by excellent seamanship. He made many prizes in this ship.

On Oct. 10th, 1776, he was named the 18th naval captain, and, in command of the Alfred and Providence, captured a valuable armed ship, and other prizes, again eluding recapture by good seamanship.

He next went to European waters in command of the Ranger, 18, and there received, from a French squadron, the first salute to the Stars and Stripes, by this time adopted.

He cruised in English waters, burning ships at White Haven, and spiking guns in batteries on shore; and then attempted to carry off the Earl of Selkirk. In this he failed, but having carried off some of that nobleman's plate, was branded by the English as a pirate. This epithet came with a bad grace from a nation then celebrated for thorough "looting" of every place which came into their hands, in India, and elsewhere. The real offence was that Jones was an English subject, who had renounced his allegiance, and was serving against the mother country; like all the rest of those engaged in the Revolution. During this cruise in the Ranger he took the Drake, of 20 guns.

After this he received from the French government an old Indiaman, called the Duc de Duras, which he renamed the "Bonhomme Richard," or Poor Richard, in allusion to the publication by Benjamin Franklin.

He had some other armed vessels, mostly "letters of marque," under his command.

The Bonhomme Richard had 40 guns, and a mixed crew, of various nationalities. Jones sailed under such

hampering restrictions that he was prevented from carrying out many promising projects; but at last, on the 23d of September, he fell in with a Baltic fleet of merchantmen, convoyed by the English frigate Serapis, 44, and the Countess of Scarborough, 20. The result of the engagement which ensued will be given hereafter.

To continue the sketch of Jones himself, we may say that, in 1780, the year after this action, he sailed for the United States, in the Ariel, 20, but lost his masts in a severe gale of wind, and was obliged to return to France; whence he sailed again and arrived safely, about the beginning of 1781.

He was then launched in the America, 74, which was presented by our Government to the French; and he made a cruise in her as a volunteer.

In 1783 he was prize agent of the United States in Europe; and finally, in 1787, while in Denmark, he resigned, and entered the Russian Navy—hoisting his flag, as Rear Admiral, in the "Vladimir," on the 28th of June, 1788. He found so much jealousy and enmity towards him that he resigned in about a year.

Afterwards he resided in Holland and France, and was appointed Commissioner of the United States to Algiers—but his death occurred at this time, at the age of forty-five.

And now, to return to his cruise in the Bonhomme Richard:—

Paul Jones had obtained so much celebrity for his cruise in the Ranger, that, after that ship departed for America he remained in France, in the hope of receiving a more important command.

During the years 1788-9 various projects were discussed, in which he was to have a part. One idea was to make a descent upon Liverpool, with a body of

troops to be commanded by La Fayette. These plans all came to nothing, and his offers of service were repulsed; until at last a singular arrangement was proposed to him.

M. de Sartine, French Minister of Marine, in a letter of February, 14th, 1779, states that the King of France had decided to purchase, and put at the disposition of Captain Jones, the Duras—an old Indiaman of some size, then at l'Orient. To this vessel were added three more, procured by means of M. le Ray de Chaumont, a banker who had connections with the French Ministry.

Dr. Franklin, who, as Minister of the United States, was supposed, in a legal sense, to direct the whole affair, added the Alliance, 32, by virtue of authority from Congress.

The vessels thus procured formed a little squadron, composed of the Bonhomme Richard, Alliance, Pallas, Cerf, and Vengeance. The Pallas was a purchased merchantman; the Vengeance a small purchased brig; the Cerf was a large cutter, and, with the exception of the Alliance, the only vessel of the squadron built for war purposes. All but the Alliance were French built, and they were placed under the American flag by the following arrangement: the officers received appointments, which were to remain valid for a limited period only, from Dr. Franklin, who had been furnished blank commissions, to fill at his own discretion, ever since he had arrived in Europe. The vessels were to show the American ensign and no other. In short, the French ships were to be considered as American ships during this particular service: and when it was terminated they were to revert to their former owners. The laws and provisions made for the American navy were to govern, and command was

to be exercised, and to descend, according to its usages. Such officers as already had rank in the American Navy took precedence, agreeably to dates of commission, and new appointments were regulated by priority of appointment.

By especial provision, Captain Jones was to be Commander-in-chief, a post which his original commission entitled him to fill, as Captain Landais, the only other regular captain in the squadron, was his junior. The joint right of the American Minister and of the French Government to direct the movements of the squadron was recognized.

It is not exactly known from what source the money was obtained to fit out this squadron; and it is likely that it never will be known, especially as the French Revolution destroyed so many records, public and private. Although the name of the King was used, it is possible that private adventure was at the bottom of the enterprise, although the French Government furnished vessels and the use of its stores. Dr. Franklin expressly stated that he made no advances for the ships employed.

As everything connected with this remarkable expedition has interest for us, it is as well to go a little further into the composition of the force fitted out by Jones.

After many delays, the Bonhomme Richard was equipped and manned. It was intended to cast 18-pounders for her, but as that would take too much time, old 12's were substituted. With this change in armament, the Richard, as she was called by the sailors, got ready for sea.

She was, properly, a single-decked ship, that is, carrying her armament on one gun-deck, with the usual additions on the quarter-deck and forecastle.

But Commodore Jones, with a view to attacking the

enemy's large convoys, caused twelve ports to be cut in the gun-room, below, where six old 18-pounders were mounted, with the intention of fighting all of them on the same side, in smooth water. It was foreseen that these guns could only be of use in moderate weather, or when engaged to leeward, but the ship's height admitted of them, and it was done.

On her gun-deck proper the ship had twenty-eight ports, the regular construction of an English 38-gun ship at that time. Here the 12-pounders were placed. On her quarter-deck and forecastle were mounted eight 9's; making, in all, a mixed armament, rather light, to be sure, of 42 guns. If the six 18's were taken away, the ship would have been what was called a 32-gun frigate.

She was a clumsy vessel, built many years before, with the high, old-fashioned poop, which resembled a tower.

With a vessel of this singular armament and unwieldy construction, Jones was compelled to receive on board a crew of very doubtful composition. A few Americans filled officers' positions; but the crew embraced representatives of more than twelve nationalities. To keep this motley crew in order, one hundred and thirty-five marines, or soldiers, were put on board. These were nearly as much mixed, as to nationalities, as the sailors.

Just as the squadron was about to sail M. le Ray de Chaumont appeared at l'Orient, and presented a *concordat* or agreement, for the signature of all the commanders. This looked very much like a partnership in a privateering expedition, and was the cause of much after disobedience among Jones' captains.

On June 19th, 1779, the ships sailed, bound south, with a small convoy of vessels. These they escorted safely into the Garonne, and other ports; but not without repeated exhibition, thus early, of disobedience of orders,

and unseamanlike conduct, which marked the whole career of this squadron, so ill assorted and manned.

While lying to, off the coast, the Alliance, by lubberly handling, got foul of the Richard, and lost her mizzen-mast; carrying away, at the same time, the head, cutwater and jib-boom of the Richard. This necessitated a return to port, to refit.

When at sea again, and steering to the northward, the Cerf cutter was sent in chase of a strange sail, and parted company.

The next morning she engaged a small English cruiser, of 14 guns, and caused her to strike, after a sharp fight of an hour; but she was forced to abandon her prize by the approach of an enemy's vessel of superior force. The Cerf went into l'Orient again.

On the 23d three enemy's vessels-of-war were seen by the squadron; and, having the wind, they ran down in a line abreast, when, most probably deceived by the height and general appearance of the Richard, they hauled up and escaped under a press of sail. On the 26th the Alliance and Pallas parted company with the Richard, leaving that ship with the Vengeance brig only, for consort. On reaching the Penmarks, a headland of Finisterre, the designated rendezvous, the missing vessels did not appear. On the 29th, the Vengeance having gone, by permission, into Groix Roads, the Richard fell in with two more of the English cruisers, which, after some hesitation, also ran, evidently under the impression that the Richard was a two-decker.

Jones had reason to be satisfied with the spirit of his crew on this occasion, the people manifesting a strong disposition to engage.

At last, on the 30th, the Richard ran into Isle Groix,

off l'Orient; and about the same time the Pallas and Alliance came in.

Then another delay occurred. A court was convened to inquire into the conduct of Captain Landais, of the Alliance, in running foul of the Richard. Both ships also had to undergo repairs. Luckily, just then a cartel arrived from England, bringing more than one hundred exchanged American seamen, most of whom joined the squadron.

This was a most important accession to the crew of the Richard, and that of the Alliance. Neither of these ships had had many Americans among their crews. Among those who came from the English prisons was Mr. Richard Dale, who had been captured as a Master's Mate, in the Lexington, 14.

This young officer did not reach France in the cartel, however, but had previously escaped, came to l'Orient, and joined the Richard. Jones soon learned his worth, and, in reorganizing his ship, had made him First Lieutenant.

The Richard had now nearly one hundred American seamen on board, and all the officers were native Americans, but the commander and one midshipman. Many of the petty officers were Americans also. In a letter of August 11th, Jones states that the crew of the Richard consisted of 380 souls, including 137 soldiers, or marines.

On the 14th of August the squadron sailed a second time, from Groix Roads; having the French privateers Monsieur and Granville in company, and under Jones' orders. The first parted company almost immediately, on account of differences concerning a valuable prize; and another was taken the day she left.

On the 23d the ships were off Cape Clear, and while towing the Richard's head round, in a calm, the crew of

the boat, which happened to be manned by Englishmen, cut the tow-line, and escaped. Mr. Lunt, the sailing-master, manned another boat, and taking four marines, pursued the fugitives. A fog came on, and Mr. Lunt not being able to find the ships again, fell into the hands of the enemy. Through this desertion, and its immediate consequences, the Richard lost twenty of her best men.

The day after this escape the Cerf cutter was sent close in, to reconnoitre, and to look for the missing people; and, for some unexplained reason this useful vessel never rejoined the squadron. There appeared to have been no suspicion of any treachery on her part, and we are left to conjecture the cause of her disappearance.

A gale of wind followed, during which the Alliance and Pallas separated, and the Granville parted company, by order, with a prize. The separation of the Pallas was caused by the breaking of her tiller; but that of the Alliance was due to the unofficerlike and unseamanlike conduct of her commander.

On the morning of the 27th the brig Vengeance was the only vessel in company with the Commodore.

On August 31st the Bonhomme Richard, being off Cape Wrath, the northwest extremity of Scotland, captured a large English letter-of-marque, bound from London to Quebec; a circumstance which proves the expedients to which their ship-masters were then driven to avoid capture, this vessel having gone north about, to escape the cruisers on the ordinary track. While in chase of the letter-of-marque, the Alliance hove in sight, having another London ship, from Jamaica, as a prize.

Captain Landais, of the Alliance, was an officer who had been obliged to quit the French Navy on account of his unfortunate temper. He now began to show a disorganizing and mutinous spirit; pretending, as his

ship was the only real American vessel in the squadron, that that fact rendered him superior to Jones, and that he should do as he pleased with his ship.

That afternoon a strange sail was made, and the Richard showed the Alliance's number, with an order to close. Instead of obeying the signal, Captain Landais wore, and laid the head of his ship in the opposite direction. Other signals were disobeyed; and the control of Commodore Jones over the ship, which ought to have been the most efficient of the squadron, may be said to have ceased.

Jones now shaped his course for the rendezvous he had appointed, in hopes of meeting the missing ships, and the Pallas rejoined him, having captured nothing.

From then until the 13th of September the squadron continued its course round Scotland; the ships separating and rejoining constantly, and Captain Landais assuming power over the prizes, as well as over his own vessel, that was altogether opposed to discipline and to marine usage.

On the 13th of September the Cheviot Hills were in sight from the ships. Understanding that a 20-gun ship, with two or three man-of-war cutters, were lying at anchor off Leith, in the Frith of Forth, Commodore Jones planned a descent upon that town. At this time the Alliance was absent, and the Pallas and Vengeance having chased to the southward, the necessity of communicating with those vessels caused a fatal delay, and ruined a promising project. The attempt was at last made, but when the men were actually in the boats the ships were driven out of the Frith by a heavy blow; and when in the North Sea one of their prizes actually foundered.

The design was so audacious that it is probable the English would have been taken by surprise; and no

doubt much damage would have been done to them, but for the gale. Dale, a modest and prudent man, thought so.

After this bold project was abandoned, Jones appears to have meditated another still more daring; but his *colleagues*, as he bitterly styles his captains, refused to join in it. We do not know what it was; but only that the officers of Jones' own ship heartily approved it. Jones had much respect for the judgment of Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, and as he disapproved of it, it was dropped.

The Pallas and Vengeance even left the Richard—probably with a view to prevent the attempt to execute this nameless scheme; and the Commodore was compelled to follow his captains to the southward or lose them altogether.

Off Whitby they came together again, and on Sept. 21st the Richard chased a collier ashore, near Flamborough Head.

The next day she was at the mouth of the Humber, the Vengeance being in company, and several vessels were taken or destroyed. Pilots were enticed on board, and a knowledge of the state of things inshore obtained. It appeared that the whole coast was alarmed, and that many persons were burying their plate. By this time about a dozen vessels had been taken, and rumor increased the number. No vessels had ever before excited such local alarm on British shores, for centuries.

Under the circumstances Commodore Jones did not think it prudent to remain so close in with the land, and he accordingly stood out under Flamborough Head. Here he was joined, next day, by the Pallas and Alliance, This was on the 23d of September.

The wind was light from the southward, the water

smooth, and many vessels in sight, steering in different directions. About noon the squadron, with the exception of the Cerf and the two privateers, being all in company, Jones manned one of the pilot-boats he had detained, and sent her in chase of a brig, which was lying to, to windward. On board the little vessel were Mr. Lunt, the Second Lieutenant, and fifteen men, all of whom were absent from the ship for the rest of the day.

In consequence of the loss of the two boats off Cape Clear, the absence of the party in the pilot-boat, and the number of men that had been put in prizes, the Richard was now left with only one lieutenant, and with but little more than three hundred souls on board, exclusive of prisoners. Of the latter there were about one hundred and fifty in the Richard.

The pilot-boat had hardly left the Richard when the leading ships of a fleet of more than forty sails were seen stretching out on a bowline from behind Flamborough Head, turning down to the south. From previous intelligence this fleet was immediately known to be the Baltic ships, under the convoy of the Serapis, 44, Captain Richard Pearson, and a hired ship that had been put into the King's service, called the Countess of Scarborough. The latter was commanded by Captain Piercy, and mounted 22 guns.

As the interest of the succeeding details will principally centre in the two ships, the Serapis and Bonhomme Richard, it may be well to give a more minute account of the actual force of the former. At that period 44's were usually built on two decks; and such was the construction of this ship, which was new, and was reputed to be a fast vessel. On her lower gun-deck she mounted 20 18-pound guns; and on her upper gun-deck 20 9-pound guns; and on her quarter-deck and fore-

castle ten 6-pound guns; making an armament of fifty guns.

She had a regularly trained man-of-war's crew of 320 souls, of whom fifteen are said to have been Lascars.

When Jones made out the convoy, the men-of-war were inshore, astern, and to leeward, probably with a view to keeping the merchantmen together. The officials at Scarborough, perceiving the danger into which this fleet was running, had sent a boat off to the Serapis, to apprise her of the presence of a hostile force, and Captain Pearson fired two guns, signaling the leading vessels to come under his lee. These orders were disregarded, however, the headmost ships continuing to stand out from the land.

Jones, having ascertained the character of the fleet in sight, showed signal for a general chase; and another to recall the lieutenant in the pilot-boat.

The Richard then crossed royal-yards. These signs of hostility alarmed the nearer English merchant ships, which hurriedly tacked, fired alarm guns, let fly their top-gallant-sheets, and made other signals of the danger they found themselves in; while they now gladly availed themselves of the presence of the men-of-war to run to leeward, or else seek shelter close in with the land.

The Serapis, on the contrary, signaled the Scarborough to follow, and hauled boldly out to sea, until she got far enough to windward, when she tacked, and stood inshore again, to cover her convoy.

The Alliance being much the fastest vessel of the American squadron, took the lead in the chase, speaking the Pallas as she passed. It has been proved that Captain Landais told the commander of the latter vessel, on this occasion, that if the stranger proved to be a

fifty-gun ship, they had nothing to do but to escape. His subsequent conduct fully confirms this; for no sooner had he run down near enough to the two English vessels-of-war to ascertain their force, than he hauled up, and stood off from the land again. This was not only contrary to all regular order of naval battle, but contrary to the positive command of Jones, who had kept the signal to form line flying; which should have brought the Alliance astern of the Bonhomme Richard, and the Pallas in the van. Just at this time the Pallas spoke the Richard, and inquired what station she should take, and she was directed to fall into line.

Captain Cottineau was a brave man, who subsequently did his duty in the action, and he had only thought that, because the Richard had suddenly hauled up from the land, her crew had mutinied, and that she was being run away with. Such was the want of confidence in the force so singularly composed, and such were the disadvantages under which this celebrated combat was fought.

So far, however, from meditating retreat or mutiny, the crew of the Richard had gone cheerfully to their quarters, although every man on board was conscious of the force of the enemy with whom they were about to contend; and the spirit of the commanding officer appears to have communicated itself to his men.

It was now quite dark, and Jones was compelled to use a night-glass, to follow the movements of the enemy. It is probable that the darkness added to the indecision of the captain of the Pallas, for even after the moon rose it was thick, and objects at a distance were seen with difficulty. The Richard continued to stand steadily on; and at about half-past seven she came up with the Serapis; the Scarborough being a short distance to leeward. The American ship was to windward, and, as she

slowly approached, Captain Pearson hailed. The answer returned was purposely equivocal, and both ships delivered their broadsides at almost the same moment.

As the water was quite smooth, Jones had relied very much upon the eighteen-pounders which were in the Richard's gun-room; but at this first discharge, two of the six that were fired bursted, blowing up the deck above, and killing or wounding many of the people stationed below. This disaster rendered it impossible to make the men stand at the other heavy guns, as they could have no confidence in them. It at once reduced the broadside of the Richard to about one-third less than that of her opponent; and the force which remained was distributed among the light guns, in a disadvantageous manner. In short, the battle was now between a twelve-pounder and an eighteen-pounder frigate; with the chances almost preponderatingly in favor of the latter.

Jones himself said that after this accident his hopes rested solely upon the twelve-pounders that were immediately under the command of his First Lieutenant, Dale.

The Richard, having backed her top-sails, exchanged several broadsides, when she filled again and shot ahead of the Serapis; which ship luffed across her stern, and came up on the weather quarter of her antagonist, taking the wind out of her sails, and, in her turn, passing ahead.

All this time, which was about half an hour, the fire was close and furious. The Scarborough now drew near; but it is uncertain whether she fired or not. The officers of the Richard state that she raked them at least once; but her commander reported that, owing to the smoke and darkness, he was afraid to discharge his guns, not being able to make out which ship was friend and which foe.

Unwilling to lie by and be uselessly exposed to shot,

Captain Piercy edged away from the combatants, exchanging one or two broadsides, at a great distance, with the Alliance, and shortly afterward was engaged at close quarters by the Pallas, which ship compelled him to strike to her, after a creditable resistance of about an hour.

Let us now return to the principal combatants :—

As the Serapis kept her luff, sailing and working better than the Richard, it was the intention of Captain Pearson to pay broad off, across the Richard's fore-foot, as soon as he had got far enough ahead. But making the attempt and finding he had not room, he put his helm down, to keep clear of his adversary, and this double movement brought the two ships nearly in a line, the Serapis leading.

By these evolutions the English ship lost some of her way, while the American, having kept her sails trimmed, not only closed, but actually ran on board of her antagonist, bows on, a little on her starboard quarter. The wind being light, much time was consumed in these manœuvres, and nearly an hour had elapsed between the firing of the first gun and the moment when the vessels got foul of each other, in the manner just described. The English thought it was the intention of the Americans to board; and for some minutes it was uncertain whether they would do so or not, but the position was not safe for either party to pass into the opposing ship.

There being at this time a complete cessation of the firing, Captain Pearson hailed, and asked whether the Richard had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the answer from Jones.

The Richard's yards were then braced aback, and the sails of the Serapis being full, the ships separated.

As soon as they were far enough apart, the Serapis put her helm hard down, laid all aback forward, shivered her after sails, and wore short round on her heel, with a view, most probably, of luffing up across the Richard's bow, in order to rake her. In this position the Richard would have been fighting her starboard, and the Serapis her port guns; but Jones, by this time, had become convinced of the hopelessness of success against so much heavier metal; and so backed astern some distance, filled on the other tack, and luffed up, with the intention of meeting the enemy as he came to the wind, and of laying him athwart hawse.

In the smoke and dim light, one or the other party miscalculated the distance, for the vessels came foul again, the bowsprit of the English vessel passing over the poop of the American. As neither had much way the collision did but little injury, and Jones, with his own hands, immediately lashed the enemy's head-gear to his mizzen-mast. The pressure on the after sails of the Serapis, which vessel was nearly before the wind at the time, brought her hull round, and the two ships gradually fell close alongside of each other, head and stern; the jib-boom of the Serapis giving way with the strain. A spare anchor of the English ship now hooked in the quarter of the American, and additional lashings were got out on board the latter, to secure her opponent in this position.

Captain Pearson, who was a brave and excellent officer, was fully aware of his superiority in weight of metal; and he no sooner perceived that the vessels were foul than he dropped an anchor, in the hope that the Richard would drift clear of him. But, of course, such an expectation was futile, as the yards were interlocked, the hulls pressed close together, there were lashings fore and aft, and every projection aided in holding the two ships together. When

the cable of the Serapis took the strain, the vessels slowly tended, with the bows of the Serapis and the stern of the Richard, to the tide.

At this time the English made an attempt to board, but were repulsed, with trifling loss. All this time there was a heavy fire kept up from the guns. The lower ports of the Serapis having been closed as the vessel swung, to prevent boarding, they were now blown off, to allow the guns to be run out; and cases actually occurred in which the rammers had to be thrust into the ports of the opposing ship, in order to be entered in the muzzles of their proper guns. It was evident that such a state of things could not last long. In effect, the heavy metal of the Serapis, in one or two discharges, cleared all before it, and the main-deck guns of the Richard were almost abandoned. Most of her people went upon the upper deck, and a great number collected on the forecastle, where they were safe from the battery of the Serapis; continuing the fight by throwing grenades and using muskets.

At this stage of the action, then, the Serapis was tearing the American to pieces, below, at each discharge of her battery; the latter only replying to the English fire by two guns on the quarter-deck, and three or four of her twelve-pounders. To the quarter-deck guns Jones succeeded in adding a third, by shifting a gun from the port side; and all these were used with effect, under his own eye, until the close of the action.

He tried to get over a second gun, from the port side, but did not succeed.

The fight must now have been decided in favor of the English, but for the courage and activity of the people aloft. Strong parties were placed in the tops, and, after a sharp and short contest, the Americans had driven

every man of the enemy from the upper deck of the English frigate. After this they kept up so sharp a fire of small-arms upon the quarter-deck of the English ship as to keep it clear, shooting down many in the operation.

Thus, this singular condition of affairs obtained, that, while the English had the battle very much to themselves, below, the Americans had control of their upper deck and tops. Having cleared the latter, some of the American seamen laid out on the Richard's main-yard, and began to throw hand grenades down upon the deck of the British ship; while the men on the Richard's fore-castle seconded these efforts by casting grenades, and other combustibles, through the ports of the Serapis.

At length one man, in particular, became so bold as to take up his post on the extreme end of the yard; and being provided with a bucket of grenades and a match, he dropped the explosives upon the enemy, one of them passing down the Serapis' main hatchway. The powder boys of the English ship had got up more cartridges than were needed at the moment, and had carelessly laid a row of them along her main deck, parallel with the guns.

The grenade which came down the hatch set fire to some loose powder on the deck, and the flash passed to these cartridges, beginning abreast of the main-mast, and running away aft.

The effect of the explosion was awful. More than twenty men were instantly killed; many of them being left with nothing on them but the collars and wrist-bands of their shirts, and the waist-bands of their duck trowsers. This is often the effect of explosions in confined places.

The official returns of Captain Pearson, made a week after the action, show that there were no less than thirty-three wounded on board then, still alive, who had been

injured at this time; and thirty of them were said to be in great danger.

Captain Pearson reported that the explosion destroyed nearly all the men at the five or six aftermost guns of the Serapis; and, altogether, nearly sixty of the Serapis' men must have been instantly disabled by this sudden blow.

The advantages thus obtained by the coolness and intrepidity of the topmen of the Bonhomme Richard, in a measure restored the chances of the fight, and, by lessening the fire of the enemy, enabled Jones to increase his. And in the same degree that it encouraged the Americans did it diminish the hopes of the English.

One of the guns, directed by Jones himself, had been for some time firing against the main-mast of his enemy; while the two others were assisting in clearing his decks with grape and canister. Kept below decks by this double attack, where they had a scene of horror before their eyes in the agonies of the wounded, and the other effects of the explosion, the spirits of the English crew began to droop, and a very little would have caused them to surrender. From this despondency they were temporarily raised by one of the unlooked-for events which characterize every battle, whether afloat or ashore.

After exchanging the ineffectual and distant broadsides with the Scarborough, as already mentioned, the Alliance had kept standing off and on, to leeward of the two principal ships, and out of the direction of their shot, when, about half-past eight, she appeared, crossing the stern of the Serapis, and the bow of the Richard, and firing, at such a distance, and in such a way, that it was impossible to say which vessel would suffer the most.

As soon as she had drawn out of range of her own guns, her helm was put up, and she ran down near a mile

to leeward, and hovered about, aimlessly, until the firing had ceased between the Pallas and the Scarborough, when she suddenly came within hail, and spoke both vessels.

Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, earnestly entreated Captain Landais, of the Alliance, to take possession of his prize, and allow him to go to the assistance of the Richard, or else to stretch up to windward in the Alliance, and go to the succor of the Commodore.

After some delay, Captain Landais took the very important duty of assisting his consort into his own hands, and, making two long stretches, under top-sails only, he appeared, at about the time at which we have arrived in the story of the fight, directly to windward of the two ships which were locked together in mortal combat. The head of the Alliance was then to the westward. This ship then opened fire again, doing at least as much damage to friend as foe. Keeping away a little, she was soon on the port-quarter of the Richard; and some of the people of the latter affirmed that her guns were discharged until she had got nearly abeam.

Many voices now hailed, to inform the Alliance that she was firing into the wrong ship; and three lanterns were shown in a line on the off-side of the Richard, which was the regular signal for recognition in a night action. An officer was then directed to hail, to command Captain Landais to lay the enemy on board; and, the question being put as to whether the order was understood, an answer was given in the affirmative.

As the moon had now been up for some time, it was impossible not to distinguish between the two vessels. The Richard was all black, while the Serapis had yellow sides; and the impression among the people of the Richard was that Landais had intentionally attacked her.

Indeed, as soon as the Alliance began to fire, the

people left one or two of the twelves on board the Richard, which they had begun to fight again, saying that the English in the Alliance had got possession of the ship and were helping the enemy.

The Alliance's fire dismounted a gun, extinguished several battle-lanterns on the main deck, and did much damage aloft. This ship now hauled off to some distance, always keeping the Richard between her and the enemy; and then she re-appeared, edging down on the port beam of her consort, and hauling up athwart the bows of that ship and the stern of her antagonist. The officers of the Richard reported that her fire then re-commenced, when by no possibility could her shot reach the Serapis, except through the Bonhomme Richard. In fact, it appears that this Landais was one of those men who, for generations, affected the French character for seamanship and conduct in naval battles.

There were, and are, many excellent French seamen, and as builders of vessels they are unexcelled. But some men, like Landais, at that time had destroyed their reputation afloat.

Ten or twelve men appear to have been killed on the forecastle of the Richard at this time, that part being crowded, and among them an officer of the name of Caswell, who, with his dying breath, maintained that he had received his death wound from the friendly vessel.

After crossing the bows of the Richard and the stern of the Serapis, delivering grape as he passed, this "lunatic Frenchman" ran off to leeward again, standing off and on, and doing absolutely nothing for the remainder of the fight. It was as if a third party, seeing two men fighting, should come up and throw a stone or two at them both, and then retire, saying he had rather the little fellow whipped.

The fire of the Alliance certainly damaged the Bonhomme Richard, and increased her leaks; and the latter vessel by this time had leaked so much through her shot-holes that she had begun to settle in the water. Many witnesses affirmed that the most dangerous shot-holes received by the Richard were under her port bow and port-quarter; or, in other words, where they could not have been received from the Serapis. But this is not entirely reliable, as it has been seen that the Serapis luffed up on the port-quarter of the Richard in the commencement of the action, and, forging ahead, was subsequently on her port bow, endeavoring to cross her fore-foot. These shots may very possibly have been received then, and as the Richard settled in the water, have suddenly increased the danger. On the other hand, if the Alliance did actually fire while on the bow and quarter of the Richard, as appears by a mass of testimony, the dangerous shot-holes may have very well come from that ship.

Let the injuries have been received from what quarter they might, soon after the Alliance had run to leeward again an alarm was spread throughout the Richard that she was sinking.

Both the contending ships had been on fire several times, and the flames had been extinguished with difficulty; but here was a new enemy to contend with, and, as the information came from the Carpenter, whose duty it was to sound the pump-well, it produced a good deal of alarm.

The Richard had more than a hundred English prisoners on board; and the Master-at-Arms, in the hurry of the moment, and to save their lives, let them up from below. In the confusion of such a scene, at night, in a torn and sinking vessel, the Master of the letter-of-marque

that had been taken off the north of Scotland passed through a port of the Richard into one of the Serapis, where he reported to Captain Pearson that a few minutes would probably decide the battle in his favor, or carry his enemy down, as he (the Captain of the privateer) had been liberated in order to save his life.

Just at this moment the gunner of the Bonhomme Richard, who had not much to do at his quarters, came on deck, and not seeing Commodore Jones, or Mr. Dale, both of whom were occupied with the liberated prisoners, and believing the Master (the only other superior officer of the ship) to be dead, he ran up on the poop, to haul down the colors, and, as he believed, save all their lives.

Fortunately, the flag-staff had been shot away, and as the ensign already hung in the water, he had no other means of letting his intentions be known than by bawling out for quarter.

Captain Pearson now hailed, to inquire if the Richard demanded quarter, and Commodore Jones, hearing the hail, replied "No."

It is probable that the reply was not heard; or if heard, supposed to come from an unauthorized source; for, encouraged from what he had heard from the escaped prisoner, by the cries, and by the confusion which appeared to reign on board the Richard, the English Captain directed his boarders to be called away, and, as soon as they were mustered, he directed them to take possession of the prize. Some of the Englishmen actually got upon the gunwale of the American ship, but, finding boarders ready to repel boarders, they precipitately retreated. The Richard's topmen were not idle at this time, and the enemy were soon driven below again, with loss. In the meantime Mr. Dale (who was afterwards Commodore Dale) had no longer a gun which could be

fought, and he mustered the prisoners at the pumps, turning their consternation to account, and probably keeping the Richard afloat by this very blunder that had come so near losing her.

Both ships were now on fire again, and both sides, with the exception of a very few guns on board each vessel, ceased firing, in order to turn to and subdue this common enemy.

In the course of the battle the Serapis is said to have been on fire no less than twelve times; while, towards its close, as will be seen in the sequel, the Bonhomme Richard had been burning all the time. As soon as order was restored in the American ship, after the gunner's call for quarter, her chances of success began to increase; while the English, driven under cover, appeared to lose the hope of victory. Their fire slackened very materially, while the Richard again brought a few guns to bear.

It was an example of immense endurance, on either side; but as time went on, the main-mast of the Serapis began to totter, and her resistance, in general, to lessen.

About an hour after the explosion, or about three hours and a half after the first gun was fired, and about two hours and a half after the ships were lashed together, Captain Pearson hauled down his colors with his own hands, his men refusing to expose themselves to the fire of the Richard's tops.

As soon as it was known that the English colors were down, Mr. Dale got upon the gunwale of the Richard, and, laying hold of the main-brace pendant, swung himself on board the Serapis. On the quarter-deck he found the gallant Captain Pearson, almost alone, that officer having maintained his post throughout the whole

of this close and murderous engagement, proving himself a man of great nerve and ability.

Just as Mr. Dale addressed the English Captain the First Lieutenant of the Serapis came up from below, to inquire if the Richard had struck, as her fire had entirely ceased. Mr. Dale informed the English officer that he had mistaken the position of things, the Serapis having struck to the Richard, and not the Richard to the Serapis. Captain Pearson confirming this, his surprised subordinate acquiesced, offering to go below and silence the guns on the main deck, which were still playing on the American ship. To this Mr. Dale would not consent, but passed both the English officers at once on board the Bonhomme Richard. The firing below then ceased. Mr. Dale had been closely followed to the quarter-deck of the Serapis by a midshipman, Mr. Mayrant, with a party of boarders, and as the midshipman struck the quarter-deck of the prize, he was run through the thigh with a boarding pike, in the hands of a man who was ignorant of the surrender. Thus did the close of this remarkable sea-fight resemble its other features in singularity, blood being shed, and shot fired, while the boarding officer was in amicable discourse with his prisoners.

As soon as Captain Pearson was on board the Bonhomme Richard, and a proper number of hands sent to Mr. Dale, in the prize, Commodore Jones ordered the lashings to be cut, and the vessels to be separated, hailing the Serapis, as the Richard drifted from alongside of her, and ordering her to follow his own ship. Mr. Dale had the head-sails of the Serapis braced sharp aback, and the helm put down, but the vessel did not obey either the canvas or the helm. Mr. Dale was so surprised and excited at this that he sprang from the binnacle, to see the cause, and fell, full length, on deck. He had been

severely wounded in the leg, by a splinter, and until that moment had been ignorant of the injury. He had just been picked up and seated, when the Master of the Serapis came up and informed him of the fact that the ship was anchored. By this time Mr. Lunt, the Second Lieutenant, who had been away in the pilot-boat, had got alongside, and came on board the prize, when Mr. Dale gave him charge, the cable was cut, and the ship followed the Richard, as ordered.

Although this protracted and bloody contest had now ended, the victors had not done with either dangers or labors. The Richard was not only sinking, from shot-holes, but she was on fire, so that the flames had got within the ceiling, and extended so far that they menaced the magazine; while all the pumps, in constant use, could barely keep the water in the hold from increasing.

Had it depended upon the exhausted crews of the two combatants the ship must soon have foundered; but the other vessels now sent men on board to assist. So imminent did the danger from the fire become, that all the powder left was got on deck, to prevent an explosion. In this manner did the night of the battle pass, with one gang always at the pumps and another fighting the flames, until about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th, when the fire was got under.

Before daylight that morning eight or ten Englishmen, of the Richard's crew, had stolen a boat of the Serapis, and made their escape, landing at Scarborough. Several other men of the Richard were so alarmed at the condition of the ship that, during the night, they jumped overboard and swam to the other vessels. At daylight an examination of the ship was made. Aloft, on a line with those guns of the Serapis which had not been disabled by the explosion, the timbers were nearly all beaten in, or

beaten out, for in this respect there was little difference between the two sides of the ship. It is said, indeed, that her poop and upper-decks would have fallen into the gun-room, but for a few futtocks which the shot had missed.

So large was the vacuum, in fact, that most of the shot fired from this part of the Serapis, at the close of the action, must have gone through the Richard without touching anything. The rudder was cut from the stern-post, and her transoms were nearly driven out of her. All the after part of the ship, in particular, that was below the quarter-deck, was torn to pieces; and nothing had saved those stationed on the quarter-deck but the impossibility of elevating guns which almost touched their object.

The result of the examination was to convince every one of the impossibility of carrying the Richard into port, in the event of its coming on to blow.

Commodore Jones reluctantly gave the order to remove the wounded, while the weather continued fair.

The following night and a portion of the succeeding day were employed in this duty; and about nine in the morning the officer who was in charge of the ship, with a party at the pumps, finding that the water had reached the lower deck, at last abandoned her.

About ten, the Bonhomme Richard wallowed heavily, gave another roll, and went down, bows foremost.

The Serapis suffered much less than the Richard, as the guns of the latter were so light, and so soon silenced; but no sooner were the ships separated, than her main-top-mast fell, bringing with it the mizzen-topmast. Though jury-masts were erected, the ship drove about, nearly helpless, in the North Sea, until the 6th of October, when the remains of the squadron, with the two prizes, got into the Texel, the port to which they had been ordered to repair.

In this battle an unusual number of lives were lost; but no authenticated report seems to have come from either side. The English stated the loss of the Richard to have been about three hundred, in killed and wounded. This would include nearly all on board that ship, and was, of course, a mistake. The muster-roll of the Richard, excluding the marines, which roll was in existence long after, shows that 42 men were killed, or died of wounds very shortly, and that 41 were wounded. No list of the casualties of the marines is given. This would make a total of 83 out of 227 souls. But some of those on the muster-roll were not in the battle at all, for both junior lieutenants, and about 30 men with them, were absent in prizes.

There were a few volunteers on board, who were not mustered, and so, if we set down 200 as the regular crew during the action, we shall not be far wrong. Estimating the marines at 120, and observing the same proportion for casualties, we shall get 49 for the result, which will make the entire loss of the Richard one hundred and thirty-two.

It is known, however, that in the course of the action the soldiers suffered out of proportion to the rest of the crew, and as general report made the gross loss of the Bonhomme Richard 150, it is probable that this was about the number.

Captain Pearson made a partial report, putting his loss at 117; admitting, at the same time, that there were many killed who were not reported.

Probably the loss of the two ships was about equal, and that nearly or quite half of all engaged were either killed or wounded.

In a private letter, written some time after, Jones gives an opinion that the loss of men in the two ships was

about equal. Muster-rolls were loosely kept, in those days.

That two vessels of so much force should be lashed together for more than two hours, making use of artillery, musketry, and all the other means of offence known to the warfare of the day, and not do even greater injury to their crews, must strike every one with astonishment. But the fact must be ascribed to the peculiarities of the battle, which, by driving the English under cover early in the fight, and keeping the Americans above the chief line of fire of their enemy, in a measure protected each side from the missiles of the other. As it was, it was a most sanguinary conflict, with a duration prolonged by unusual circumstances.

Great interest has always attached to this typical sea-fight. Scarcely any of the eye-witnesses agreed as to the facts. The principal information was given to Fennimore Cooper by Commodore Dale. Captain Pearson stated that the Alliance kept about them all the time, raking them fore and aft. This statement is contradicted by the certificates of the officers of the Richard, by persons who were on board the Alliance, by the persons who were in the boat, and by officers of the other vessels near.

The First Lieutenant and the Master of the Alliance admitted that they were never on the free side of the Serapis at all, and their ship never went round her. They also said that they engaged the Scarborough, at long shot, for a short time; a fact corroborated by Captain Piercy. They added that their ship was a long time aloof from the fight, and that she only fired three broadsides, or parts of broadsides, at the Richard and Serapis.

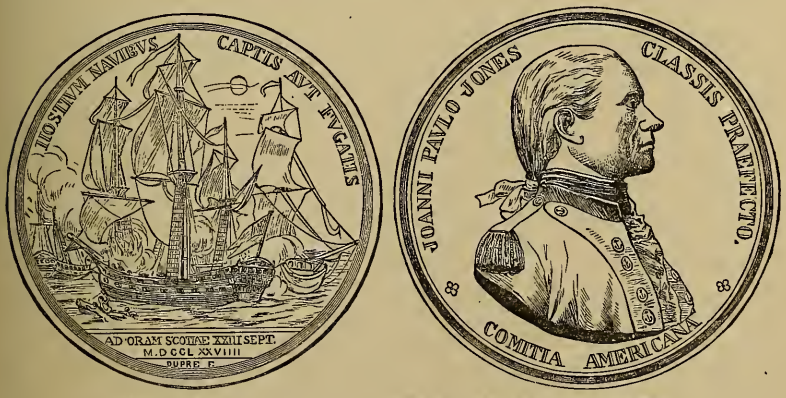
From the testimony it is likely that the Alliance injured the Richard much more than she did the Serapis. This does not detract from the merit of the gallant Captain

Pearson, who could not have known that, and the proximity of the Alliance no doubt influenced him in inducing him to lower his flag.

It is and always will be a matter of doubt as to whether the Scarborough raked the Bonhomme Richard before she was engaged with the other ships.

Altogether, this was one of the most remarkable sea-fights on record.

The arrival of Jones and his prizes in the Texel excited much interest in the diplomatic world. The English demanded that the prizes should be released and Jones himself given up as a pirate. The Dutch government, though favorable to the Americans, was not prepared for war, and therefore temporized. A long correspondence ensued, and the following expedient was adopted. The Serapis, which had been refitted, was transferred to France, as was the Scarborough, while Jones took command of the Alliance; Landais having been suspended, and ordered to quit the country. Landais was afterward restored to command, but deposed again, on the ground of insanity; and eventually discharged the service.



MEDAL AWARDED TO JOHN PAUL JONES BY THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

XV.

DE GRASSE AND RODNEY. A. D. 1782.

FRANCIS JOSEPH PAUL, Count de Grasse, Marquis de Grasse-Tilly, Count de Bar, and Lieutenant-General of the marine forces of France, was born in 1723, of a noble Provençal family, and was destined from childhood to enter the order of Malta. At eleven years of age he went to sea in the galleys of the Order, and made several cruises in the Levant. In 1740 the young sailor entered the French naval service, and in 1747 was serving in the frigate Emerald, in the squadron of La Jonquiere, which was convoying to Pondichery twenty-five ships of the French East India Company. The squadron, which consisted of six ships-of-the-line and six frigates, was met off Cape Finisterre, by a fleet of seventeen English ships, commanded by Anson. After a vigorous resistance most of the French ships were captured, and De Grasse was taken a prisoner to England, where he remained two years.

Upon his return home he was promoted, and continued to cruise in various parts of the world, and was especially employed in surveying the Guinea coast.

In January, 1762, he served in the West Indies, as captain of a line-of-battle ship, and soon after his return was made a Chevalier of St. Louis, and served in the French fleet which bombarded Sallee. In 1772 he commanded a ship in the squadron of the Count d'Orvilliers, and about the time of the breaking out of the

American Revolution was present at a naval battle off Ushant, in which he particularly distinguished himself.

In 1779 he went out to the West Indies, in command of four line-of-battle ships and seven frigates, to join the fleet of Count d'Estaing, off Martinique, and participated in the action of July 6th, between d'Estaing and Admiral Byron. The following year he took part, in the same latitude, in the three battles between the Count de Guichen and Admiral Rodney, after the last of which he returned to France.

At the commencement of 1781 he was sent out with an important convoy, to Martinique. He sailed from Brest on March 24th, with twenty-three ships-of-the-line, carrying troops, and having on board a very large sum of money, and a quantity of arms and ammunition, all intended for the succor of the young and struggling Republic of the United States.

On the twenty-eighth of April De Grasse arrived off Port Royal, Martinique, where he found eighteen English line-of-battle ships, detached from Admiral Sir George Rodney's fleet, and under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who was there to oppose the landing of the convoy at Martinique.

Hood, recognizing the superior force of De Grasse, contented himself with distant firing, and did not attempt to engage; De Grasse chased him off to the westward of Saint Lucie, and then returned to Martinique Road with his convoy.

Soon after he left there, to attack, in concert with the Marquis de Bouillé, the English island of Tobago; and, on June 1st obtained possession of the chief town of that island. De Grasse then sailed for San Domingo, took on board three thousand soldiers; touched at Havana, where he effected a loan; and then came through the Bahama

Channel, a route not then used by large ships, to the American coast; which he followed up until he entered the Chesapeake. Here he, with his fleet, and in concert with General Washington, made the well known dispositions which led to the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

On September 5th, hearing of the approach of the English fleet, De Grasse left his anchorage in Lynnhaven Bay, just inside of Cape Henry, and put to sea. Bougainville commanded the van division of his fleet, in the Auguste, 80; De Grasse himself the centre, in the Ville de Paris, 104; and the Chevalier de Monteil the rear division, in the Languedoc, 80.

The English fleet, of twenty line-of-battle ships, was commanded by Admirals Graves, Hood and Drake.

A partial engagement followed, which was mostly confined to the van divisions of the two fleets, and which continued about two hours and a half. Four or five days were consumed in manœuvres, De Grasse not being able to bring Graves to a general engagement, and finally the French fleet returned to their anchorage in Lynnhaven Bay; having, on the return, captured two English frigates.

To De Grasse and his fleet certainly belong a considerable share in the glory of the surrender of Cornwallis' army, and of the consequent firm establishment of American independence. In recognition of this, Congress offered De Grasse four pieces of cannon, taken at Yorktown; of which the French King authorized his acceptance; and they were placed in his Chateau of Tilly, with a suitable inscription engraved upon them.

Returning with his fleet to Martinique, he made several expeditions against the English islands; and had also several partial engagements with Sir Samuel Hood, in none of which he was very successful.

Some months elapsed in this manner, and the month of April, 1782, arrived. De Grasse was on his way to join a Spanish squadron, on the coast of San Domingo, when he fell in with the English fleet again, near Dominica.

In consequence of the junction of Rodney and Hood, the English now numbered thirty-six ships-of-the-line, fourteen frigates, three sloops-of-war, and two fire-ships. Admiral Rodney had his flag in the Formidable, 90; Sir Samuel Hood was in the Barfleur, 90; and Rear-Admiral Drake was in the Princessa, 70.

De Grasse at this time had about thirty line-of-battle ships, and a proportion of frigates, but was hampered by a convoy of about one hundred and fifty merchant vessels.

Sir Samuel Hood's division was in the van of the English fleet, which, having got the sea breeze early, stretched to the northward in chase, while the centre and rear were still becalmed. The French, on the starboard tack, observing the isolated position of the English van, bore up, in hopes of cutting them off. De Grasse, in this evolution, executed a novel and ingenious plan, which was done full justice to by his adversaries.

The British van was, about 10 A.M., hove to, to enable their centre and rear to close. In consequence, the French ships, by keeping under way, were enabled to manœuvre as they chose. Hood kept his division well closed up, however, opposing vigorous and well directed broadsides to his enemy's attacks. He thus resisted De Grasse until the sea breeze reached the rest of the English fleet, when the French Admiral tacked and stood inshore to rejoin his fleet and convoy. When the sea breeze reached them the English were to windward; but the sailing of the French ships was so superior that they could not come up with them. This was the end of the operation, except some distant and ineffectual cannonading.

The two succeeding days were occupied in chasing; but it was evident that only a change in the wind, or some accident, would enable Admiral Rodney to force an engagement; so superior were the French in sailing qualities.

On the 12th of April the French were again seen, near the Saintes, and one of their ships, having lost her foremast and bowsprit, was seen, in tow of a frigate, standing in for Guadaloupe. Rodney made signal for four ships to chase, which being perceived, De Grasse bore up, with his fleet, to protect them. But finding that by persevering in this course, he should give the British the weather-gage, he gave up his intention, and formed line on the port tack. Rodney, perceiving an engagement inevitable, recalled his chasing ships, and made signal to form line of battle on the starboard tack, Rear-Admiral Drake's division leading. The two fleets gradually neared each other, the French only just crossing the bows of the English, to windward.

At 8 A.M. the leading English ship, the Marlborough, 74, opened the action, firing upon the French centre and rear. Sir George Rodney then made signal for "close action," and Drake's division was at once closely engaged. The rest of the English were nearly becalmed, as were the French soon after. The wind then hauled to the southward, and while this completely disarranged the French line, it did not so much affect the English, and Rodney, perceiving an opening in his adversaries' line, kept a close luff and passed through it, cutting off their rear. It is not thought that Rodney deliberately planned this, but it was the first time that the stiff notion of preserving a line-of-battle at all hazards, and when advantage could be gained from departing from it, was broken through.

This movement of Rodney's was the main cause of the loss of the battle to the French; and although many assert that the preservation of his line would have rendered the victory more decisive, yet when the sailing qualities of the two fleets are taken into account, it is very doubtful. By pursuing the plan he did, Rodney separated his ship, and the six ships which followed him, from the van, part of the centre, and the rear. It is said that his manœuvre was inadvertently performed; but this could hardly be, for the Formidable luffed out of line, which could not have been done inadvertently and without distinct intention, and it is, therefore, not fair to impute the movement, and the consequent victory, to mere accident. A French writer distinctly says that "Rodney's able manœuvres completely got the better of De Grasse." With the fine and well trained fleet which the French Admiral commanded, it is probable that no great advantage would have accrued to the English under the old plan of fleet fighting. The advocates of the theory that Rodney's movement was an accident have some foundation for what they allege, however, in that Sir Alan Gardner, who commanded the Duke, 90, Rodney's second astern, was heard to say, "the wind was very light at the commencement of the action, but as it advanced it fell calm; my ship *dropped through* the enemy's line, and I, thinking I was wrong, and out of my station, did everything I could to get back again, but was unable to do so." The state of the wind prevented Hood from following Rodney through the French fleet, and, by continuing his course he soon became opposed to the French van, separated from the centre, and here a warm and close action took place, and continued, until at length the smoke and concussion of the firing, which had also "killed" the wind, so completely enshrouded the ships

of both fleets, that a cessation of firing was necessary. About noon the smoke cleared away, by which time the French ships, to effect a re-junction, all bore up, and were seen to leeward, retreating, and in considerable disorder, and a general chase succeeded. The English victory was complete, if not overwhelming. Five French line-of-battle ships were taken or destroyed; the Glorieux, Cæsar, Hector, Ardent, and the flag-ship Ville de Paris. The English accounts say that three of their line-of-battle ships concentrated upon the Ville de Paris; the French accounts say five. Certain it is that she made a gallant fight for hours after the battle was decided; and when, at last, she hauled down her flag, she had one hundred and twenty killed, and almost all the rest more or less wounded. Count De Grasse himself, although he had not left the deck, escaped unscratched, as did a very few others on board.

The Ville de Paris was considered the finest ship afloat at that time. She measured 2300 tons, and had been presented to Louis XV, by the City of Paris, at the close of the preceding war. She is said to have had a large amount of specie on board. She was towed to Jamaica by her captors, but was so damaged that she foundered in an attempt to take her to England; as did the Hector and Glorieux. The Cæsar, a very fine ship, was burned on the night following her capture, and four hundred of her crew, as well as an English lieutenant and fifty seamen who were in charge, lost their lives. In fact, not one of the French ships captured in this battle ever reached England.

The victory caused great exultation in England. Sir George Rodney and Sir Samuel Hood were both made peers, and Rear-Admiral Drake and Commodore Affleck made baronets. Public monuments were erected in Westminster Abbey to those captains who were killed.

The French loss was very heavy, some reported it as 3000, in killed and wounded. The English loss was reported as 253 killed and 816 wounded.

As for the French ships, twenty-four of which escaped, they were at last collected, in a very damaged condition, under the Marquis de Vaudrueil, but they were obliged to abandon the West India islands.

De Grasse was sent a prisoner to England, where he was most courteously received by the King and court circles. Indeed, he was accused of enjoying his popularity too much, and of lowering the dignity which became a prisoner of his rank. He was instrumental in forwarding the negotiations which led to the peace between England and the United States, which was signed at Versailles, in 1783.

Upon his return from captivity De Grasse was tried for the loss of the battle of April 12th, and honorably acquitted; but he was never again employed, and died in Paris, at the age of sixty-five.

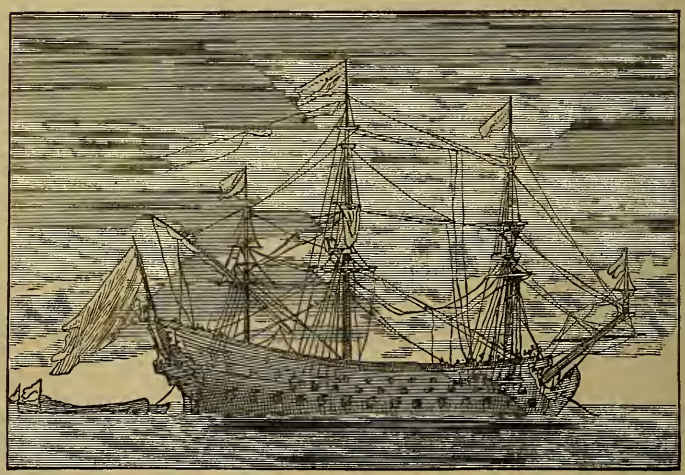
The opinion concerning De Grasse, both in France and England, was that he had brilliant courage, but a lack of judgment.

Sir George Bridge Rodney, the victor in the battle of April 12th, 1782, was born in 1717, and survived the battle ten years. George the First was his godfather, and with such patronage his advancement in the Navy was rapid.

In 1759 he commanded at the bombardment of Havre; and two years afterwards he captured the French West India islands of Saint Lucie, Saint Pierre, Grenada and Saint Vincent. He was made an Admiral in 1771; but, in consequence of debts contracted in an election for Parliament, he was obliged to take refuge on the Continent. While in France he was, one day, at the table of the Marshal de Biron, and was holding forth upon his

hopes of one day defeating the combined French and Spanish fleets. Biron jokingly offered to pay his debts, so as to enable him to put his threat into execution.

Rodney, whose bravery and ability were equal to his arrogance and self-conceit, justified what he had said in less than three years, for, in February, 1780, he utterly defeated Don Juan de Langara, and a Spanish fleet, off Cape St. Vincent; being the first naval battle of that name, and in April, 1782, he defeated De Grasse. He received the thanks of Parliament, the title of Baron, and a pension of two thousand pounds, with reversion to his heirs.



LE SOLEIL ROYALE.
(A famous French 120-Gun Ship, 17th Century, Built by Colbert.)

HOWE'S ACTION OF JUNE 1st, 1794.

XVI.

LORD HOWE AND THE FRENCH FLEET.

JUNE 1ST, A. D. 1794.

THIS naval battle is memorable as the first of any importance in the long series which followed, in the wars between the English and the French Revolutionary government, the Republic, and the Empire.

Lord Howe, the English Commander-in-chief, had had experience in the last war of the English with France, and on our own coast during the Revolutionary war. But some of his captains and most of his junior officers had no experience of war, and this, perhaps, is one of the great reasons why the battle of the first of June did not have the magnificent results afterwards obtained by the British ships against the French.

At the time of the battle in question Howe was an old man; and the fatigues and anxieties of the week preceding the action must have told upon him.

In his youth and middle age he had been celebrated for his endurance and coolness in emergency, but at sixty-nine he was not able to bear the strain of hard and continuous service so well, and so the results of his great action were incomplete as compared with those of Nelson.

To illustrate Howe's natural disposition, we may relate one or two well-known anecdotes.

While captain of the Princess Amelia, of 80 guns, the flag-ship of the Duke of York, the lieutenant of the watch suddenly appeared at his bedside, at night, and called out, in great agitation, "My Lord! the ship is on fire, close to the magazine; but don't be frightened, my Lord, it will soon be got under."

"Frightened, Sir; what do you mean by that? I never was frightened in my life!" and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he said to him, coolly, "Pray, Sir, how does a man feel when he is frightened? I need not ask how he looks. I will be with you immediately; but take care that His Royal Highness is not disturbed."

At another time, when Captain of the Magnanime, he was obliged to anchor in a gale of wind, on a lee shore. In the course of the night the wind increased, almost to a hurricane, but Howe, having two anchors ahead, went down to his cabin, and took up a book. Presently the lieutenant of the watch came below hurriedly, and, with a woful face, said, "I am sorry to inform you, my Lord, that the anchors are coming home." "They are much in the right," replied Howe, coolly, "I don't know who would stay abroad on such a night as this."

But to return to the great battle of the first of June:—

In the latter part of May, 1793, Lord Howe hoisted his flag on board the Queen Charlotte, at Portsmouth. She was a ship of 100 guns. His principal instructions were in regard to protecting the English trade from the French privateers.

By the middle of July he put to sea, and steered down Channel with twenty-three sail-of-the-line, in two divisions, under Vice-admiral Graves and Sir Alexander Hood. For several months the doings of this fleet might be comprised in saying that they had occasional glimpses of squadrons and fleets of the French, varied by gales of

wind, which invariably did much damage, and necessitated the putting in at some western port of England. The fleet was so continually in trouble, indeed, and so much in port, that great dissatisfaction was felt.

Howe expressed himself as decidedly against keeping a heavy fleet of line-of-battle ships at sea, at the mouth of the Channel, and in the Bay of Biscay, during the autumnal and winter gales. Nor did he believe in the blockade of Brest, at that season, although it was his enemy's great naval port. He said that "to keep a fleet at sea, watching an enemy's fleet lying snugly in port, and ready to start the moment the weather has driven the blockading squadron from the coast, and probably disabled many of them, appeared to be a mistaken system, and ruinous in the extreme to the ships themselves, hateful to the seamen, and extravagant beyond measure in expense."

In fact, long periods of this kind had so much weakened the larger English ships that private yards had to be employed for repairs, as well as building new ships.

What Lord Howe recommended was, keeping a fleet at St. Helen's Roadstead, near Spithead, all ready for sea, while a few frigates watched the enemy's movements. Another fleet he recommended to lie at Torbay, where, in event of the enemy's putting to sea from Brest, the contending fleets might meet on equal terms, being each fresh from port; while a blockading fleet, keeping the sea for months, and exposed to all kinds of weather, was not on a par with one fresh from the dockyards; and still less in a condition to follow them abroad. "The public does not care for such considerations, but judge by the results, and require a battle and a victory; or else blame must rest somewhere, most appropriately on the shoulders of the commander-in-chief."

There was plenty of this fault-finding in England, in 1793. The French fleet was known to be often at sea—had been seen by Lord Howe—and yet no battle had been fought, no captures made.

The caricaturists and the press were very hard upon Lord Howe, but he was not a man to be very much affected by sarcasm or abuse. He wished to save wear and tear of ships and men, and to improve the discipline and health of his fleet. The laurels earned by the veteran sailor were too deeply planted to be plucked away by scribblers, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville would not listen to Howe's retirement, which he urged, on account of infirmities and advancing age.

The sequel proved that they were right.

In the middle of April, 1794, the fleet, having been repaired, assembled at St. Helen's. Howe had thirty-two sail-of-the-line, six of which, with some frigates, were detailed to convoy in and out of the Channel the East India Company's ships and the West Indian traders. On May 2d the fleet put to sea, and cruised, generally in bad weather, off Ushant, and on the 19th discovered that the French fleet had sailed from Brest. They were twenty-four sail-of-the-line and ten frigates, and had come out to give protection to an immensely large and valuable homeward-bound convoy of French merchant ships, from North America and the West Indies.

On the 25th, after a fruitless search for the enemy, two French corvettes steered into the midst of the English fleet, mistaking it for their own. They were both taken. Not to diminish the efficiency of his ships by sending prize crews, Howe destroyed them, as well as several other prizes and recaptures. He then continued his search for the main French fleet.

The following is, in the main, an extract from the pri-

vate journal of Lord Howe himself. It is to be premised that, on the morning of May 28th, with a fresh southwest wind and a rough sea, he had sighted a portion of the French fleet, bearing southeast.

"May 28th. They (the French) were some hours before they had formed their line, on the larboard tack, which they proceeded to do while three or four leagues distant; the British fleet being in the order of sailing, with the advanced squadron, under Rear Admiral Paisley, on the weather quarter of the body of the fleet; the whole under as much sail as the weather would safely permit, standing to the eastward, by the wind. At 11 A.M. tacked to approach nearer the enemy, the centre of their fleet then in the S. S. W.

"At 4 in the evening tacked back to the eastward. Soon after 5 o'clock, the Bellerophon arriving up abreast of the rear ship of the enemy, the Revolutionnaire, of three decks, though too far distant for close action, began to fire upon her, and received the fire from that ship, and some others ahead of her. But observing that the other ships of the advance squadron, the Russell, Marlborough and Thunderer, though gained more to windward of the enemy, had shortened sail, and the two last backed their main-top-sails, and firing at the enemy from a distance far too considerable, their particular signals were made to attack the enemy's rear; and soon after the general signal to the same effect. The Bellerophon, having her main-top-sail lowered and aback, and making signal to denote that her main-top-mast was disabled, the other ships also, of the advanced squadron, still keeping astern, with little sail set, and firing far distant, the general signal was made for assisting ships in action; and a few minutes after the particular signals for the Russell and Marlborough for the same purpose; enforcing it by a gun; to

obtain the notice that was not duly shown to the former signal." In other words these ships were not behaving very handsomely, and the beginning of their collision with the French did not augur well for success.

"The three aforementioned ships thereupon made sail to the eastward, the Marlborough having been observed to have set her courses, and the Leviathan pressing forward, commenced action with the rear ship of the enemy, to the relief of the Bellerophon.

"As the day was closing in, the Audacious was seen to advance to the attack of the Revolutionnaire, in apparent very close action. The body of the enemy's fleet keeping on in order of battle, and being approached to about three miles distance from them; their force consisting of twenty-six ships-of-the-line, besides frigates, it was judged requisite to form the British fleet in such order of battle ahead as the ships by their accidental situation at the time could be so arranged, ahead and astern of the Charlotte, to be in suitable disposition for any service which might occur in the night; nothing more of the action being distinguishable, and the firing ceasing at dark. Information was given, by the Marlborough and Niger, that the sternmost ship of the enemy was beaten out of their line by, and supposed to have struck to, the Audacious."

The crews of the Audacious and Russell declare that the Revolutionnaire struck; but whether she did or not, she was clearly beaten and defenceless, as she only answered three guns from her one hundred and twenty to the last broadside of the Audacious. The Revolutionnaire's loss was nearly 400 men. The Audacious was so crippled that she could hardly keep clear of the French fleet, but after an engagement with a frigate and a corvette made her way to Plymouth. The Revolution-

naire afterwards lost her masts, but was towed into Rochefort.

Thus ended the first day's collision.

For the next two days indecisive manœuvres took place. There was a very fresh breeze, heavy seas, fogs, and various other reasons why no general action could be brought on. During this time Lord Howe passed through the French fleet in his flag-ship, but as only one or two of his ships were able to follow him no general action occurred. One or two of the ships of each fleet lost masts in the heavy sea, and between the 29th and 31st of May Rear-Admiral Nielly joined Admiral Villaret de Joyeuse, with five line-of-battle ships, and then left the French fleet. This left twenty-six line-of-battle ships to the French; many of these had very revolutionary names, such as Tyrannicide, Convention, Trente et un Mai, Montagne, Jacobin, Republicaine, etc., and many were very large ships, one being of 120 guns, and two of 110.

During these days Lord Howe was far from satisfied with the behavior of some of his captains, and we find in his journal the following: "The centre of the British fleet drawing fast up with the van, the signal was *repeatedly* made for the Cæsar, leading the line, and then *under treble reefed topsails and foresail*, to make more sail;" and this ship, by her conduct, threw out the whole line, and interfered materially with the operations of the day.

Again Lord Howe says, "the ships of the fleet (called up by signals, and appointed to fall into line, ahead and astern of the flag-ship, as most convenient) came forward to meet her, which had stood toward them, as the enemy approached. When arrived they came up so crowded together that they afforded an opportunity for the enemy to have fired upon them with great advantage. But they '(the French)' having covered their disabled ships, and

giving a distant fire as they passed to leeward of our fleet, wore again to the westward; and the English fleet, preserving the weather gage, kept on after them." "Most of the time the Queen Charlotte was engaged the sea was so rough that much water was taken in at the lower deck ports, and the pumps were constantly at work."

Lord Howe goes on to say, "soon after noon on the 31st, the fog clearing off, the enemy were seen to leeward, forming again in order of battle." "But before our fleet could get abreast of them the day was too far advanced for bringing them promptly to action. It was, therefore, deemed expedient to keep the wind, with frigates of observation to notify any change in the enemy's motions during the ensuing night."

It is hard in these days to realize the slow and laborious movements of a fleet of the old line-of-battle ships. And it is also curious to observe the adherence to old ideas in regard to battle, as well as the lukewarmness, and want of conduct and seamanship, which amounted to bad behavior, and which characterized some of the captains of Howe's fleet. As we shall see, further on, only one captain was brought to a court-martial, and he was only lightly punished. Had the action of the first of June been less successful, it is probable that more would have been tried for misconduct, and disobedience of orders. But success condones many offences. A few years after this a British fleet of the force of Howe's would have dashed at any French fleet, without regard to the time of day, and not risked losing the enemy in the night, or the chance of his changing his mind about fighting.

But to come to the decisive day, June 1st. It is impossible to follow Lord Howe's journal further, for, at

the risk of being irreverent, we must observe that the gallant and noble Lord's English is almost as much involved as that of those other English seamen, Captains Cuttle and Bunsby.

The French fleet being six miles to leeward on the morning of June 1st, Howe made signal that he intended to attack the enemy's centre, and engage to leeward. The British fleet filled away for the French, each ship being directed to steer for and engage her proper opponent.

Both fleets were under single-reefed topsails, the French backing and filling, to preserve their stations in their line, which extended from east to west. The wind was very fresh, at south by west, and with the signal to engage flying, Lord Howe closed his signal book, as the matter was so clear that it was impossible for any captain to mistake his duty.

The French first opened fire. The flag-ship of Lord Howe, setting a noble example, steered for the Montagne, 120, receiving a heavy fire from other ships in reaching her. The ship passed close under the French flag-ship's stern, giving her a tremendous raking broadside. She was so close that the French ensign brushed the Queen Charlotte's rigging. In a moment she was attacked by the Jacobin, but succeeded in giving her a like raking. The Queen Charlotte lost her fore-top-mast, but, in spite of this, stuck to the Montagne, and killed and wounded 300 on board of her. At last the Montagne hauled out of the line, and several other French vessels followed her, when Howe made signal for a general chase.

It would be tedious to follow the action of the particular ships up to this period of the battle. Suffice it to say that the fire was most concentrated and deadly on both

sides. Some of the French ships fought most desperately. Among others, the Vengeur lost her masts, and lay rolling her lower deck ports in the water, many of which had been torn off or shot away by the English ship Brunswick. The Vengeur soon filled with water, and although fast sinking, her colors were kept flying. By great exertions of some of the English vessels, some 400 of her crew were rescued, but many sank with the ship. Among the survivors were the brave French Captain, Renaudin, and his son, only twelve years old. Being taken off to different ships, each believed the other to have perished. To their great joy, they met again in Portsmouth.

Many of the French ships which struck were enabled to make off during the succeeding night, as the English had not been able to take possession of them. But they secured the 80-gun ships, Sans Pareil and Juste, and 74-gun ships, América, Impetueux, Achille, and Northumberland, and the Vengeur, 74, was sunk.

The British loss in the battle was 1140, in killed and wounded. The French loss is not exactly known, but was much greater.

The damage to the masts and rigging of the British ships generally was so considerable that the 2d and 3d of the month were passed in securing the injured masts, fixing jury-masts when required, and removing the prisoners, and taking the six prizes in tow.

Fine weather prevailed, and light westerly breezes, and the fleet arrived in the Channel on the 11th; part of it, under Rear-Admiral Graves, going to Plymouth, and the rest, led by the Queen Charlotte, anchoring at Spithead on the 13th of June.

It had been many a year since Portsmouth had seen the arrival of a victorious fleet, with six of the enemy's

line-of-battle ships in tow. Crowds flocked to witness it, from all parts of England; and to see the landing of the 2300 prisoners.

Rear-Admirals Paisley and Bowyer each lost a leg, and Admiral Graves was very badly wounded in the arm, while three English captains were killed. There was no doubt about the behavior of these officers, but the report of Lord Howe omitted the mention of many captains, most of whom thought themselves aggrieved, and made a great commotion. The fact appears to be that more were delinquent in the previous operations than on the day of the great battle; and this, in many cases, was no doubt due to want of seamanship and experience.

The Cæsar being especially mentioned in an unfavorable light, her captain, Molloy, demanded a court-martial, which the Admiralty was bound to grant. Lord Howe was much annoyed at this, and did all that he could to prevent captain Molloy from persisting, but without avail. Howe, like all others who had fought a successful action, did not want the scandals and delinquencies of his command exposed to the public gaze. After a long trial, Molloy was found delinquent, and was dismissed from the command of his ship.

As regards the conduct of the other captains, it is certain that Howe's orders as to passing through the French line and engaging to leeward were not carried into effect by a very large portion of his fleet.

In some this was caused by the bad sailing of the ships and by the very compact form in which the French formed their line, so that only five captains of the British fleet had the nerve to let their ships "make their own way," as the Queen Charlotte did, through the French line. Signals were misunderstood, or not seen, in the smoke and confusion, and Howe made, at last, a discretionary

signal, which left each captain to engage his opponent to windward or to leeward, as circumstances might arise.

Howe's fame as a naval commander will not bear comparison with some others who were to immortalize themselves in the long wars which his action inaugurated. But we must remember that this was the first great naval battle of that eventful period, and that it had an immense influence upon the French; as well as in forming the British Navy for their future glorious achievements. Had the action of June 1st been the last of that series of great actions, instead of the first, it is probable that few ships of the French fleet would have escaped. Lord Howe, although not making much complaint of his want of efficient support, nevertheless felt the defection of some of his captains strongly.

In the year 1799, not many months before his death, he wrote, concerning Nelson's splendid victory at the Nile, "I will only say, on the splendid achievement of Nelson, that one of the most remarkable features in the transaction consists in the eminently distinguished conduct of *each* of the captains of the squadron. Perhaps it never before happened that *every* captain had equal opportunity to distinguish himself in the same manner, or took equal advantage of it.

There is one point upon which Lord Howe's conduct has been censured. It is said that he gave way to the opinion of Sir Roger Curtis, his Captain of the Fleet, who advised him not to pursue the five dismasted French ships which went off unmolested, under sails set on the stumps of their masts, and which succeeded in joining the rest of their vessels.

The prevailing opinion in the English fleet certainly was that these ships of the enemy were suffered to escape, when they might have been captured with ease. That

they were not captured was the fault of having a Flag Officer at sea who was too old to command, and who had a Fleet Captain who was not enterprising.

But the victory was sufficient, and settled the fate of the war, as far as the naval part was concerned.

The general reader may be interested in some remarks and anecdotes concerning the battle.

During the hottest part of the engagement between the Marlborough and the Vengeur, the former ran the latter aboard to windward, her anchor hooking the French ship's fore shrouds and channels. The master of the English ship wanted to cut her adrift, but Captain Harvey exclaimed, "No! we have got her, and we will keep her." "The ships then swung broadside to broadside, and both paid off before the wind, locked together, dropped out of line, and engaged furiously. So close were these ships locked that the Marlborough was unable to open her midship lower-deck ports, which were consequently blown off by her eager crew, etc."

The flag-ship, the Queen Charlotte, as in duty bound, set a brilliant example to the rest of the fleet. On the 29th of May, when she broke through the French line, she was followed, gallantly, by the Leviathan and Bellerophon, commanded by Captains Lord Seymour, Conway and Hope, and both these ships were most conspicuous in the whole engagement.

The foremast of the Leviathan was crippled, and in danger of falling, and Lord Howe, observing this, stood to her rescue. Lord Seymour, in his own journal, says, "quarter before four; being very near, and pointing into the body of the French fleet, which had then appeared, to succor their rear, the Queen Charlotte wearing, we did the same, but not without exposing ourselves for a long time to be raked by the French Admiral and three

other ships, which had stood back to the relief of two of their ships that were in danger of being cut off by our fleet.

"On this occasion the gallant conduct of the Queen Charlotte, in coming down to draw the enemy's fire from the Leviathan, has made too strong an impression upon my mind, and is too much the subject of general applause on board of her, for me to resist expressing my sense of it, and offering, in the name of all the officers, as well as my own, this feeble though grateful tribute of our admiration of our noble chief, Lord Howe."

But the day most glorious for Howe was the 1st of June, when he broke through the French line again, brushing the ensign of Admiral Villaret Joyeuse's flag-ship on the one side, and grazing, on the other, the Jacobin's mizzen shrouds with her jib-boom.

Collingwood, eleven years after, in the battle of Trafalgar, did much the same thing, in the Sovereign, when he cut the line, and grazed the stern of the Santa Anna.

Had not the Queen Charlotte's fore-top-mast been shot away, and the main-top-mast gone over the side just as the French Admiral's fire had about ceased, there is little doubt he would have captured the French flag-ship; but she made off to leeward, and it was impossible for the Charlotte to follow her. The French flag-ship's hull was completely knocked to pieces, and her battery rendered almost useless. The tremendous broadsides which the Charlotte poured into her stern, in passing through the line, made a hole large enough, the sailors said, to row the Admiral's barge through.

As the Queen Charlotte was coming down on the French line, determined to pass through, it appeared so close and compact that Howe expressed a doubt as to whether there was room to pass between the Montagne,

120, and the Jacobin, 80, which had got partly under the lee of the former, as if afraid of the Charlotte's broadside, thus occupying the place the Charlotte intended to take. Howe was determined either to go through, or to run the French flag-ship or the Jacobin on board. His Master, Bowen, in a blunt and resolute tone, called out, "That's right, my Lord, the Charlotte will make room for herself."

On his first appointment to the flag-ship this unpolished but shrewd and excellent seaman was in the habit, in addressing the commander-in-chief, of so constantly using the expression "My Lord," that one day Howe said to him, "Bowen, pray, my good fellow, do give over that eternal 'My Lord! My Lord;' d'ont you know I am called Black Dick in the fleet?" This was his usual *sobriquet* among the sailors.

Just as the Queen Charlotte was closing with the Montagne, Lord Howe, who was himself conning the ship, called out to Bowen to starboard the helm. On this Bowen remarked that if they did they would be on board the next ship, the Jacobin. His lordship replied, sharply, "what is that to you, sir?" Bowen, much nettled, said, in an undertone, "D—n my very eyes if *I* care, if *you* d'ont. I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers."

Howe heard him, and, turning to his Captain, said, "That's a fine fellow, Curtis!"

Lord Howe appears to have had but a dim conception of a joke. Shortly after the return of his flag-ship to Portsmouth, he sent for the First Lieutenant, Mr. Larcom, whom he thus addressed: "Mr. Larcom, your conduct in the action has been such that it is necessary for you to leave this ship."

Larcom, who was as brave as the Admiral, and a good

officer, and good seaman, was perfectly thunder-struck, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed "Good God! My Lord, what have I done? Why am I to leave the ship? I have done my duty to the utmost of my power."

"Very true, Sir," said the Admiral, "but leave this ship you must; and I have great pleasure in presenting you with this commission as Commander, for your conduct on the late occasion."

It appeared that it was at the solicitation of his Fleet-Captain, Sir Roger Curtis, that Howe appointed the Cæsar to lead the van in the order of battle of May 29th.

It was against Lord Howe's own opinion. Circumstances occurred, on the very day, which induced Lord Howe to place another ship in that station. But he again yielded the point, at Curtis' earnest request to give Molloy another trial, the Admiral remarking, at the same time, "You have mistaken your man; I have not." On the 1st of June, when the Cæsar hauled up, instead of going through the enemy's line, Howe, who was standing on the poop of the Queen Charlotte, tapped Sir Roger Curtis on the shoulder, and, pointing to the Cæsar, said, "Look, Curtis, there goes your friend. Who is mistaken now?"

Certainly Lord Howe's biographer is mistaken in recording this anecdote of the man whom he delights to honor. It is an old story, and has been true of Admirals, in peace or war, time out of mind. But it shows a culpable weakness in Howe, to allow himself to be swayed against his own convictions by any one, in so vitally important a matter.

The conduct of the Marlborough, Captain Berkeley, is interesting, and illustrates the phases of naval actions of that day.

The Marlborough first engaged the Impetueux for

about twenty minutes, when the French ship paid off, and dropped with her bowsprit over the Marlborough's quarters, where she lay exposed to a heavy raking fire. Every one was driven from her decks, and some of the Marlborough's men boarded her, but were ordered back. Just then the three masts of the French ship went over the side, and a 74 which was astern attempted to weather and rake the Marlborough. But he met with such a fire that he dropped on board his consort's quarter, and then luffing up, boarded the Marlborough upon the bow. But the steadiness of the English small-arm men and the fire of her carronades prevented the French from succeeding. In a few minutes this second ship's masts also went over, and they both lay, without firing a gun, without any colors, and with no one on the upper deck. At last the English fleet came up and took possession of them both. Captain Berkeley proceeds to say: "I now attempted to back off from the two vessels, and unfortunately accomplished it just as the French Admiral came under our stern and raked us, by which he did us considerable damage, and carried away our three masts. It was from this ship I received my wound, and, therefore, the remainder is the account of my First Lieutenant."

Lieutenant Monckton then proceeds: "At the time Captain Berkeley was obliged to quit the deck we were still on board, but backing clear of our opponents. Our masts being then shot away by the three-decker under our stern, carried away the ensign staff, and deprived us of hoisting any colors for a few minutes. I ordered the wreck to be cleared away from the color-chest, and spread a Union Jack at the sprit-sail yard, and a St. George's ensign on the stump of the foremast; but perceiving that the latter was mistaken by some of our own ships for the tri-colored flag, I ordered that flag to be cut off.

"At this time we were laying along the Impetueux, within pistol shot, and finding she did not return a gun, I ordered our ship to cease firing at her, and suffered them quietly to extinguish the flames, which I could easily have prevented with our musketry. While clearing away the wreck, the rear of the enemy's fleet was coming up, and perceiving that they must range close to us, and being determined never to see the British flag struck, I ordered the men to lie down at their quarters, to receive their fire, and return it afterwards, if possible. But, being dismasted, she rolled so deep that our lower deck ports could not be opened. The event was as I expected: the enemy's rear passed us to leeward, very close, and we fairly ran the gauntlet of every ship which could get a gun to bear, but, luckily, without giving us any shot between wind and water, or killing any men, except two, who imprudently disobeyed their officers, and got up at their quarters. Two of their ships, which had tacked, now came to windward of us, and gave us their fire, upon which one of their dismasted ships, that had struck, hoisted her national flag, but, upon our firing some guns at her, she hauled it down again; and a three-decker, having tacked, also stood toward us, with a full intention, I believe, to sink us, if possible.

"The Royal George, however, who I suppose had tacked after her, came up, and engaged her very closely, carried away her main and mizzen masts, and saved the Marlborough from the intended close attack. I then made the signal for assistance, on a boat's mast, but this was almost instantly shot away. At five the Aquila took us in tow, and soon after we joined the fleet."

A curious incident is said to have taken place on board this ship, when lying entirely dismasted, and otherwise disabled, the captain and second lieutenant severely

wounded, and the ship so roughly treated that a whisper of surrender was heard. Lieutenant Monckton resolutely exclaimed, "he would be d——d if she ever should surrender, and that he would nail her colors to the stump of the mast." At that moment a cock, having been liberated from a broken coop, suddenly perched himself on the stump of the mainmast, clapped his wings, and crowed aloud. In an instant three hearty cheers rang through the ship, and there was no more talk of surrender. The cock was afterwards given to the Governor of Plymouth, lived to a good old age, and was frequently visited by the Marlborough's men.

The Brunswick, 74, had a large figure-head of the Duke of that name, with a laced cocked hat on. This hat was carried away by a shot, during the battle. The crew sent a deputation to the captain to ask him to give his own laced hat to supply the place; and he did so; the carpenter nailing it on the Duke's head, when they continued the action.

Nothing could exceed the gallant conduct of this ship, as we have already noticed. The Defence, Captain Gambier, also behaved most gallantly, being terribly cut up, and totally dismasted. She was one of the few that passed through the enemy's line, and got into the midst of the French ships. Captain Gambier was an excellent officer, and a gentleman of strict principles of religion and morality. At the close of the action, Captain Pakenham, a rattling, good-humored Irishman, hailed him from the Invincible, "Well, Jimmy, I see you are pretty well mauled; but never mind, Jimmy, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

When the Sans Pareil was taken possession of, the English Captain Trowbridge was found on board, a prisoner, having been captured in the Castor, when in

charge of the Newfoundland convoy. On the morning of the 1st of June, the French officers, seeing the British fleet under easy sail, going parallel to the French line, taunted him by saying, "there will be no fighting to-day; your Admiral will not venture down." "Wait a little," said Trowbridge, "English sailors never like to fight with empty stomachs; I see the signal flying for all hands to breakfast; after which, take my word for it, they will pay you a visit." When the Sans Pareil had got enough of the battle, and was prepared to surrender; her captain sent down to request Trowbridge to come on deck and do him the honor of striking the colors. This he very properly declined to do.

Anecdotes of the action are too numerous for all to find a place here. But we may mention that on board the captured French ships the cartridges were found to be mostly made of the fine painted vellum on which church music was painted, and of the titles and *preuves de noblesse* of the principal French families, many hundred years old, and illuminated, in many instances, with the genealogical tree. There was a decree of the French Convention, applying the archives of the nobility to that particular purpose. The great convoy of ships from the West Indies and America, consisting of more than two hundred sail of ships, of immense value, and of so much importance to the French government that they risked the loss of their great Brest fleet for its safety, arrived safely in port a few days after the battle of the first of June.

BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT, 1797.

XVII.

BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT. A. D. 1797.

ALTHOUGH Rodney had fought a celebrated action off Cape St. Vincent a few years before, yet the one which occurred in 1797 so far eclipsed it that Rodney's action is scarcely ever thought of.

St. Vincent is the name of the most southwestern point of Portugal, in the old Kingdom of Algarve.

Admiral Sir John Jervis, with an English fleet under his command, left the Tagus on the 18th of January, 1797, with eleven ships-of-the-line. Before crossing the bar of the Tagus the St. George, a three-decker, got on shore, and, being got off with difficulty, was found to be so much injured as to render it necessary to send her back to Lisbon. So with ten sail-of-the-line Sir John put to sea, having for his first object to escort some Brazil merchantmen and their Portuguese convoy to a safe latitude; thence he intended to proceed off Cape St. Vincent, where he had appointed a rendezvous for the St. George to join him. He also hoped to be there joined by long and anxiously expected reinforcements from England.

His fleet consisted of the Victory, of 100 guns, his flag-ship; the Britannia, 100, Vice Admiral Thompson; the Barfleur and Blenheim, 98s; and the Captain, Culloden, Egmont, Excellent and Goliath, 74s, and the Diadem, 64.

On the 6th of February Sir John had parted from the Portuguese ships, and was upon his return to his station off Cape St. Vincent, where five sail-of-the-line, sent from the Channel fleet to reinforce him, effected their junction. These were the Prince George, 98, Vice Admiral Parker; the Namur, 90; and the Colossus, Irresistible, and Orion, 74s. It so happened that the accession of force did no more than make up that which the Admiral had with him when he sent home for an addition to his force. A sixth serious accident soon deprived him of the use of another ship; for, early on the morning of February 12th, while yet quite dark, as the ships were tacking in succession, the Colossus, keeping her wind a little too long, compelled the Culloden to bear up, to clear her. The former ship then suddenly bore up also, and the two ran foul of each other. The Colossus escaped almost without injury, but the Culloden received damages which would have sent most ships home to a dockyard. She was, however, commanded by the gallant Captain Trowbridge, and he managed, after a time, to repair damages at sea, and to be ready for action again.

Sir John Jervis, with his fifteen ships, persevered in working up to his station, against a strong southeast wind, not doubting that he should there gain a sight, or at least have tidings, of the Spanish fleet, of which he was in quest, which could not be less than nineteen, and might be thirty sail-of-the-line.

Whatever the force might be, it was to be broken up, if possible, and a heavy blow struck against the Spanish navy.

On the morning of February 13th the English frigate Minerve, bearing the flag of Horatio Nelson, then a Commodore, came into the fleet, with the intelligence that on the 11th, soon after quitting Gibraltar, he had been

chased by two Spanish line-of-battle-ships, and that, afterwards, when in the mouth of the Straits, he got sight of the Spanish fleet, of whose strength and probable intentions Commodore Nelson communicated some important information. In the course of the same evening the Niger frigate joined the fleet, with the same information; she having kept the Spaniards in sight for several days. Captain Foote, of the Niger, informed the Admiral that their fleet could not be more than fifteen miles off.

It was then near sunset. Signal was made for the British fleet to prepare for battle, and to keep close order for the night, during which the signal guns of the Spaniards could be distinctly heard.

While the English are thus keeping a bright lookout for them, let us take a glance at the Spanish fleet, soon to be engaged in a momentous battle.

The grand fleet of Spain, under the command of Don Josef de Cordova, in the Santissima Trinidada, a huge ship of 130 guns, had sailed from Carthagena on the first of the month. He had, besides his flag-ship, six of 112 guns, two of 80, and eighteen of 74 guns; in all twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, with ten frigates, and two or three brigs.

Some gun-boats, and about seventy transports, having on board two battalions of guards and a Swiss regiment, and a great quantity of military stores and ammunition, accompanied the fleet, all bound to the camp of St. Roche.

The Spanish fleet passed Gibraltar at daylight of the 5th, and some of them escorted the transports to Algesiras, where the troops and stores were disembarked. It was these ships, upon their return to the main fleet, which had seen and chased Nelson.

The report was that this fleet was to proceed to Brest, then to join the French fleet, which was in turn to be

joined by the Dutch fleet; and that with the whole united, England was to be invaded. Be that as it may, the destination of the Spanish Admiral was, in the first instance, Cadiz. But the strong easterly gale that had given him a quick passage through the Straits soon blew in his teeth and drove his ships considerably to the westward of their port. On the night of the 13th, the wind still adverse, the lookout frigates of the Spanish fleet, which now consisted of twenty-five sail-of-the-line and eleven frigates, got sight of several of the British ships; but the latter, being taken by them for part of a convoy, excited little attention.

The Spaniards were busy in taking advantage of a favorable change of wind which just then occurred, and were crowding sail to make the land, without much regard to order.

The morning of the 14th of February, a disastrous day long to be remembered by the Spaniards, broke dark and hazy. The two fleets were in full sight of each other. The British were formed in two compact divisions, on the starboard tack, with the wind at west by south. Cape St. Vincent then bore east by north, distant about twenty-five miles.

At about half-past six the Culloden, 74, made signal for five sail, S. W. by S. The frigates immediately confirmed the same, adding that the strangers were by the wind, on the starboard tack. A sloop-of-war was at once sent to reconnoitre, and the English Admiral made signal to his fleet to form in close order and prepare for battle. Soon after three ships-of-the-line were sent to chase to the S. W., and, upon the sloop signaling that she saw eight sail in that direction, three more line-of-battle ships were sent.

The Spanish reconnoitring frigates soon made out

and recognized these detached English ships, and it was not until then that the Spaniards recovered from their delusion that the ships they had seen were part of a convoy.

Then they fell into another. An American ship, which had passed through the British fleet some days before, while the Culloden was away in chase, had afterwards been spoken by the Spanish Admiral, and informed him that Sir John Jervis had but nine sail-of-the-line.

The partial view of the British fleet now obtained through the fog and haze tended to confirm this statement, and the Spanish were in high glee at the idea that they should soon make a triumphant entry into Cadiz, with some English ships as prizes; for their force was too great for nine ships to resist, however well handled and bravely fought.

About 10 A.M. the English frigate Minerve made signal for twenty sail in the southwest, and presently for eight more.

By this time the fog had cleared away, and left the two fleets to count their enemy's numbers.

The Spanish were, of course, greatly surprised at seeing fifteen instead of nine sail-of-the-line; and these fifteen, found in two close lines, were steadily advancing to cut off those of their ships that, owing either to mismanagement or to a blind confidence in numerical strength, had been allowed to separate from their main body. Their main body, formed in a sort of a square, were running before the wind, under all sail, while their leewardmost ships, with their starboard tacks on board, were striving hard to effect a junction with the former, in time to frustrate, if possible, the evident design of the British Admiral.

As, besides the object of cutting off the six detached sail-of-the-line, it was now equally important to be ready

to receive the nineteen sail bearing down from to windward, the British Admiral, soon after eleven A.M., ordered his fleet to form in line-of-battle, ahead and astern, as was most convenient, and to steer south-southwest.

The advanced position of the Culloden in the morning's chase conferred upon her the honor of being the leading ship in the line, which, when all the ships had fallen into their stations, and were close hauled on the starboard tack, was closed by the Excellent.

Thus arranged the fifteen British ships steered direct for the opening, still wide, but gradually narrowing, between the two divisions of the Spanish fleet.

About this time the advanced ships of the Spanish weather division began wearing and trimming on the port tack.

At 11.30 A.M., the Culloden, coming abreast of the leewardmost of these ships, opened fire upon them, as they passed her starboard broadside. She then stood on, followed by the Blenheim, which ship also gave and received a distant fire.

As soon as she reached the wake of the enemy's line the Culloden tacked again and stood towards it.

The three rearmost Spanish ships, the Conde de Regla, 112; Principe d'Asturias, 112; and Oriente, 74, being some way astern of their companions, and therefore in danger of being cut off by the leading British ships, bore up together, athwart the hawse of the Prince George, 98, (Vice-Admiral Parker's flag-ship). The latter, being rather too far from her leader, had left a sufficient opening for the purpose.

The three Spaniards then hauled up on the starboard tack, and joined four others that lay a little to windward of the remaining three of their lee division.

Upon the Prince George and Blenheim tacking, half an

hour after noon, the advanced portion of the Spanish lee division put about also, and thus both divisions of the Spanish fleet were brought on the port tack. The English ships astern of the Prince George, as they increased their distance from the van, lessened it from the rear division, several of the ships of which opened, and received in return, a sharp fire, evidently to the disadvantage of the Spanish, as they all, but one, wore round on the other tack.

The Egmont, 74, at this time received damaging shots through both main and mizzen-masts; while the Colossus, another English 74, lost important spars, which compelled her to wear out of line, and afforded an opportunity to a Spanish three-decker, which was to windward and astern of the others, to bear up, with the intention of raking the crippled English ship. The Orion, 74, seeing this, backed her main-top-sail, and lay to, to cover the Colossus; whereupon the three-decker wore, and stood away to the southward, after her friends.

The Spanish ship which had not accompanied their lee division in its retreat was the Oriente. She hauled up, on the port tack, and stretching along, under the lee of the remainder of the British line, from which she was partly concealed by the smoke, succeeded in running the gauntlet, and in regaining her own line, to windward.

This was the most gallant and seamanlike act performed by any Spanish ship on that day. About 1 P. M., as the rearmost ship of that part of the British line which was still upon the starboard tack had advanced so far ahead as to leave an open sea to leeward of the Spanish weather division, then passing in the contrary direction, the ships of the latter, as the last effort to join their lee division, bore up together. Scarcely was the movement made ere it caught the attention of one who was as quick

in seeing the consequences of its success as he was ready in devising the means for its failure. Nelson, then a Commodore, directed Captain Miller to wear the Captain, 74, on which ship he bore his pennant, and in which he achieved much of his renown.

The Captain, a smart working ship, was soon round, and, passing between the Diadem and the Excellent, ran athwart the bows of the Spanish ships, as far as the ninth from the rear, which was the huge Santissima Trinidada, of 130 guns, a four-decker. The Captain instantly opened fire upon the large ship and those about her, with the rearmost of which the Culloden, which had recommenced firing a few minutes before, was warmly engaged. Soon the Spanish Admiral and the ships about him, not liking to present their bows, even to so insignificant a force, hauled nearly to the wind, and soon opened a very heavy fire upon the Captain and Culloden. By 2 P. M. the latter had stretched so far ahead as to cover and to afford a few minutes' respite to the Captain. Of this Nelson took advantage, replenishing her racks with shot, and splicing and repairing running rigging. The Captain then renewed the battle with great animation.

At about half-past two the Blenheim, 98, came crowding up, and, passing to windward of the Captain, afforded her a second respite, which was taken advantage of as before.

The two more immediate opponents of the Captain and Culloden had been the San Ysidro, 74, and the Salvador del Mundo, 112; these, being already with some of their topmasts gone, and otherwise in a crippled state, the Blenheim, by a few heavy broadsides, sent staggering astern, to be cannonaded afresh by the Prince George and other advancing ships.

The Excellent, 74 (Captain Collingwood, afterwards Lord Collingwood), was now coming up. This ship had been ordered by the Admiral to quit her station in the line and lead the weather division, consisting of the Victory, 100; Barfleur, 98; Namur, 90; Egmont, 74; Goliath, 74, and Britannia, 100. The latter was a dull ship, and a long distance off, though under all sail.

This weather division was intended to pass to windward of the Spanish line.

About half-past two, the Excellent, having by a press of sail arrived abreast of the Salvador del Mundo's weather quarter, brought to, and engaged her warmly, until the latter, ceasing to fire in return, and as it appeared, striking her colors, the Excellent stood on to the next ship, the San Ysidro, whose three top-masts had already been shot away. This ship she closely engaged on the lee side, for some time, when the San Ysidro, after a gallant defence, in his crippled state, hauled down the Spanish, and hoisted the British flag.

The Excellent then made sail ahead, and soon came into close action with the San Nicolas, 86, whose foremast was gone, and who, as well as the ship abreast and rather ahead of her, to windward, the San Josef, 112, had been occasionally firing at the Captain, which we have seen so busily engaged with others.

The Excellent, passing within a few feet of the San Nicolas' starboard side, poured in a destructive fire, and then stood on. The San Nicolas, in luffing up to avoid Collingwood's broadside, ran foul of the San Josef, whose mizzen-mast was already shot away, and which had received very considerable other damage from the fire of four English ships.

The Captain, as soon as the Excellent was sufficiently ahead of her to be clear, luffed up as close to the wind as

her shattered condition would admit, when her fore-top-mast, which had been shot through, fell over the side. In this unmanageable state, with her wheel shot away, and all her sails, shrouds and running rigging more or less cut, with the Blenheim far ahead, and the Culloden crippled, astern, no alternative remained but to board the San Nicolas. Previous to doing this the Captain reopened her fire within less than twenty yards, and the San Nicolas returned it, with great spirit, for some time. The Captain then put her helm a starboard, and encountered the two Spanish ships drifting down upon her. As the Captain came to, she hooked, with her port cat-head, the San Nicolas' starboard gallery, and with her sprit-sail yard, the San Nicolas' mizzen-rigging. What immediately ensued is in Nelson's own language.

There was a detachment of the 69th Regiment on board, and Nelson says:—

"The soldiers of the 69th, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pearson, of that regiment, were almost the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizzen-chains was Captain Berry, late my first lieutenant; (Captain Miller was in the very act of going, also, but I directed him to remain;) he was supported from our sprit-sail yard, which hooked in their mizzen-rigging.

"A soldier of the 69th Regiment, having broke the upper quarter gallery window, I jumped in myself, and was followed by others, as fast as possible. I found the cabin doors fastened; and some Spanish officers fired their pistols; but, having broke open the doors, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish Brigadier (Commodore with a distinguishing pennant) fell, as he was retreating to the quarter-deck. I pushed immediately onward for the quarter-deck, where I found Captain Berry in possession

of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. I passed, with my people and Lieutenant Pearson, on the larboard gangway, to the forecastle, when I met three or four Spanish officers, prisoners to my seamen; they delivered me their swords. A fire of pistols or muskets opening from the stern-gallery of the San Josef, I directed the soldiers to fire into her stern; and calling Captain Miller, ordered him to send more men into the San Nicolas; and directed my people to board the first-rate, which was done in an instant, Captain Berry assisting me into the main-chains.

"At this moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail and said they surrendered. From this most welcome intelligence it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish Captain, with a bow, presented me his sword, and said the Admiral was dying of his wounds.

"I asked him, on his honor, if the ship was surrendered. He declared she was; on which I gave him my hand, and desired him to call on his officers and ship's company, and tell them of it; which he did, and, on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of vanquished Spaniards; which, as I received, I gave to Wm. Fearney, one of my barge-men, who put them, with the greatest *sang-froid*, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pearson, of the 69th Regiment, John Sykes, John Thompson, Francis Cooke, all old Agamemnons, and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers. Thus fell these ships."

The foregoing is part of a report signed by "Horatio Nelson," "Ralph Willett Miller," and "T. Berry."

The loss of the Captain in boarding the San Nicolas did not exceed seven killed and ten wounded. That of

the San Nicolas was about twenty. But the taking of the first-rate San Josef did not cost the Captain a man, nor does it appear that the prize herself lost above one or two men, in the trifling exchange of small-arm shot which had preceded her surrender.

The previous loss of the San Josef had, however, been severe, principally from the fire of the St. George.

During this brilliant service of the Captain she had been so disabled that Commodore Nelson returned to the Minerve, and at five o'clock the same day shifted his broad pennant to the Irresistible.

But other ships besides those already mentioned did good work.

The Victory, next astern of the Excellent, came up in time to throw a most destructive fire into the Salvador del Mundo, whose colors had been once lowered but were then again flying. The Barfleur, close astern of the Victory, seconded the blow. Having already lost her fore and main-top-masts, and being seriously shattered in the hull; observing, also, that her two antagonists were preparing to round upon her bow, and that a third three-decker, the Namur, was not far off, to windward, the Salvador del Mundo hauled down her colors.

The Diadem and Irresistible had previously been ordered to suspend their fire at the Salvador del Mundo, until the Victory and her second passed clear, and they were now directed, by signal, to take possession of the Spanish ship. Soon after this the Excellent got close under the lee of the Santa Trinidada, which vessel she engaged for nearly an hour, assisted by the Orion, Irresistible, and particularly the Blenheim. At last the Spanish four-decker, having her fore and mizzen-masts shot away, and having suffered immense damage in hull,

rigging and sails, hauled down her colors, after a splendid resistance to odds.

Just then two of the Spanish van ships, having wore, were standing to the support of the Santa Trinidada. Two fresh ships were coming down from the southwest; and the lee Spanish division, of nine sail, well formed, and including among them the Conde de Regla, and the Principe d'Asturias, three-deckers, were approaching from the southeast. All these ships, closing round their sorely harassed comrade, saved him from further molestation.

By five o'clock the victory was won. At this time all firing ceased, and at that season of the year night was at hand. The British Admiral made the signal for his fleet to bring to, on the starboard tack. This he did, chiefly to cover the prizes and his own disabled ships from the nine Spanish ships of the lee division, which, having made a good stretch to windward, on the starboard tack, were now rapidly coming up on the opposite one.

The determined front of the British changed their purpose, and after firing a few ineffectual broadsides, they stood on to the assistance of their chief.

Both fleets lay to during the night, to repair damages; and day-break discovered them on opposite tacks, each in line-of-battle ahead.

The Spanish had the weather gage, and still possessed eighteen or twenty effective sail-of-the-line, but they made no attempt to renew the action. Probably some of their ships were not in condition to fight. The great Santa Trinidada was nearly out of sight to leeward, in tow of a frigate. As it was necessary to keep the British fleet together, Sir John Jervis sent no vessels in chase of her.

The whole Spanish line was standing to the northward, while the British fleet, which—including the Colossus and Culloden, neither of which was fit to take a place in the

line—could muster but fourteen ships-of-the-line, then took their four prizes and the Captain in tow, and very slowly made their way southward.

The damage sustained from the contest by the British ships was not so great as might have been expected, from the severity of the contest. The only ship of theirs dismasted was the Captain, which ship also suffered much in the hull.

The Colossus and Culloden were both very much cut up, and the latter had suffered especially in the hull, and was very leaky. She had only one carronade dismounted, however, and two first and two second deck guns.

The loss of life among the British was comparatively small. Except in the cases of the Colossus and Egmont, those ships which suffered most in hull and rigging had most killed and wounded. The total for the fleet was 73 killed and 227 wounded. Of course, these were only the badly wounded; for it was not the custom, in those days, to report the slightly wounded. It is, therefore, fair to consider the total as about 400; an amazingly small number, considering the nature of the action.

According to the Spanish accounts, ten of their ships, besides those crippled, suffered materially, but not more than half of them showed any signs of being at all crippled. The Santa Trinidada, Soberano, Principe d'Asturias and Conde de Regla were very much damaged.

The damages of the prizes are better known. All four ships had lost masts, and all were so hulled as to be very leaky. The San Nicolas was badly on fire, but her captors extinguished it. Their loss in killed and wounded amounted to about 1000.

The detached and confused state of the Spanish fleet at the beginning of the battle, and the consequent partial

and irregular manner in which their ships came into action, would render any statement of comparative force, by comparing the totals on each side, very unfair.

It would be correct to say that the British line consisted of fifteen ships-of-the-line, and the Spanish line (if it could be called so) of twenty-five, and afterwards of twenty-seven, ships-of-the-line.

The Santissima Trinidada was a monster in size. She was built in Havana, in 1769, as a 112-gun ship, except that she had greater beam than was usual with that class. Some time about 1796 her quarter-deck and forecastle were formed into a whole deck, barricades built along her gangways, with ports in them, and she was made into a flush four-decker, but was not really much superior in force to the three-decked 112s.

The most striking feature in this victory is the boldness of the attack. Another commander might have paused before running into the midst of twenty-five sail with fifteen. If he had paused to weigh the chances, the separated ships would have closed, and the Spanish line then have been too compact to be attacked with hopes of success.

Sir John Jervis, relying upon the character of his force, and viewing with a general's eye the loose and disordered state of his enemy's line, resolved to profit by it, attacked promptly, and conquered. It cannot be said that he broke the Spanish line, for there was no line to be broken. He simply chose the proper moment for advance, had a leader who never flinched or fell back, and he had all about him those who were emulous to follow so bright an example.

On the other hand, the bold front he put on was calculated to sink the hearts of those among the Spanish fleet who had little experience of naval warfare. The

Spanish fleet was not only in confusion at the outset, but continued to be so; and some of their ships undoubtedly fired into their comrades, while they were so huddled together that if a shot missed one it was sure to strike another of them.

Then the British were better sailors, and repaired damages more quickly; and to many of them the battle was more like a rattling game than a grim matter of life and death and national renown.

It is reported that the Captain actually expended all her shot in this action, and when grape was needed for her 32-lb carronades, used 7-lb shot as a substitute.

This at a short distance must have caused great execution.

When the Spanish Admiral at last formed his scattered divisions into line, he found the British in equal, if not better, alignment; and each side then drew off, the one to lament, the other to exult, over the events of the day.

The Spanish were never accused of a lack of courage, either by sea or on land, and their discomfiture appears to have been caused principally by the worthlessness of the crews which manned their ships. These were composed of pressed landsmen, and soldiers of new levies, with a very few seamen in each ship. It has been reported that these "poor panic-stricken wretches," when called upon to go aloft, to repair the damaged rigging, fell upon their knees, and cried out that they preferred being sacrificed on the spot to performing a duty where death seemed inevitable from more than one cause. The numerical superiority of their guns seemed little in their favor, for some of the San Josef's were found with their tompions in, on the side which had been engaged, after the battle was over. Indeed, the numbers on board some

of the Spanish ships seem to have been rather a detriment to them.

A rather prejudiced writer says that if eight of their twenty-five ships had been left at Carthagena, and had the five or six hundred seamen they probably contained been substituted for twice that number of raw hands, taken from the remaining seventeen ships, the latter would probably have made a better stand; and the victory, if achieved at all, have been at the expense of a much greater number of lives in the British fleet. Whatever the fault of the crews, the officers fought well. "Upon the whole, the victory off Cape St. Vincent, although from its consequences pre-eminently great, from its results, dispassionately considered, cannot be pronounced in an equal degree glorious."

At about 3 P.M. of the 16th the British fleet and the prizes anchored in Lagos Bay. Here the Spanish prisoners, numbering about 3000 men, were landed; and, a receipt being given by the proper authority, were allowed to remain.

On the 23d, after riding out a gale of wind with much difficulty, it blowing dead on shore, Sir John Jervis sailed, and in five days the whole were in safety in Lisbon. It was remarked that the prizes, under jury-masts, beat all the English ships in working into the Tagus.

Great congratulations and celebrations took place at Lisbon, for the Portuguese had every reason to rejoice at this victory, while in England the news was met with immense enthusiasm. Sir John Jervis was created a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Jervis of Meaford, and Earl of St. Vincent; with a pension of £3000 per annum. Vice-Admiral Thompson and Admiral Parker were created Baronets, and Vice-Admiral the Hon. William Waldegrave was appointed to a lucrative post abroad.

Commodore Nelson, who had so often proved in his own person that the danger of a bold enterprise required only to be met to be overcome, was not mentioned in Sir John Jervis' despatches, but received the insignia of the Bath, and the freedom of the City of London.

Thanks of Parliament were voted to the fleet, and gold medals were given to all the flag-officers and captains, as on similar occasions. The four Spanish prizes were commissioned, and retained in service on the Lisbon station.

The gale which had assailed the British fleet in Lagos Bay caught the remainder of Admiral Cordova's fleet at sea. It dispersed his ships, and prevented them from reaching Cadiz until March. Among them was the huge Santissima Trinidada, which, being so much injured by shot, was least able to stand bad weather.

On the morning of the 28th of February, as she was striving to regain the coast, the English frigate Terpsichore appeared in sight, to the westward. Her captain knew of the battle, and divined, at once, that the four-decker must be the Sta. Trinidada. He instantly cleared for action, and bore down upon her, and began engaging, so manœuvring that he kept clear of her broadside. The great ship had, therefore, only her chasers with which to chastise the temerity of her pigmy foe. The frigate kept her company until March 2d, doing her considerable damage, and receiving some in return.

On that date twelve sail of Spanish men-of-war appeared, and the Terpsichore hauled up for the Mediterranean.

Several ships from England joined the fleet, and the Admiral cruised off Cadiz, with twenty-one sail-of-the-line, blockading twenty-six Spanish ships, and the latter did not again appear at sea that year.

Admiral Cordova, and his two divisional flag-officers, Moralez and Merino, together with eleven captains, were brought before a council of war, to answer for their conduct in the battle. Nothing appears to have come of it, for the personal gallantry of the officers was beyond all dispute.

One fact is certain, that a Spanish three-decker, bearing a Vice-Admiral's flag, did her best to cut through the line, between the Victory and Egmont.

In cases of this kind the officers are too frequently made the scapegoats of a blundering Administration.

NELSON WOUNDED AT TENERIFFE (page 270).

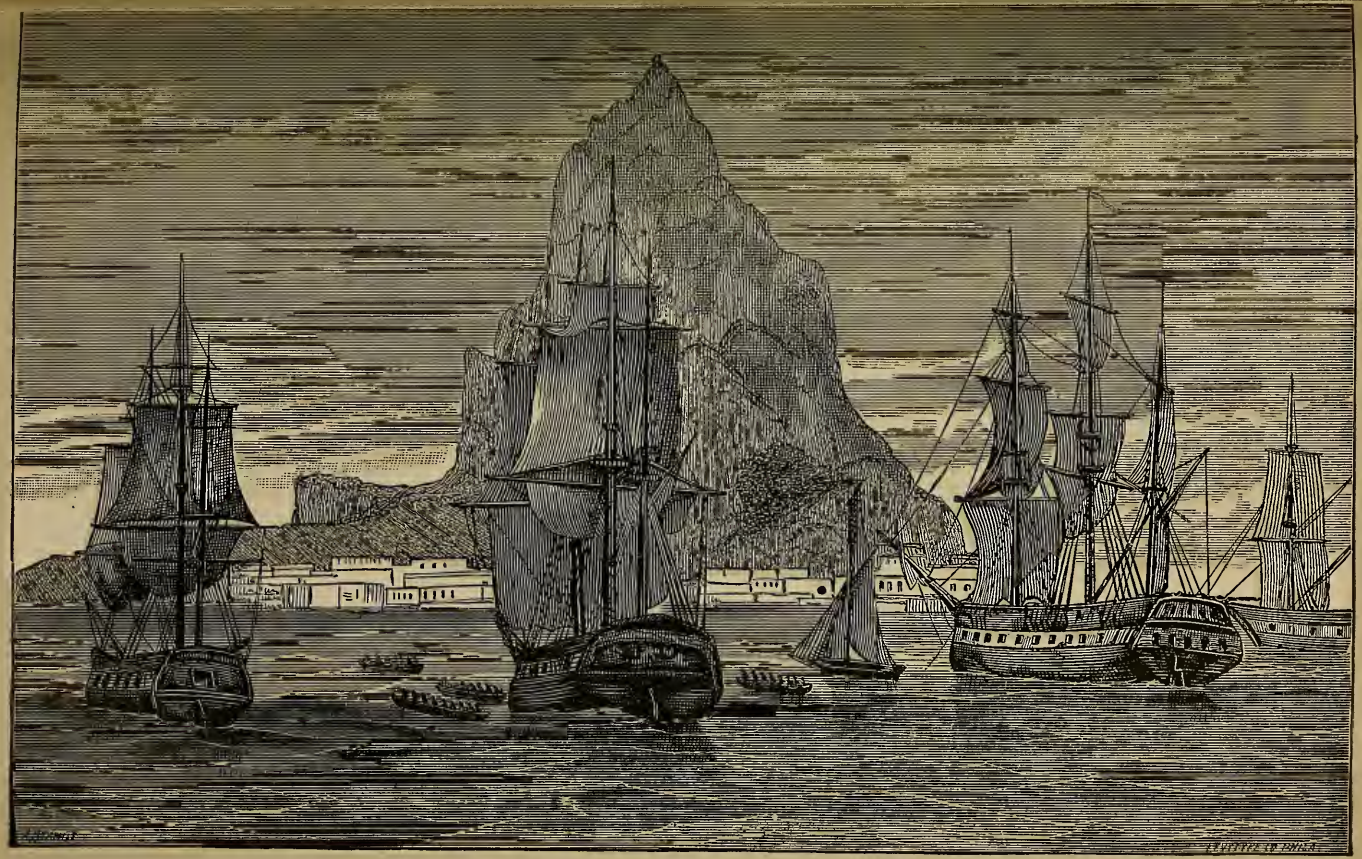
XVIII.

ENGLISH FLEET IN CANARY ISLANDS. A. D. 1797.

IN addition to the blockade and bombardment of Cadiz, with which Lord St. Vincent was carrying on an active warfare against the Spaniards, he detached two expeditions against Santa Cruz, in the Canary Islands, in the more important of which Rear-Admiral Nelson was not only repulsed, but lost his arm, a model of which is still among the trophies and *ex-votos* to be seen in the Cathedral of that place.

On May 28th, 1797, Captain Hallowell, of the Royal Navy, in command of the Lively frigate, with the Minerve frigate in company, stood into the bay of Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and discovered at anchor in the road an armed brig, which, as the frigate approached, hoisted French colors.

The two commanders deeming it practicable to cut her out, the boats of the frigates were next day manned, and placed under the orders of Lieut. Thos. Masterman Hardy (who afterwards much distinguished himself, and became an Admiral). At about half-past two in the afternoon, Hardy, with three other naval lieutenants, and one of the Lieutenants of Marines, in the boats of the Lively, and two lieutenants of the Minerve, with her boats, and their respective crews, made a very resolute attack upon the



ENGLISH FLEET, OFF TENERIFFE.

brig, as she lay at anchor, and, in the face of a smart fire of musketry, boarded, and almost immediately carried her.

This alarmed the town, and a heavy fire of musketry and artillery was opened upon the brig, not only from every battery, but from a large ship which lay in the road.

The lightness of the wind at the time retarded the weighing of the brig's anchor, and then made it necessary for the boats to take the brig in tow. During nearly an hour an unremitting fire was kept up from the shore and ship. At length, at a little before four o'clock, they succeeded in getting the vessel out of gun-shot. She was the French national brig, Mutine, mounting fourteen guns, twelve of them long 6-pounders, and the remaining two brass 36-pounder carronades.

She had on board 113 men, the rest of her ship's company, with her captain, being on shore at the time of the capture.

Hardy, in effecting this handsome capture, did not lose a man, but had fifteen wounded.

The Mutine was a remarkably fine brig, and was put in commission by Earl St. Vincent; and the command of her given to the officer in command of the party that cut her out. Lord St. Vincent set an example which was not followed by all other commanders-in-chief, in those stirring times. "He appointed, and gave out that he would always appoint, to the command of any of the enemy's armed vessels the senior lieutenant of the party that captured her." This "win her wear her" plan was a better way to multiply Nelsons, than by filling up the vacancies with the oftener high-born than deserving gentlemen sent out by the Admiralty."

So ended the first small and successful expedition. Let us now look at the second. This was of a much more serious character.

The rumored arrival at Santa Cruz, on her way to Cadiz, of a richly-freighted Manilla ship, the Principe d'Asturias, and the represented vulnerability of the town to a well conducted sea attack, induced Earl St. Vincent to attempt another enterprise.

Accordingly, on the 15th of July, 1797, his lordship detached upon that service a squadron of three sail-of-the-line, the Theseus, Culloden, and Zealous, 74s; the Seahorse, Emerald, and Terpsichore, frigates, the Fox, 10-gun cutter, and a mortar boat. The whole were under the orders of Rear-admiral Nelson, in the Theseus.

In about five days the squadron arrived off the island. Every arrangement that sound judgment could devise having been completed, two hundred seamen and marines from each of the line-of-battle ships, and one hundred from each of the three frigates, exclusive of commissioned officers and servants, and a small detachment of Royal artillery, the whole together amounting to about 1050 men, were placed under the command of Captain Trowbridge, of the Culloden. Each captain, under his direction, commanded the detachment of seamen from his own ship; and Captain Thomas Oldfield, of the marines, as senior marine officer, the entire detachment from that corps.

On the night of the 20th of July the three frigates, accompanied by the cutter and mortar-boat, and most of the boats of the squadron, stood in close to the land, to debark the shore party.

A strong gale in the offing, and a strong current against them, near the shore, prevented them from reaching the intended point of debarkation. At about half-past three on the morning of the 22d the squadron bore up for Santa Cruz, and soon after daylight was joined by the frigates and small craft. The unavoidable appearance of

the latter off the coast gave the islanders the very warning it was so desirable, for the success of the expedition, they should not have. A consultation of the principal officers of the squadron now took place, and decided that an attack should be made on the heights immediately over the fort at the northeast part of the bay; and then, from that commandimg position, to storm and carry the fort itself. At nine o'clock on the night of the 22d the frigates anchored inshore, off the east end of the town, and landed their men; but the latter finding the heights too strongly guarded to be attempted, re-embarked in the course of the night, without loss. The three line-of-battle ships had meanwhile kept under way, to batter the fort, by way of diversion; but, owing to calms and contrary currents, were unable to approach nearer than three miles.

Nelson, not being one to abandon an enterprise until after a stout struggle to accomplish it, resolved to give his seasoned men a chance at the Santa Cruz garrison as soon as possible. On the 24th the 50-gun ship Leander joined the squadron, having been sent to reinforce it, by Lord St. Vincent. Her captain had considerable experience as a cruiser in those parts, and his local knowledge was therefore valuable; while the additional force was very acceptable and added to the hopes of the attacking party.

On the afternoon of the 24th, at five o'clock, everything being in readiness, and secrecy no longer possible, the whole squadron anchored to the northeastward of the town: the line-of-battle ships about six miles off, and the frigates much nearer. At eleven o'clock at night, about 700 seamen and marines embarked in the boats of the squadron, 180 more in the Fox cutter, and about 75 on board a large boat that had just been captured;

numbering altogether, with the small detachment of Royal artillery, about eleven hundred men. The different detachments of seamen, under the immediate command of their respective captains, the marines under Captain Oldfield, the artillery under Lieut. Baynes, and the whole force under command of the Rear-Admiral, in person, then pushed off for the shore.

Every precaution had been taken to keep the boats together, in order that the attack might be simultaneous; but the rough state of the weather, and the extreme darkness of the night, rendered it almost impossible for them to keep each other within sight or hearing. At about half-past one in the morning, the Fox cutter, with the Admiral's boat, those of Captains Fremantle and Bowen, and one or two others, reached, undiscovered, within half gunshot of the head of the Mole, when, suddenly, the alarm bells on shore began to ring, and a fire was opened by many pieces of artillery and by infantry stationed along the shore.

Two shots raked the Fox, and another struck her between wind and water; so that she sank instantly. Of those on board no less than ninety-seven were lost; and among them her commander, Lieut. Gibson.

Another shot struck Rear-Admiral Nelson on the elbow, just as he was drawing his sword and stepping out of his boat. The wound completely disabled him, and he was carried back to his ship at once. Another shot sank the boat in which Captain Bowen was about approaching the Mole, and seven or eight seamen of her crew perished.

In spite of this very spirited and determined opposition, the British effected a landing, and carried the Mole, although it was defended by about three hundred men and six 24-pounders. Having spiked these guns, the English were about to advance, when a heavy fire of

musketry and grape-shot from the citadel and from the houses at the Mole head began to mow them down by scores. Captain Bowen, of the Terpsichore, and his first lieutenant were almost immediately killed, and the whole party which landed then were either killed or wounded.

Meanwhile, Captain Trowbridge, of the Culloden, being unable to hit the Mole, the spot appointed for landing, pushed on shore under a battery close to the battery to the southward of the citadel.

Captain Waller, of the Emerald, and a few boats with him, landed at the same time, but the surf was so high that many of the boats put back; and all that did not were filled with water, which spoiled the ammunition in the men's pouches.

Captain Trowbridge advanced as soon as he had collected a few men, accompanied by Captain Waller. They reached the great square of the town, the appointed rendezvous, in hopes of there meeting the Admiral and the rest of the landing party; but we have seen already how these were disposed of.

Captain Trowbridge now sent a sergeant, accompanied by two citizens of the place, to summon the citadel to surrender. No answer was returned, and the sergeant is supposed to have been killed on the way. As the scaling ladders which had been brought were lost in the surf, there was no way of storming the citadel, and after waiting there an hour, Trowbridge went to join Captains Hood and Miller, who, with a small body of men, had landed to the southwest. At daybreak it was found that Trowbridge was in command of about three hundred and forty survivors, consisting of marines, pikemen, and seamen with small arms. Having procured a small quantity of ammunition from some Spanish prisoners whom they had taken, Trowbridge resolved to try what could be done

with the citadel without ladders, and then found that the streets were commanded by field-pieces, while an overwhelming force was approaching them by every avenue. The boats being all stove, there was no possibility of getting any reinforcements; they were short of ammunition, and their provisions had been lost in the boats.

Trowbridge now sent Captain Hood, with a flag of truce, to the Governor, expressing a determination to burn the town if the Spanish forces advanced, and proposing terms of capitulation, to the following effect: that the British should be allowed to re-embark, with their arms, taking their own boats, if saved, and if not, to be provided with others. And Captain Trowbridge engaged, in case of compliance, that the ships then before the town should not molest it, nor attack any one of the Canary Islands.

The Governor, Don Juan Antonio Guttierez, received Captain Hood and his message, being considerably astonished at receiving such a proposal from men whom he considered already in his power. Nevertheless, he accorded the terms, and Trowbridge marched to the Mole head, where he and his officers and men embarked, in boats furnished by the Spaniards.

The Governor supplied each of the retreating invaders with a ration of bread and wine, and directed that the British wounded should be received into the hospital. He, moreover, sent word to Admiral Nelson that he was at liberty to send on shore for, and purchase, fresh provisions.

This was a most disastrous defeat for Nelson, independent of the melancholy loss of life, which was almost as great as in the battle off Cape St. Vincent.

XIX.

BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN. 11TH OCTOBER, A. D. 1797.

LORD VISCOUNT DUNCAN, who won the decisive naval battle of Camperdown, under rather extraordinary conditions, was born, as simple Adam Duncan, in Dundee, Scotland, in 1731 ; so that he was a veteran, as well in years as in service, when he gained the victory for which he will always be remembered.

As a Lieutenant he had served in the expedition to America, in "the French war ;" being in the fleet which brought Braddock over to meet well earned defeat, as well as death. He was afterwards distinguished in the attack upon Belleisle, and in the capture of Havana. In the war of 1778 he was actively employed under Rodney. At the first battle of St. Vincent he was in command of a ship ; the first to engage and capture a 70-gun ship.

After participating in many other actions of importance he was made a Rear-Admiral in 1759, a Vice-Admiral in 1793, the rank he held at Camperdown, and finally became full Admiral in 1799.

He was a man of great and unaffected piety, and excited the wonder and admiration of the Dutch Admiral, when a prisoner on board his flag-ship, after Camperdown, by summoning his ship's company, and then going down

on his knees and thanking God for the mercy vouchsafed them.

Admiral Duncan had, in 1797, the command of the North Sea English fleet. But that fleet had been so thinned by the secession of the disaffected ships which took part in the great mutiny of the English fleet, in that year—called the "Mutiny of the Nore," and the "Mutiny at Spithead"—that, towards the end of May, he found himself at sea with only his own ship (the Venerable, 74) and the Adamant, 50.

It is necessary here to touch upon the causes which gave rise to a mutiny which has forever remained a disgrace to the Lords of the British Admiralty, and to the officers of the fleet serving under them at that time and for a long time before.

Avoiding any speculations or reflections, we will simply quote from a well known writer on naval affairs, Admiral Ekins, of the British Navy, who, quoting another writer in respect to the state of the British Navy about that time says, "in 1796 and the following years, after the naval force became so much expanded, the seamen were exceedingly deteriorated by the introduction of a large mass of Irish rebels, and the sweepings of all the gaols in England, on the home station; and by as large an introduction of foreigners on the stations abroad."

This writer seems to intend to say, as he goes on, that the Irish, many of whom had filled offices of some kind at home, had, by plausible ways, acted with great influence on the minds of the British seamen whom they found on board their ships, and who were certainly suffering, at the time, from very oppressive regulations and fraudulent practices.

"These men entirely overturned the whole discipline and constitutional temperament of the navy. An honest

zeal was changed for gloomy discontent; grievances were magnified into oppressions, and the man who had cheerfully executed his subordinate duties, in what he as yet considered his proper sphere, now aimed at an equality with, or superiority to, his own respected superiors. Thus arose the mutiny."

"After the mutiny, numbers of the Irish were sent to foreign stations, as a punishment, and disseminated the same spirit."

The poor Irish! They have for many generations fought the battles of the English, and of several other nations, but their case seems more unsettled than before. Without a permanent contingent from Irish recruits England would be badly off.

To continue with our quotation, "Patrick Little, who was Secretary to Parker, the leader of the mutiny of the Nore, had been an attorney in Dublin. He was sent to the West Indies, and, in a few months, was accused of fostering mutiny there. He was not convicted of the full offence charged, but was sent to receive six hundred lashes, did receive two hundred and fifty, and is said to have died, soon after, of the 'prevailing fever.'

"The ships in the Mediterranean in 1797–'98–'99, were so short of men that foreigners of all descriptions were received; and I have often heard it stated that the fleet could not have gone to sea at times, if a certain commissioner at Lisbon, about that period, had not assumed the post of head of Police in that Metropolis, and made, occasionally, clean sweep of all individuals on the quays and adjacent streets, who were sent indiscriminately on board the British fleet; from whence none returned who were serviceable."

This British Admiral proceeds to quote, "if the battle of the Nile had not been fought under the directing skill

of such a chief, and under *all the effects of surprise*, I have heard Sir Thomas Louis declare that the result might have been very different. As it was, the defence was much more obstinate than is generally imagined, and much more protracted." (In America we have been used to read English accounts of the battles of those days, because they were written in our own language.) He goes on to say, "I have understood it was certainly not the superiority of the crews which prevailed. The Vanguard was wretchedly manned; and but for the assistance of the Minotaur, which I saw acknowledged in Lord Nelson's handwriting, her fate would have been precarious."

These remarks are from high English cotemporary authority, we must remember.

In a note, Admiral Ekins says, "at the conclusion of the war in 1802, the Victorious, of 74 guns, returned to Europe after serving a considerable time in the East Indies; but, being in a bad state, from length of service, reached no further than Lisbon. She was there broken up. Part of her crew were put on board the Amazon, to be taken to England to receive their wages and return to their homes. But, unfortunately for them, poor fellows, before they arrived at Spithead, war had again declared itself, and they learned, with tears streaming from their eyes, that they were to be detained to serve another war. They remained nine or ten years in the Amazon, and were then distributed (the Amazon being worn out) to other ships. A few of them were afterwards killed serving in the boats of the Bacchante, in the Mediterranean. Perhaps the whole, certainly the greatest part, of these men were originally impressed against their will."

These are only some authentic instances of the state of the personnel of the British Navy at this time; and the

wonder is that the officers did so well with such material. Men were often nine or ten years without setting foot on shore.

And now to return to Admiral Duncan and his operations. Having, as we have said, been left with only the Venerable, his flag-ship (a name which reminds us of H. M. S. Pinafore), and the Adamant, he nevertheless proceeded to his station, off the Texel, to watch the Dutch, with whom they were then at war.

In the Texel lay at anchor the Dutch fleet of fifteen sail of the line (including 56s), under the command of Vice Admiral De Winter.

In order to detain the latter in port until a reinforcement should arrive, Admiral Duncan caused repeated signals to be made, as if to the main body of his fleet in the offing. This stratagem, it was supposed, had the desired effect. At length, about the middle of June, several line-of-battle-ships, in detached portions, joined the British Admiral, and the two fleets were again placed on an equal footing.

The Venerable, having been nearly five months at sea, and during a part of the time exposed to very boisterous weather, was in want of almost every description of stores. Others of the ships had also suffered by the recent gales of wind, and were short of provisions. Thus circumstanced, the Admiral, on the 3d of October, put into Yarmouth roads, to refit and re-victual, leaving off the Dutch coast a small squadron of observation, under the orders of Captain Trollope, of the Russell.

Early on the morning of October 9th an armed lugger, hired as a despatch vessel, came into the back of Yarmouth sands, with the signal flying for an enemy.

After great bustle and hurried preparations, Admiral Duncan put to sea, a little before noon, with eleven sail-

of-the-line. With a fair wind he steered straight for his old station. On the following day three more ships joined him; so that he had seven 74s, and seven 64s, and two 50-gun frigates. There were also the Beaulieu, 40; the Circe, 28; and the Martin, sloop.

On the afternoon of the 11th the advanced ships were near enough to count twenty-two sail of square-rigged vessels, chiefly merchantmen, at anchor in the Texel.

Admiral Duncan, having received from Captain Trollope information of what course the enemy's fleet was steering, now stood along shore to the southward.

At about seven on the following morning, the Russell, Adamant and Beaulieu were made out in the southwest, bearing at their mast-heads the signals for an enemy in sight, to leeward; and at about half-past eight a strange fleet, consisting of twenty-one ships and four brigs, made its appearance in that quarter.

The Dutch fleet consisted of four 74s, seven 64s, four 50s and two 44-gun ships, with two 32-gun frigates, two corvettes, four brig-sloops, and two advice-boats. Some accounts give more ships than this. Probably there were more.

These vessels, under the command of Vice-Admiral De Winter, had quitted the Texel at ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th of October, with a light breeze at about east by north. On the night of that day, the wind being then southwest, Captain Trollope's squadron was discovered by them, to windward, and immediately chased; but the Dutch ships, being dull sailers, did not come near him. The Dutch fleet then stretched out toward the Meuse flat, where Admiral De Winter expected to be joined by a 64-gun ship. Not meeting her, he stood on to the westward, followed, or rather, as the wind was, preceded, by Captain Trollope's squadron.

The wind continued westerly during the three succeeding days, and prevented the Dutch fleet from getting abreast of Lowestoffe until the evening of the 10th. The extreme darkness of that night induced Admiral De Winter to detach a few of his best sailing ships, in hopes that they would be enabled, by daybreak, to get to windward of, and capture or chase away, Captain Trollope's squadron, which had followed them with great pertinacity. Just as the ships had made sail for that purpose some friendly merchant ships came into the fleet, and informed Admiral De Winter that the English fleet was within thirty miles of him, in the north-northwest, and steering east by south. The detached ships were instantly recalled; and the Dutch fleet, as soon as formed in compact order, edged away, with the wind northwest, towards Camperdown, the appointed place of rendezvous.

At daylight on the 11th the Dutch fleet was about thirty miles off the village of Scheveningen, in loose order, and speaking a friendly convoy, from which additional information was obtained.

At this time the English squadron of observation was seen to windward, with numerous signals flying, which convinced Admiral De Winter that the English fleet was in sight. He accordingly ordered his ships to their stations, and to facilitate the junction of the ships most to leeward, stood towards the land. The Wykerdens bearing east, about twenty miles off, the Dutch fleet hauled to the wind, on the starboard tack, and shortly afterwards discovered Admiral Duncan's fleet in the north-northwest. The Dutch fleet then tacked, and, as soon as a close line was formed in the direction of north-east and southwest, the Dutch ships, throwing their main-

top-sails aback, resolutely awaited the approach of the British fleet.

Owing chiefly to inequality in point of sailing among the British ships, their fleet, when that of the Dutch appeared in sight, was in very loose order. To enable the dull sailers to take their proper stations, Admiral Duncan, at about eleven A.M., brought to, on the starboard tack; but soon afterwards observing that the Dutch ships were drawing fast inshore, he made signal for each ship to engage her opponent in the enemy's line; then to bear up; and, lastly, for the van to attack the enemy's rear. At about half-past eleven, the centre of the Dutch line then bearing southeast, distant four or five miles, the British fleet bore down, but, owing to some of the ships not yet being up, in no regular order of battle. Some were stretching across to get into their stations; others seemed in doubt where to go; and others, again, were pushing for the thickest of the enemy, without regard to stations.

A little before noon Admiral Duncan made signal that he should pass through the enemy's line and engage him to leeward. This signal appears to have been kept flying but a short time, and the weather was so thick that the ships generally did not make it out. It was replaced by one for close action, which was kept flying for an hour and a half; till, indeed, it was shot away. About half-past twelve Vice-Admiral Onslow, whose ship, the Monarch, was leading the advanced or port division of the British fleet, cut through the Dutch line, between the Haerlem, 64, and the Jupiter, 74; pouring into each, in passing, a well-directed broadside. Then the Monarch, leaving the Haerlem to the Powerful, which followed her, luffed up close alongside the Jupiter, and these two ships became warmly engaged. The Jupiter carried the flag of Vice-

Admiral Reyntjes. The rounding to of the Monarch afforded the Dutch Monnikendam frigate and Atalanta brig, which were in shore and in the rear, an opportunity to rake the English ship several times; and the very plucky little brig, in particular, did not retire until she had been much damaged by the Monarch's shot. It was supposed she had been sunk by the 74, but she arrived safely, after the battle, in a Dutch port. The remaining ships of the English port division, especially the Monmouth, 64, and the Russell, 74, were soon in action with the Dutch rear-ships; among the last of which to surrender was the Jupiter, 74, the first to be engaged.

About twenty minutes after the Monarch, with Vice-Admiral Onslow's flag, had broken the Dutch line, Duncan's flag-ship, the Venerable, frustrated in an attempt to pass astern of the Vryheid, 74, De Winter's flag-ship, by the great promptness of the States-General, 74, in closing the interval, ran under the stern of the latter, and soon compelled her to bear up; and the Triumph, the Venerable's second astern, found herself closely engaged with the Wassenaer, the second astern to the States-General. Meanwhile the Venerable had ranged up close on the lee side of her first intended antagonist, the Vryheid, with whom, on the other side, the Ardent was also warmly engaged, and in front, the Belford, as she cut through the line astern of the Dutch Gelykheid, 64. The Dutch ships Brutus, 74, Rear-Admiral Bloys, and the Leyden, 64, and Mars, 44, not being pressed upon by opponents, advanced to the succor of their closely beset Admiral, and did considerable damage to the Venerable, as well as the Ardent, and others of the British van ships. Just at this critical period the Hercules, 64, which ship had caught fire on the poop, bore up and fell out of line, drifting down very near the Venerable.

Although, to the surprise of every one, the Dutch crew managed to extinguish the flames, yet, having thrown overboard their powder, they were obliged to surrender the ship, which had already had her mizzen-mast shot away, to the first opponent which challenged her. The serious damages which the Venerable had sustained obliged her to haul off and wear round on the starboard tack. Seeing this, the Triumph, which had compelled the Wassenaer to strike, approached to help finish the Vryheid; but that very gallant ship still made a good defence. At length, after being pounded at by the Venerable, Triumph, Ardent and Director, her three masts fell over the side, and disabled her starboard guns, when the overmatched but heroic Vryheid dropped out of the line of battle, an ungovernable hulk, and struck her colors.

A curious incident occurred in regard to the Wassenaer, 64, which, we have just seen, was compelled by the English Triumph, 74, to strike her colors, and fall out of the line. One of the Dutch brigs followed her, and fired at her, persistently, until she re-hoisted her colors. The Russel, 74, soon came up, however, and compelled the unfortunate Wassenaer again to strike to her. With the surrender of Admiral De Winter's ship the action ceased, and the English found themselves in possession of the Vryheid and Jupiter, 74s, Devries, Gelykheid, Haerlem, Hercules and Wassenaer, 64s, Alkmaar and Delft, 50s, and the frigates Monnikendam and Ambuscade. The first of these frigates had been engaged by the Monmouth, 64, and was finally taken possession of by the Beaulieu, a 40-gun frigate of the English.

The Dutch van ship, the Beschermer, 50, dreading, very naturally, so strong an opponent as the Lancaster, 64, had early wore, and fallen out of the line. Her example was followed, with much less reason, by several

of the other Dutch ships, which, although seen making off, could not be pursued, on account of the nearness of the land, and the shallowness of the water. The Venerable at this time sounded, and found only nine fathoms, and the shore, under their lee, which was that between Camperdown and Egmont, and about thirty miles northwest of Amsterdam, was only about five miles off.

The British ships now hastened to secure their prizes, so that they might, before nightfall, work clear of this dangerous coast.

The appearance of the victorious British fleet was very different from that which generally presented itself after a battle with the French or the Spaniards. Not a single lower mast, not even a topmast, in the British fleet, was shot away. Nor were the sails and rigging of the latter very much damaged.

It was at the hulls of their adversaries that the sturdy Dutchmen had directed their shot, and they did not fire until they were so near that no shot could well miss. All the English ships had shot sticking in their sides; many were pierced by them in all directions, and some of them had such dangerous wounds between wind and water that their pumps had to be kept going briskly. The Ardent had received about one hundred round shot in her hull; the Belliqueux, Belford, Venerable and Monarch had nearly as many. But the latter ship was so untouched aloft, that when her top-sail sheets, which had been shot away, were spliced and hauled home, no one looking at her from a little distance would have believed she had been in action.

With such fire, directed almost exclusively at the hulls, even by the feeble guns of that day, the loss of men could not be otherwise than severe. The British loss was 203 killed, and 622 wounded.

The captured ships were all either dismasted outright, or so injured in their masts that most of the latter fell as soon as the wind and sea, during the passage to England, began to act powerfully upon them. The Dutch ships' hulls were also terribly cut up, and were so damaged as mostly to be brought into port to be exhibited as trophies, and then broken up.

Their loss was proportionately severe. The Dutch Vice-Admiral and the two Rear-Admirals were all wounded. Vice-Admiral Reyntjes died in London soon after, not of his wound, but of a chronic disease. Captain Holland, of the Wassenaer, was killed early in the action, which may account, partially, for her not holding out longer. Admiral De Winter's captain, Van Rossem, had his thigh carried away by a round shot, and died almost immediately.

Many other Dutch officers were killed and wounded, and their loss, including that on board the Monnikendam frigate, which was not in the line, was 540 killed, and 620 wounded.

The actual force of the two fleets in this battle was, according to English accounts—not always very reliable at that time—

	British.	*Dutch.*
Ships	16	16
Guns	1,150	1,034
Agg. weight of metal, lbs.	11,501	9,857
Crews	8,221	7,175
Size, tons	23,601	20,937

It is fair to say that the Dutch had several frigates and brigs abreast the intervals in their line, which did good service, raking the English ships as they came through and luffed up to leeward of the enemy's line.

As it was, Admiral Duncan met and fought the Dutch

fleet before a 98- and two 74-gun ships which De Winter had expected could join him.

Admiral De Winter, in his official report of the action, attributed his failure to four causes: first, the superiority of the British in large ships; secondly, their having been together at sea for many weeks, and hence well accustomed to work together; thirdly, the advantage of the attack, and fourthly, the early retreat of some of his ships, and the bad sailing of some of the others. He also expressed his belief that, if his signals had been obeyed as promptly as Admiral Duncan's were, some of the English fleet would have been brought into the Texel, instead of the Dutch ships going to England. His statement about the English ships being so long together was not altogether correct. Captain Williamson, of the English ship Agincourt, 64, was court-martialed for his conduct in this action. He was accused of disobedience of signals and failure to go into action; and also, on a second charge, of cowardice or disaffection. The first charge was found proved, but not the second, and Williamson received a very severe sentence. It was proved on this trial that some of Admiral Duncan's fleet did not know other ships in the same fleet. In the great fleet actions of those days, between ships-of-the-line, it was not customary for frigates and smaller ships to fire, or to be fired at, unless they provoked it; and the Dutch frigates, corvettes and brigs formed in this action a second line, and fought well. The Dutch were, indeed, an enemy not to be despised, and Admiral Duncan did full justice to the determined way in which most of them fought.

Scarcely was the British fleet, with its prizes, pointed to the westward, when a gale of wind came on, which scattered and endangered the whole of them. The injured

masts fell, and the vessels leaked through shot-holes which in any ordinary weather would have been above the reach of the water.

On the 13th, the Delft, 50, a prize, exhibited a board with the words chalked on it "The ship is sinking." Assistance was sent, and most of the men removed; but several of the prize crew and many of the prisoners perished in her, so quickly did she founder.

The Monnikendam frigate was wrecked on a shoal; but all on board were saved; and the Ambuscade frigate, being driven on the Dutch coast, was recaptured. One by one the rest of the scattered fleet and the prizes reached English ports.

Admiral Duncan was made a peer, and Vice-Admiral Onslow a baronet, for this action. Gold medals were presented to the flag-officers and captains; and the thanks of Parliament were voted to the fleet.

We often realize more of the real spirit of a fight from private accounts and comments than from the official reports; and we, therefore, add a few remarks and anecdotes from such sources. In the first place, the promptitude and decision of Admiral Duncan on meeting the Dutch fleet is especially to be noticed. "The British Admiral soon perceived that if he waited to form his line (the enemy drawing fast in with the land) there would be no action." He, therefore, hoisted the signal to make all sail, break the line, and engage the enemy to leeward; and for close action, which last signal flew until it was shot away. This signal could not be mistaken, and, coupled with the gallant Admiral's example, superseded all former ones.

If further proof of the superior efficacy of such a mode of attack be wanting, it is to be found not only in the declaration of the brave Dutch Admiral, but also in the

testimony of Lord Nelson, who, although not acquainted with Lord Duncan, wrote to him, after the battle of the Nile, to tell him how "he had profited by his example."

The Dutch Admiral De Winter said, "Your not waiting to form a line ruined me; if I had got nearer to the shore, and you had attacked, I should probably have drawn both fleets on, and it would have been a victory to me, being on my own coast."

It is a fact that many of the vessels of Admiral Duncan's fleet were intended for Indiamen, and not so stoutly built as men-of-war usually are; and many of his ships were in bad condition, and had not had time to complete their stores when called away from Yarmouth Roads to encounter the enemy.

Among other incidents of this action, it is recorded that, when the main-top-gallant mast of the Venerable was shot away, a seaman named Crawford went aloft with another flag, and hammer and nails, and nailed the flag to the topmast-head.

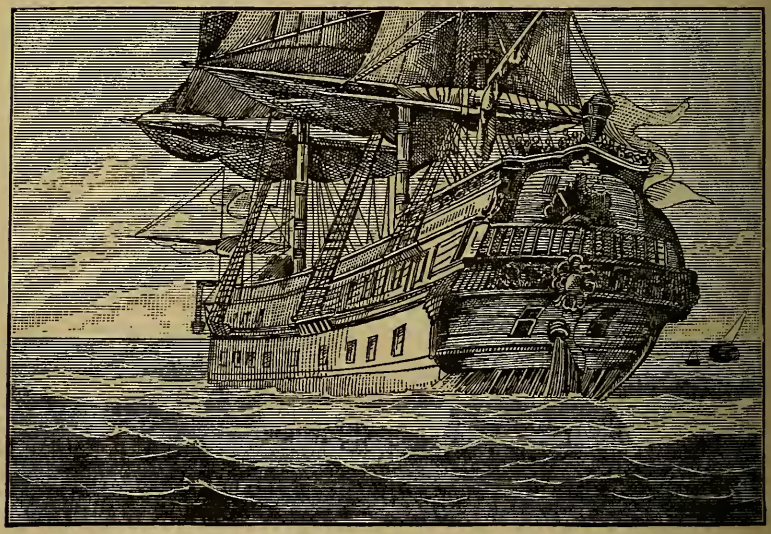
Had Duncan's fleet been of as good material as that of Lord St. Vincent, it is probable that every Dutch ship would have been taken. When the action ceased the English fleet were in only nine fathoms of water, and a severe gale was nearly upon them; and the wonder is that they saved themselves and so many of their prizes, in their battered condition.

Captain Inglis, of the Belliqueux, of 64 guns, owing either to a long absence from active service, or an inaptitude to the subject, sometimes apparent in sea officers, had neglected to make himself a competent master of the signal-book, and on the morning of the day of the battle, when it became necessary to act with promptitude in obedience to signals, found himself more puzzled than enlightened by it, and, throwing it with contempt upon

the deck, exclaimed, in broad Scotch: "D—n me, up wi' the hellum, and gang intil the middle o't!"

In this manner he bravely anticipated the remedy in such cases provided by Nelson, who, in his celebrated "Memorandum," observes that, "when a captain should be *at a loss* he cannot do *very wrong* if he lay his ship alongside of the enemy."

In strict conformity with this doctrine the Belliqueux got herself very roughly treated by the van of the Dutch fleet.



DUTCH MAN-OF-WAR, 17TH CENTURY.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.—FRENCH FLAG-SHIP L'ORIENT, 120 GUNS, ON FIRE.

XX.

BATTLE OF THE NILE. 1ST. AUGUST, 1798.

THIS battle is called by the French *Aboukir*, the name of the bay in which it took place, and it is really a more proper name for the action, as only a small mouth of the Nile opened into the bay.

Beside the great naval action, Aboukir has given its name to a bloody and decisive land battle, which took place July 25th, 1799, between the French and a Turkish army. We may dispose of the latter briefly before taking up the more important sea fight, although in point of time the latter precedes it a year.

Bonaparte having learned of the landing of a Turkish army of 18,000 infantry at Aboukir, advanced to attack them, at the head of only about 6000 men. The Turks, who were mostly Janissaries, had a very considerable force of artillery, and were in part commanded by English officers. Being strongly intrenched at the village of Aboukir, they should have beaten off the French force easily; but, at the word of command from Bonaparte, Generals D'Estaing, Murat and Lannes attacked the entrenchments with desperate courage, and, after a terrible fight, which lasted some hours, the Turks were fairly driven into the sea. Thousands of bodies floated upon the bay, which the year before had borne the corpses of so many French sailors, who had perished from gun-shot

or by fire. Perhaps for the first time in the history of modern warfare, an army was entirely destroyed.

It was on this occasion that Kleber, at the close of the fighting, seized Bonaparte in his arms, and embracing him, exclaimed: "General, you are the greatest man in the world!"

A year previous to the event just recorded, while Bonaparte was occupied in organizing his new conquest of Egypt, fortune was preparing for him one of the most terrible reverses which the French arms had ever met, by sea or by land.

What must have made it harder for him to bear was, that when leaving Alexandria to go to Cairo he had very strongly recommended Admiral Brueys, who commanded the fleet which had brought him to Egypt, not to remain at the anchorage of Aboukir, where the English could, he thought, take him at a disadvantage. In fact, Napoleon's military mind foresaw just what afterwards happened.

Brueys at first thought of taking his fleet to Corfu, but lost precious time in waiting for news from Cairo, and this delay brought on the disaster which had a very important influence in moulding the destiny, not only of Egypt, but of the whole of Europe.

Learning of the departure of a large body of troops, and of a strong fleet, from Toulon, but in entire ignorance of the object of their expedition, Nelson, after vainly seeking for them in the Archipelago, in the Adriatic, at Naples, and on the coasts of Sicily, at last learned with certainty that they had effected a landing in Egypt. He made all sail at once for Alexandria, determined to fight the French fleet the moment it was found, and wherever it might be. He found it at Aboukir bay, just to the eastward of Alexandria, on the 1st of August, 1798; and we shall now give a general sketch of what ensued, and

after that the particulars of this important action—from both French and English sources.

Although it was nearly six o'clock in the evening when the French fleet was discovered, Nelson resolved to attack immediately.

Admiral Brueys' fleet was moored in the bay, which forms a pretty regular semicircle, and had arranged his thirteen ships-of-the-line in a curved line, parallel with the shore; having upon his left, or western flank, a little island, called also Aboukir.

Thinking it impossible that a ship-of-the-line could pass between this island and the last ship of his line, to take him in the rear, he contented himself with establishing upon the island a battery of twelve or fourteen guns; thinking, indeed, that part of his position so little liable to attack that he placed his worst vessels there.

But with an adversary like Nelson, most formidable, not only for the brilliancy of his conceptions, but for the skillful audacity with which he carried them out, the precautions which under ordinary circumstances would have been sufficient proved of no avail.

The British fleet comprised the same number of line-of-battle-ships as the French, but the latter had more smaller ships.

The British Admiral advanced intrepidly to the attack; a portion of his ships taking a course between the French line and the coast. The Culloden, the leading English ship, ran upon a shoal, and stuck fast; but, although her batteries were thus thrown out of the engagement which followed, her mishap piloted the others in. The Goliath, the Audacious, the Theseus and the Orion succeeded in passing inside the French line; penetrating as far as the Tonnant, which was the eighth of the French line, and thus engaged the French centre and left.

The rest of the English fleet advanced outside the French line, and so put the left and centre of it between two fires.

The battle was a terrible one, especially at the French centre, where the French Admiral's ship, L'Orient, was stationed. The Bellerophon, one of Nelson's best ships, was dismasted, terribly cut up, and obliged to haul off; and other English ships so damaged that they were obliged to withdraw.

In spite of the success of Nelson's grand manœuvre, Brueys still had some chance of success, if the orders which he gave to his right, or eastern, wing had been carried out. But Admiral Villeneuve, who commanded there, did not make out Brueys' signals, and remained in his position, at anchor, instead of getting under way, and doubling upon the English outside line, which would have thus put the latter, in their turn, between two fires.

Nelson's ready mind had foreseen this danger; but Villeneuve, who was to lose another even more important battle at Trafalgar, lacked the instinctive resolution which causes a second in command, under such circumstances, to hasten to the relief of his chief, without formal orders.

Like Grouchy at Waterloo, he heard and saw the cannonade which was destroying the centre and left of the French line, without coming to the rescue; and while that part of the French fleet was performing prodigies of valor to uphold the honor of their flag, Villeneuve escaped, with four ships-of-the-line, thinking himself praiseworthy in saving them from the fate of the rest.

The unfortunate Brueys, though wounded, would not leave the deck. "An Admiral ought to die giving his orders," he is reported, on good authority, to have said. Not long after this speech another shot killed him. The

brave Captain Dupetit-Thouars had both legs carried away, but, like the Admiral, would not leave the deck, but remained there, taking snuff, and coolly directing operations, until another shot struck and killed him.

In fact, acts of heroism were performed by many of the officers and men on both sides.

About eleven o'clock at night the Orient, a huge and magnificent vessel, blew up, with a terrible explosion. By this time all the French vessels were destroyed or rendered worthless, except the four carried off by Villeneuve, and Nelson's fleet was in no condition to pursue them.

Such, in brief, was the celebrated battle of Aboukir, or the Nile, the most disastrous the French navy had ever fought, and the military consequences of which were of such immense importance. It shut up the French and their army in Egypt, and abandoned them to their own resources.

France lost, and England gained, ascendancy in the Levant, and what was worse, it destroyed the *morale* of the French navy—the effects being seen for years, and especially at Trafalgar.

And now we will proceed to give a more detailed account of the action.

Nelson's fleet arrived off Alexandria on the morning of the 1st of August, at about 10 o'clock. They found there a forest of masts—belonging to transports and troop-ships, but few men-of-war. The harbor did not permit of the entrance of such large ships as composed the French line. The two British look-out ships, the Alexander and Swiftsure, also found the French flag flying on the forts and walls.

About noon the Zealous, which ship had been looking further to the eastward (just as the Pharos tower of Alexandria bore south-southwest, distant about 20 miles),

signaled that sixteen ships-of-the-line lay at anchor, in line of battle, in a bay upon her port bow.

The British fleet instantly hauled up, steering to the eastward, under top-gallant sails, with a fine breeze from the northward and westward. These ships were in good discipline, and it did not take them long to clear for action.

Let us now turn to the French fleet, which they were soon to encounter. On the 1st of July, Admiral Brueys, with his fleet, brought to off the old port of Alexandria, and at once learned that a British squadron had been looking for him there. On hearing this, General Bonaparte desired to be landed, and the Admiral at once proceeded to disembark the General and 6000 men, in a creek near Marabout Castle, about six miles from the city of Alexandria.

Between the 1st and the 6th of July all the troops, with their baggage, were landed; and six vessels, armed *en flute*, went into Alexandria harbor, to protect the transports. As the ships-of-the-line drew too much water to enter, Admiral Brueys, with three frigates and 13 sail-of-the-line, stood off and proceeded to Aboukir bay, about 15 miles to the eastward of Alexandria. Reaching the bay, he anchored his ships very judiciously, in line ahead, about one hundred and sixty yards (Engl.) from each other, with the van-ship close to a shoal in the northwest, and the whole of the line just outside a four-fathom bank. It was thus considered that an enemy could not turn either flank.

The French ships, beginning at the van, were ranged in the following order: Guerrier, Conquérant, Spartiate, Aquilon, Peuple-Souvérain (all 74's), the Franklin, 80, Rear-Admiral Blanquet, second in command; Orient, 120, (formerly called the Sans Culotte, and the flag-ship of

Admiral Brueys, Rear-Admiral Gauteaume and Captain Casa-Bianca); next the Tonnant, 80; the Heureux, 74; the Mercure, 74; the Guillaume Tell, 80, and the Genereux and Timoléon, both 74's.

Having thus moored his fleet in a strong position, the French Admiral awaited the issue of General Bonaparte's operations on shore.

He also erected the battery already spoken of on Aboukir island, and four frigates—the Diane, Justice, Artemise and Sérieuse, with four brigs and several gunboats, were stationed along the bank, inside, or at the flanks of the line, so as best to annoy an enemy in his approach.

Yet Admiral Brueys appears to have been taken, at last, rather by surprise. No doubt the short interval which had elapsed between the departure of a reconnoitring fleet and the arrival of another led him to the belief that the English were aware of the proximity of the French fleet, and for want of sufficient strength declined to attack it. So that, when the Heureux, at 2 P. M. of the 1st of August, made the signal for a fleet in the northwest, the French ships were still lying at single anchor, without springs on their cables; and many of the crew of each ship were on shore, getting water. These were at once recalled; and some of the men of the frigates were sent to reinforce the crews of the largest vessels. The latter crossed top-gallant yards, as if about to get under way, but the French Admiral thought that his enemy would never attack at night, in such a position, and so he remained at anchor. When Nelson's movements undeceived him, he ordered the ships to let go another bower anchor, and another one to be carried out to the S. S. E.; but very few of his ships found time to do either.

Before the English fleet approached the bay, each ship got a cable out of a gun-room port, and bent it to an anchor, and prepared springs, to give requisite bearing to her broadside. This was to enable the ships to anchor by the stern, in the best position for attacking the enemy, and for supporting each other.

As the British approached the bay, two French brigs stood out to reconnoitre, and one of them, the Alerte, stretched towards the shoal which lies off Aboukir island, in the hope that one or more of the English would follow her, and get on shore. But this *ruse de guerre* was disregarded, and the English fleet stood on.

About half-past five the signal was made to form in line of battle, ahead and astern of the Admiral, as most convenient. By a little after six, in spite of some confusion from a new order of sailing, the line was pretty well formed, and eleven of the ships had rounded the shoal at the western side of the bay, and, with the wind on the starboard quarter, were rapidly approaching the French. The Culloden was astern of the rest; and far astern of the Culloden were the Alexander and Swiftsure, all three making every effort to get up into line.

At about twenty minutes past six the French hoisted their colors, and their two van ships, the Guerrier and Conquérant, opened a fire upon the two leading English ships, the Goliath and Zealous. The guns in the battery on the island also opened now, and fired also on the other ships, as they rounded the shoal. They ceased to fire, however, after the engagement became close, for fear of injuring their own van ships.

Soon the Goliath crossed the bows of the Guerrier, and ranging past her, let go her stern anchor, and brought up abreast of the small opening between the Conquérant and Spartiate. As she passed she kept up a spirited fire

upon the two van ships, as well as engaging, from the other battery, a mortar-brig and a frigate, nearly abeam.

The Zealous, close astern of the Goliath, came in and anchored abreast the inner or port bow of the Guerrier, the French van ship. The English Vanguard and Minotaur then making for the starboard side of the enemy's line, left the Theseus to follow the Zealous. This she did, passing between the latter and her opponent, and along past the Goliath, anchoring directly ahead of the latter, and, within two cables' length of the Spartiate's beam. The Orion, having passed inshore of the Zealous and Goliath, found herself assailed by the Sérieuse frigate, anchored inshore. As soon as the Orion's starboard guns would bear, she opened on the frigate, and dismasted and sunk her in a few minutes; but she was in such shoal water that her upper works were dry. Passing on, the Orion passed the Theseus, and dropped her bower, so that she swung with her bows towards the Theseus. Then she veered away until between the Peuple Souvérain and the Franklin, firing into the port bow of the latter and the port quarter of the former.

The Audacious, having from the outside cut the opening between the Guerrier and the Conquérant, came to, with a small bower, and opened upon the Conquérant, at only about forty yards' distance. In a few minutes the Audacious swung round the Conquérant's bows, and brought up, head to wind, within about the same distance of her, on the port side.

Nelson had wisely resolved to complete the capture or destruction of the French van ships before he made any attempt upon those in the rear. He knew that the latter, from their leeward situation, would be unable to afford any immediate support to the former.

So, as the first step, the Vanguard anchored abreast of

the Spartiate, within half pistol-shot, on her starboard side. The Minotaur anchored next ahead of the Vanguard, opposed to the Aquilon; and the Defence, still on the outer English line, brought up abreast of the Peuple Souvérain. The Bellerophon and Majestic passed on to close with the French centre and rear, on the outside.

These eight British and five French ships should be followed by themselves in their action.

The Guerrier receiving a raking broadside from each English ship which passed her bows, and a succession of the same from the judiciously placed Zealous, lost all three masts and bowsprit in a quarter of an hour, without being able to bring enough guns to bear to seriously damage any of her antagonists.

The French apparently did not expect any action on the port side, and were not prepared in that battery. The knowledge that French and Spanish ships seldom cleared for action on both sides, and also that the French must have allowed themselves room to swing, in the event of the wind's blowing directly on shore, induced the English to pass between them and the shore, especially as the English ships generally drew less water, and thus all fear of getting aground was dispelled. The unfortunate Guerrier, having been completely cut to pieces, and having most of her crew disabled, was forced to strike.

The Conquérant, besides receiving fire from the ships which ran by her, had to withstand a portion of the fire of the Theseus, and all that of the Goliath and the Audacious, the latter, for a time, in a raking position. At the end of about twelve minutes, being dismasted, and from her position unable to make a suitable return fire, the Conquérant hauled down her flag. She struck, indeed, before the Guerrier did. In doing this the Goliath and

Audacious were considerably damaged, principally in spars and rigging.

Next we come to the Spartiate. She sustained, for some time, the fire of both the Theseus and the Vanguard, with occasional shots from the quarter guns of the Audacious and the bow guns of the Minotaur. Her masts were soon shot away, and she surrendered at about the same time as the Guerrier.

The Aquilon, astern of the Spartiate, had a slanting position in the line, and made a good fight, raking the Vanguard with dreadful effect, but was at last overcome by the batteries of the Minotaur. The Vanguard was very much injured. The unusually powerful broadside of the Minotaur (she being the only ship in either fleet which had 32-pounders in the upper battery), aided by the occasional fire of the Theseus, within the line, soon dismasted the Aquilon, and compelled her surrender. This occurred about half-past nine.

Next we come to the Peuple Souvérain. She was subjected to the close and well-sustained fire of the Defence, and occasional raking broadsides from the Orion, as the latter ship lay on the Peuple Souvérain's inner quarter. This ship, having had her fore and main masts shot away, and being, in other respects, greatly disabled, cut her cable and dropped out of the French line, anchoring again abreast of the Orient, and about two cables' length from her.

The fore-top-mast of the Peuple Souvérain's opponent, the Defence, fell over the side just as the French ship had ceased firing and quitted the line. The Defence then veered away on her cable, and brought up on the outer or starboard bow of the Franklin. The Defence's three lower masts and bowsprit were tottering, in consequence of the fire of the Peuple Souvérain; and both hull and

masts of the Minotaur were very much damaged by the fire of the Aquilon. But of the eight British ships whose conduct we have detailed, the Defence was the only one who had actually had spars to fall. The order in which the five French van ships surrendered appears to have been thus; 1st. Conquérant; Guerrier and Spartiate next, and at the same time; then the Aquilon; and lastly, the Peuple Souvérain.

In order to lessen the confusion of a night attack, and to prevent the British vessels from firing into each other, every ship had been directed to hoist at her mizzen-peak four lights horizontally. The English fleet also went into action with the white, or St. George's ensign (at this day used exclusively by the British Navy), the red cross in the centre of which rendered it easily distinguishable, in the darkest night, from the tri-colored flag of the French. At about seven o'clock the lights made their appearance throughout the fleet; and it was at about the same time that the Bellerophon dropped her stern anchor so as to bring up abreast, instead of on the bow, of the French three-decker. In a very few minutes afterwards the English Majestic brought up abreast of the Tonnant, and soon lost her captain by that ship's heavy fire. Subsequently, on this dreadful night, when the Tonnant cut her cable, to keep clear of the Orient, the Majestic slipped *her* cable, to keep clear of the hawse of her consort, the Heureux. The Majestic then let go her best bower anchor, and again brought up, head to wind. She now had the Tonnant on her port bow, and the Heureux on her starboard quarter.

The Swiftsure, of the English fleet, having passed the Alexander, when the latter tacked to avoid Aboukir shoal, now came crowding up. At about 8 o'clock she anchored by the stern, judiciously placing herself on the

starboard bow of the Orient, and on the starboard quarter of the Franklin; while, into the port bow of the latter ship, the Leander, having taking an admirable position in the vacant space left by the Peuple Souvérain, poured several broadsides which had no response. The Leander would have been much earlier in action, but for having hove to, to try to assist the Culloden.

Almost immediately after, the Alexander passed through the wide opening which the driving of the Tonnant had left, and dropped her bower anchor, so as to bring her starboard broadside to bear on the port quarter of the Orient.

Until the Leander took up a position inside of the Orion, the latter had been firing into the Franklin, and the Minotaur was also occasionally firing at the Franklin. But after the Peuple Souvérain quitted the line, the Franklin was engaged almost entirely with the Defence. The fight was thus going on, most intrepidly on both sides, when an event occurred which seemed to appall every one, and suspended, for a time, the hostile operations of the two fleets.

From the moment that the Bellerophon had, with so much more gallantry than judgment, stationed herself alongside the huge Orient, a heavy cannonade had been kept up between the two ships. So decidedly was it to the disadvantage of the English ship, the Bellerophon, that her mizen, and then her main mast, were cut away, doing much damage in their fall.

At about nine o'clock a fire was observed on board the Orient. To those on board the Bellerophon it appeared to be on the second deck; while to those on board the Swiftsure it appeared to be in the French flagship's mizzen chains. The origin of the accident has been variously explained. By some it is said to be due to paint-

pots, oil and other combustibles in the chains. Others decided that it was due to premature ignition of combustibles arranged by the French to burn the English ships. The truth will never be known now. At any rate, all of the Swiftsure's guns which would bear were directed to fire upon the seat of combustion. It was soon evident that they were firing with precision—for the French could not approach the spot. The Bellerophon, much damaged by her powerful opponent, and fearing fire for herself, now cut her stern cable, loosed her sprit-sail, and wore clear of the Orient's guns. The Orient was keeping up a splendid and uninterrupted fire from the first deck in particular, even after the upper part of the ship was entirely involved in flames. Scarcely had the Bellerophon effected her escape when her foremast fell over her port bow, killing a lieutenant and several men by its fall. The fact that the Bellerophon could thus drop clear shows that the French line continued to lay head to the wind, although many statements to the contrary were made.

At about ten the Orient blew up, with a tremendous explosion, which seemed, for the time, to paralyze every one, in both fleets. It must have been an awful sight, of which description would fall short; for certainly, no vessel of such a size had blown up before, and none so large has blown up since. The effect produced upon the adjacent ships was different. The Alexander, Swiftsure and Orion, the three nearest English ships, had made every preparation for the event which they saw was inevitable. They closed their ports and hatchways, removed from their decks all cartridges and combustible material, and had their firemen ready, with buckets and pumps. The shock of the explosion shook the ships to their very keelsons, opened their seams, and did considerable other

injury. A flaming mass flew over the Swiftsure. Some burning fragments fell into her tops, but the wise action of her commander in not hauling further off probably saved her. A part of the blazing mass fell on board the Alexander, much further off than the Swiftsure, and a port-fire set fire to some of the upper sails of the Alexander, as well as to her jib. The crew extinguished the flames, after cutting away the jib-boom and other spars. The Alexander then dropped to a safer distance.

Among the French ships, the Franklin received the greatest share of burning wreck from the Orient. Her decks were covered with red-hot pitch, pieces of timber, and burning rope. She caught fire, but they succeeded in putting it out. The Tonnant, a near neighbor, just before the explosion, slipped her cable and dropped clear. The Heureux and Mercure did the same.

After the explosion it was full ten minutes until a gun was fired again. On both sides there was a sort of paralysis, and a waiting for what next was to occur. The wind seemed to have been lulled by the concussion, but then freshened up again, whistled about the rigging of the ships, ruffled the surface of the water, and aroused, by its cool breath, the benumbed faculties of the combatants.

The first ship to renew the fire was the much damaged French ship Franklin. She had only her lower battery, but opened with that, upon the Defence and Swiftsure; and they returned it, with full effect. Being surrounded by enemies, the gallant Franklin, fighting until her main and mizzen masts had gone by the board, and having scarcely a serviceable gun left, and half her crew dead or wounded, hauled down her colors.

It was now midnight. The Tonnant was the only French ship which kept her battery in active play. Her shot

annoyed the Swiftsure, particularly; while the latter, owing to the position of the Alexander, could make little or no return.

At 3 A.M the formidable and unremitting fire of the Tonnant shot away the main and mizzen masts of the Majestic; and shortly after, the Tonnant herself had all three masts shot away, close to the deck. The wreck of the masts falling over her battery caused her to cease firing, but, for all that, she did not strike. Indeed, by veering cable, she had dropped to leeward of her second position, and there lay, like a lion at bay.

The Heureux and Mercure having, as stated, withdrawn from the line, left room for the Tonnant to take a position ahead of the Guillaume Tell and the two ships in her rear. This she did; and then a second interval of silence occurred in this awful battle.

Just as day broke, about four o'clock, the fire opened again, between the Tonnant, Guillaume Tell, Généreux and Timoléon, on the French side, and the Alexander and the Majestic on the other. This firing soon brought down the Theseus and Goliath.

Soon after these ships arrived, the French frigate Artémise fired a broadside at the Theseus, and then struck her colors. A boat was dispatched from the English ship, to take possession; but the frigate was discovered to be on fire, and soon after blew up. In the meantime the four French line-of-battle ships, and the two frigates inside of them, kept dropping to leeward, so as, presently, to be almost out of gunshot of the English vessels that had anchored to attack them.

At about six o'clock in the morning the Goliath and Theseus got under way, and, accompanied by the Alexander and Leander, stood towards the French Mercure and Heureux. These, on quitting the line, had first

anchored within it, and then had run on shore on the southerly side of the bay. These two ships, after interchanging a few distant shots, struck their colors.

About an hour before noon the Généreux and Guillaume Tell, with the frigates Justice and Diane, got under way, and made sail to the northeast, the absence to leeward of the three English ships which were in a condition to carry sail giving them an opportunity to get clear. The Timoléon, being too far to leeward to fetch clear, ran herself on shore, losing her fore-mast by the shock. The four other French ships now hauled close, on the port tack, and the Zealous, the only other English ship in a condition to make sail, stood after them. After some distant firing, the four French ships stretched on, and escaped. In this affair the Zealous had one man killed, who had already been wounded on the day before.

And now to sum up. Of the thirteen French ships-of-the-line, one had been totally destroyed, with nearly all on board; eight had surrendered, and two had got clear. Of the two remaining, one, the Timoléon, was on shore, with her colors flying; the other, the indomitable Tonnant, having had her second cable cut by the fire of the Alexander, was lying about two miles away, a mere wreck, but with her colors flying on the stump of her main-mast.

Things remained in this state until the following morning, the 3d of August, when the Theseus and Alexander approached the Tonnant, and, further resistance being utterly hopeless, the gallant French ship hauled down her colors, replacing them with a flag of truce, and was taken possession of by a boat from the Theseus.

The principal part of the crew of the Timoléon had, during the night, escaped on shore, although a few had been taken off in the four vessels which escaped. Between three and four hundred of those who reached the

shore were murdered by the Bedouins, while a few fought their way to a French camp. Those who remained by the ship set her on fire, and she soon after blew up, making the eleventh line-of-battle-ship lost by the French in the battle of Aboukir, or the Nile.

As for the British ships engaged in this great battle, their damages were chiefly aloft. The Bellerophon was the only British ship entirely dismasted, and the Majestic the only one, beside her, which lost a lower mast. The Alexander and Goliath lost top-masts; but the lower masts, yards and bowsprits of all the British ships were more or less damaged. And we must remember, that such damage was almost equivalent to loss of propellers or boiler in ships of our day.

The Bellerophon's hull was very much shattered, and many of her guns broken to pieces. The Vanguard had received very great injury in her hull, while the Swiftsure had received from the Tonnant shots under water, which kept four feet of water in her hold during the entire action, in spite of the pumps. The Theseus was hulled seventy times, and the Majestic was in nearly as shattered a state as the Bellerophon.

The loss of the English was 218 killed and 678 wounded. Admiral Nelson was struck by a splinter a little above his right, or blind eye, causing a piece of skin to hang down over the lid. This was replaced and sewed up.

The Bellerophon suffered most in killed and wounded, and the Majestic next.

As regards the captured French ships, the statistics of loss were never properly given. Five of them were entirely dismasted, and were rendered unseaworthy as to their hulls.

The Peuple Souvérain and the Franklin, though not

entirely dismasted, were not in much better plight than the others. The Mercure and Heureux were principally damaged by running on shore, where they lay with their top-gallant yards across, to all appearance as perfect as when the action commenced.

As no official account of the French loss was given, the matter was left open to conjecture. One of the lowest estimates makes the French loss 2000. It was probably more.

The French commander-in-chief, Admiral Brueys, while upon the Orient's poop, received three wounds, one of which was in the head. Soon afterwards, as he was descending to the quarter-deck, a shot almost cut him in two. He asked not to be carried below, but to be allowed to die on deck—which he did, in a few minutes.

Casa Bianca, the captain of the Orient, is said, by some accounts, to have died by the Admiral's side; but, by the account most generally received, he died, with his son, who was only ten years old, in the great explosion. Captains Thévenard, of the Aquilon, and Dupetit-Thouars, of the Tonnant, were killed, and six other captains were dangerously wounded.

Mention must be made of the Culloden, which had run on a reef of rocks, off the Island of Aboukir, and did not get into the action. Her running on shore saved the Alexander and Swiftsure—both of which ships did such good service. Every effort was made, with the assistance of the Mutine brig, to get the Culloden off. But the swell increased, and she lost her rudder, and began to leak badly. Next day she came off, much damaged, and with seven feet of water in her hold, but was eventually saved, by good seamanship.

In this great action the number of line-of-battle-ships was the same on both sides; but the weight of metal, the

gross tonnage, and number of men were on the side of the French. The French ships were conquered in detail, by a masterly and bold manœuvre of Nelson's. Had the unengaged French ships got under way, they would have no doubt captured the Culloden, prevented the two other English ships from entering the bay, and, possibly, turned the tide of battle.

The great disaster which befell the huge three-decker, the Orient, no doubt gave a decided turn of the action in favor of the English.

With respect to the behavior of the French, nothing could be more gallant than the defence made by each of the six van-ships; by the Orient, in the centre, and by the Tonnant, in the rear. The Heureux and Mercure appear to have been justified in quitting the line, by the great danger of fire ahead of them—however precipitate in running themselves on shore. No instance of personal misconduct was ever reported, in either fleet.

The engagement and its consequences ruined the French hopes of receiving the reinforcement of troops destined for Egypt; it left the Porte free to declare war against them; it rekindled the war with the German States; it opened the Mediterranean to the Russians, and occasioned the loss of Italy and the Adriatic possessions, which had been won by Bonaparte in his great campaigns. Finally, it put the English at ease concerning India, while the Egyptians became more inimical, and the French there, isolated as they were, were put upon a strictly defensive policy.

On the morning of the 14th of August, after an incredible deal of labor in refitting the ships, the prizes, rigged with jury-masts and weakly manned, proceeded to the westward, except the Heureux, the Mercure and the Guerrier, which were in too bad a state to be refitted,

and which were burned. A fleet was left, under Captain Hood, to cruise off Alexandria. Nelson, himself, in the Vanguard, with two other ships, went to Naples, which he had better never have seen, for events there occurred which have always more or less tarnished his fame.

The English public had all summer been reproaching Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson for his *tardiness* in finding the French fleet, and the news of his great action (owing to the capture of the Leander, which had been sent with the news) did not reach England until the 2d of October, and then the English people thought they could not do enough to make amends for their complaints against the brightest ornament of their favorite service. On October 6th Nelson was made a peer, with the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, in the County of Norfolk. Thanks of Parliament, of course, followed, and a pension of £2000 per annum, to him and his two next heirs male, was granted by the Parliament of England, and £1000 from that of Ireland. Gold medals were presented to Lord Nelson and his captains, and the first lieutenants of all the ships were promoted to commanders. In regard to the Culloden, which ran on shore, and, of course, was not engaged, Nelson wrote: "I sincerely hope it is not intended to exclude the first lieutenant of the Culloden; for heaven's sake, for my sake, if it be so, get it altered."

Strictly speaking, only the captains *engaged* were to have medals, but the King himself expressly authorized Lord Spencer to present one to Captain Trowbridge, of the Culloden. Nelson wrote to Earl St. Vincent concerning this officer: "The eminent services of our friend deserve the very highest rewards. I have experienced the ability and activity of his mind and body. It was Trowbridge who equipped the squadron so soon at

Syracuse; it was Trowbridge who exerted himself for me after the action; it was Trowbridge who saved the Culloden, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it; it is Trowbridge whom I have left as myself at Naples; he is, as a friend and as an officer, a *non-pareil*."

The East India Company presented Lord Nelson with £10,000, and Liverpool, London and many other cities voted him rewards. The Sultan presented him with a diamond aigrette and robe of honor; and instituted a new Order, that of the Crescent, and made Nelson the first knight companion of it, while many other foreign powers presented tokens of respect for his talents and bravery. The finest of the French prizes which the captors succeeded in getting home was the Franklin. Her name was changed to Canopus, the ancient name of Aboukir.

The following is Nelson's official letter to Lord St. Vincent, announcing the victory. It is the letter which was captured in the Leander, on her way to the westward, by the Généreux.

"VANGUARD, off the Mouth of the Nile,
"August 3d, 1798.

"MY LORD:—Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's arms, in the late battle, by a great victory over the fleet of the enemy, whom I attacked at sunset on the 1st of August, off the mouth of the Nile.

"The enemy were moored in a strong line-of-battle for defending the entrance of the Bay (of shoals), flanked by numerous gunboats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van, etc.

"The ships of the enemy, all but their two rear ships, are nearly dismasted, and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say, made their escape; nor was it in my power to prevent it, etc.

"Captain Berry will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the commander-in-chief being burned in L'Orient, etc."

As personal remarks and details by eye-witnesses of celebrated actions are always of interest, we may, at the risk of being prolix, add some extracts from a private letter of Sir Samuel Hood to Lord Bridport, and terminate the account by a report from a French officer who was present.

Sir Samuel Hood says, "After completing our water at Syracuse, in Sicily, we sailed from thence on the 24th of July, and arrived a second time off Alexandria, on the 31st, where we found many more ships than were there before; amongst which were six with pendants, and appearing large, so that we were convinced the French fleet had been there. I immediately kept well to the eastward of the Admiral, to see if I could discover the enemy at Bequir (Aboukir).

"About one o'clock the man at the mast-head called down, and said he saw a ship, and in a few minutes after announced a fleet, at anchor. I sent a glass up, and eighteen large ships were clearly ascertained, thirteen or fourteen of which appeared to be of the line; which I made known by signal to the Admiral, who instantly pressed sail up, and made the signal to prepare for battle. The wind being to the N. N. W. and sometimes more northerly, we were obliged to haul to the wind. The Alexander and Swiftsure, which were to leeward, were called in, and the Culloden ordered to cast off the prize which she had in tow, as she was somewhat astern.

"As we advanced towards the enemy we plainly made out 13 sail-of-the-line, 4 frigates, with several small armed vessels, all at anchor in the road of Bequir, or Aboukir, very close in, and in order of battle. The Admiral then

made the signal to anchor, and for battle, and to attack the *van* and *centre* of the enemy; and soon after for the line ahead, as most convenient."

"As we got pretty nearly abreast of the shoal at the entrance, being within hail of the Admiral, he asked me if I thought we were far enough to the eastward to bear up clear of the shoal. I told him I was in eleven fathoms; that I had no chart of the bay, but if he would allow me, would bear up and sound with the lead, to which I would be very attentive, and carry him as close as I could with safety. He said he would be much obliged to me. I immediately bore away, rounded the shoal, the Goliath keeping upon my lee bow, until I found we were advancing too far from the Admiral, and then shortened sail, and soon found the Admiral was waiting to speak to a boat.

"Soon after he made the signal to proceed, the Goliath leading, and as we approached the enemy shortened sail gradually, the Admiral allowing the Orion and others to pass ahead of the Vanguard.

"The van-ship of the enemy being in five fathoms, I expected the Goliath and Zealous to stick fast on the shoal every moment, and did not imagine we should attempt to pass within her, as the van, with mortars, etc., from the island, fired regularly upon us.

"Captain Foley intended anchoring abreast of the van-ship, but his sheet anchor, the cable being out of the stern port, not dropping the moment he wished it, he brought up abreast of the second ship, having given the first one his fire. I saw immediately he had failed of his intention; cut away the Zealous' sheet anchor, and came to in the exact situation Captain Foley meant to have taken.

"The enemy's van-ship having her bow toward the

Zealous (which had received very little damage, notwithstanding we received the fire of the whole van, island, etc., as we came in), I directed a heavy discharge into her bow within musket-shot, a little after six. Her foremast went by the board in a few minutes, just as the sun was closing with the horizon; upon which the squadron gave three cheers, it happening before the next ship astern of me had fired a shot, and only the Goliath and Zealous had been engaged, and in ten minutes more her main and mizzen masts went (at this moment also went the main-mast of the second ship, closely engaged by the Goliath and Audacious); but I could not get her to strike for three hours after, although I hailed her several times, seeing she was totally cut up, and only firing a stern chase, at intervals, at the Goliath and Audacious.

"At last, being tired of killing men in this way, I sent a lieutenant on board, who was allowed, as I had instructed him, to hoist a light and haul it down, as a sign of her submission. From the time her foremast went, the men had been driven from her upper decks by our canister-shot and musketry, and I assure your Lordship that, *from her bow to the gangway, the ports on her main deck were entirely in one;* and the gunwale in that part entirely cut away, which caused two of her main deck beams to fall upon her guns, and she is so terribly mauled that we cannot move her without great detention and expense, so that I imagine the Admiral will destroy her. In doing this execution I am happy to say that the Zealous had only seven men wounded and not one killed.

"The Bellerophon, unfortunately alongside the Orient, was in two hours totally dismasted, and, in consequence, cut her cable and went off before the ship took fire; but she was most gallantly replaced by the Alexander and

Swiftsure, our worthy friends. She (the gallant Sir Samuel means L'Orient, but he does not say so) soon after took fire and blew up.

"The Alexander and Swiftsure, having been sent to look into Alexandria, was the cause of their being so late in the action. Poor Trowbridge, in trying to make the shortest way to the enemy, being too far astern, struck upon a reef; his ship is since got off with the loss of her rudder and some damage to her bottom, so that he had no share in the glorious victory. I believe, had not the Culloden struck, the Alexander and Swiftsure, in the dark, would probably have got into her situation, so that the accident may be fortunate, as she was a buoy to them.

"On the blowing up of L'Orient a part of the wreck fell on board of, and set fire to the jib and fore-top-mast-stay-sail of, the Alexander, but the great exertion of her officers and people soon got it under, with the loss of some men. Captain Westcott was killed by a musket-ball early in the action, but his loss was not felt, as the first lieutenant, Cuthbert, fought the Majestic most gallantly during the remainder of the action. The Bellerophon and that ship have suffered much. In the morning, the Theseus, Goliath, Audacious and Zealous were ordered into the rear, having sustained but little damage; but as I was going down, the Admiral made my signal to chase the Diane frigate, which was under sail and attempting to escape. She, however, returned and closed with the ships of the enemy that had not submitted, and I was called in and ordered to go to the assistance of the Bellerophon, who lay at anchor on the other side of the bay; but in going to her, I perceived the Guillaume Tell, of 80 guns, and the Généreux, of 74, the Diane and Justice, of 40, pressing to make their escape, being the only ships not disabled, and immediately directed the

Zealous to be kept close upon the wind, in the hope I should be able to bring them to action and disable them, so as to allow assistance to come to me, or so far cripple them as to prevent their working out of the bay. I weathered them within musket-shot and obliged them to keep away to avoid being raked; and although I did them a great deal of damage, they were so well prepared as to cut away every brace and bowline, with topmast and standing rigging. I meant to have boarded the rear frigate, but could not get the ship round for a short space of time, and whilst I was trying to do it, I was called in by signal, seeing I should get disabled, without having it in my power to stop so superior a force. The Admiral was very handsome in his acknowledgments for my zealous attempt" (we suppose the gallant Sir Samuel intended no pun here, but he made a very good one), "as well as for my gallant conduct. I told him I only did my duty, and although the ship was very much cut in her sails and rigging, having forty cannon-shot through her main-sail, I had lost but one man killed and none materially wounded.

"The Audacious was sent to the Bellerophon in my room, and I am now quite to rights. Ben Hallowell has written to your Lordship, so has our brave Admiral, who, I am sorry to say, is again wounded, but is doing well; the wound is in his head, not dangerous, but very troublesome. Some of our ships have suffered much. Your Lordship, as well as the whole world, will believe and think this the most glorious victory that ever was gained, and it will certainly prove the ruin of the French army.

"A courier has been taken, charged with despatches from Bonaparte and the other Generals, for France. * *

"Amongst the French letters * * is one from young Beauharnais, B's step-son, who is with him, to his

mother; in which he says Bonaparte is very much distressed, owing to some disputes with Tallien and others, and particularly with Berthier, which he did not expect. These are favorable events, and will make our victory the more important.'"

To give an idea of the important events we have been speaking of from the point of view of the losing side, we give an account of the action written by the Adjutant of the French fleet, while a prisoner on board the Alexander.

Beginning with the advance of the English fleet, he says, "The Alert then began to put the Admiral's orders into execution, namely, to stand towards the enemy until nearly within gunshot, and then to manœuvre and endeavor to draw them towards the outer shoal, lying off the island; but the English Admiral no doubt had experienced pilots on board, as he did not pay any attention to the brig's track, but allowed her to go away, hauling well round all danger.

"At five o'clock the enemy came to the wind in succession; the manœuvre convinced us that they intended attacking us that evening. The Admiral got the topgallant yards across, but soon after made the signal that he intended engaging the enemy at anchor; convinced, no doubt, that he had not seamen enough to engage under sail. * * * *

"After this signal each ship ought to have sent a stream cable to the ship astern of her, and to have made a hawser fast to the cable, about twenty fathoms in the water, and passed to the bow on the opposite side to that expected to be engaged, as a spring. This was not generally executed. Orders were then given to let go another bower anchor, and the broadsides of the ships were brought to bear upon the enemy, having the ships' heads S. east from the Island Bequir, forming a line about

1300 fathoms, northwest and southeast, each with an anchor out S. S. east. * * * *

"All the (French) van were attacked on both sides by the enemy, who ranged close along our line; they had each an anchor out astern, which facilitated their motions, and enabled them to place themselves in a most advantageous position. * * * *

"At nine o'clock the ships in the van slackened their fire, and soon after it totally ceased, and with infinite sorrow we supposed they had surrendered. They were dismasted soon after the action began, and so damaged, it is to be presumed, they could not hold out against an enemy so superior by an advantageous position, in placing several ships against one. * * * *

"At ten o'clock the main and mizzen masts of the ship (on board of which the officer who writes the account was—the flag-ship of Admiral Blanquet) were lost, and all the guns on the main deck were dismounted. At half-past ten this ship had to cut her cables to avoid the fire of her consort, L'Orient. The English ship that was on L'Orient's port quarter, as soon as she had done firing upon her, brought her broadside to bear upon the Tonnant's bow, and kept up a very heavy raking fire.

"The Mercure and Heureux conceived that they ought likewise to cut their cables; and this manœuvre created so much confusion amongst the rear ships that they fired into each other, and did considerable damage; the Tonnant anchored ahead of the Guillaume Tell; the Généreux and Timoléon got ashore, etc. * * * *

"The Adjutant General, Montard, although badly wounded, swam to the ship nearest L'Orient, which proved to be English. Commodore Casa Bianca and his son, only ten years of age, who during the action gave proofs of bravery and intelligence far beyond his age,

were not so fortunate. They were in the water, upon the wreck of the Orient's masts, neither being able to swim, and seeking each other, until the ship blew up and put an end to their hopes and fears.

"The explosion was dreadful, and spread fire to a considerable distance. The decks of the Franklin were covered with red-hot pitch, oakum, rope, and pieces of timber, and she was on fire for the fourth time, but luckily got it under.

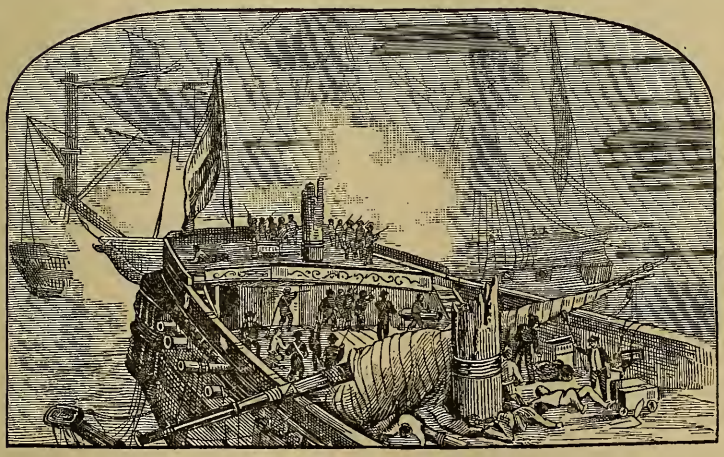
"Immediately after the tremendous explosion the action everywhere ceased, and was succeeded by a most profound silence. * * * * It was a quarter of an hour before the ships' crews recovered from the stupor they were thrown into.

"Towards eleven o'clock the Franklin, anxious to preserve the trust confided to her, re-commenced the action with a few of the lower-deck guns; all the rest were dismounted. Two-thirds of the ship's company were killed, and those who remained most fatigued. She was surrounded by the enemy's ships, who mowed down the men at every broadside. At half-past eleven, having only three lower-deck guns which could defend the honor of the flag, it became necessary to put an end to so disproportionate a struggle, and Citizen Martinel, *Capitaine de Frégate*, ordered the colors to be struck."

Of the French officers in command at the Nile, one Admiral and two Captains were killed, and Rear-Admiral Blanquet and seven Captains were wounded. They were all taken on board the Vanguard, and hospitably entertained by Nelson.

The following anecdote of them is said to be true. While on the passage to Naples, in the Vanguard, they were, as usual, dining with Nelson. One of the French

captains had lost his nose, another an eye, and another most of his teeth, by a musket ball. During the dinner, Nelson, half blind from his wound, and not thinking what he was about, offered the latter a case of toothpicks, and, on discovering his error, became excessively confused, and in his confusion handed his snuff-box to the captain on his right, *who had lost his nose.*



LE TONNANT DISMASTED.
(Appearance of Her Deck at the Close of the Engagement.)

XXI.

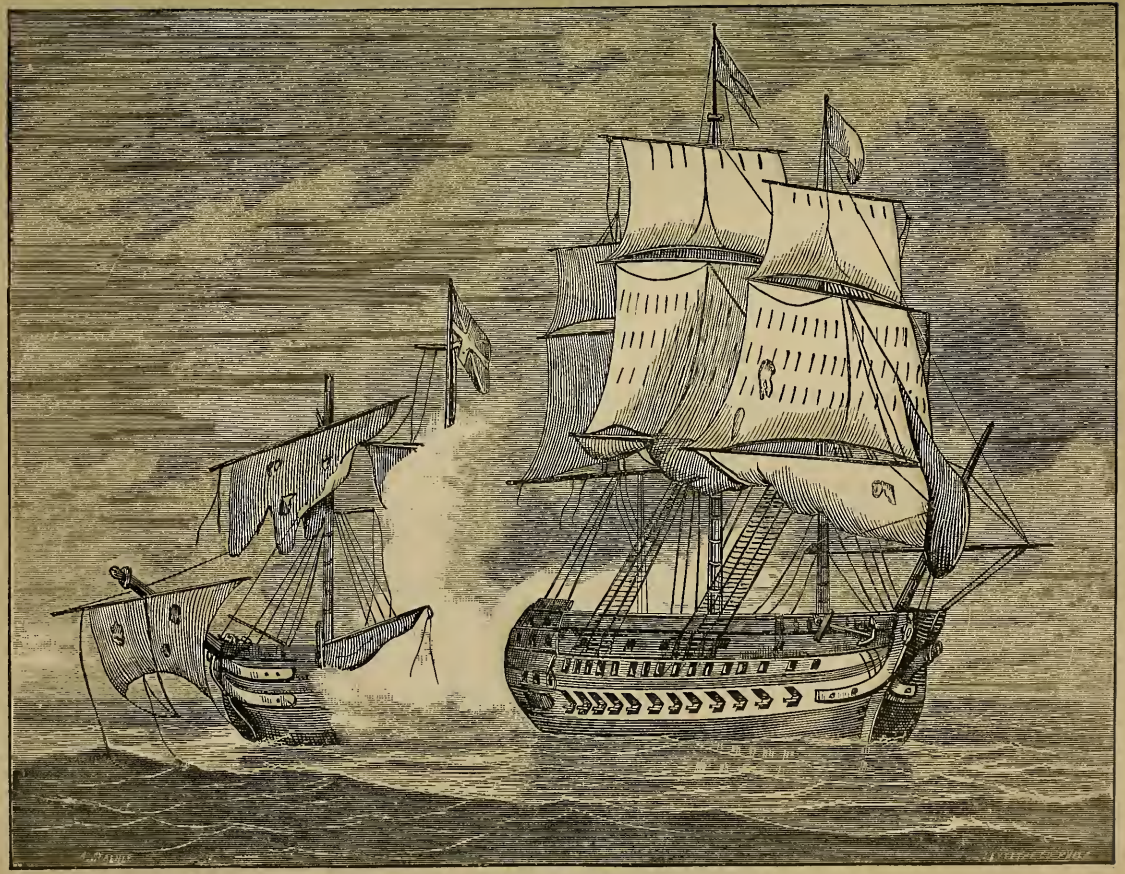
LEANDER AND GÉNÉREUX. 16TH AUGUST, A.D. 1798.

IN connection with the Battle of the Nile, it may be interesting to give some account of an action between single ships which closely followed it, in which Admiral Nelson's dispatches describing his victory were captured by one of the two French line-of-battle ships which escaped from Aboukir Bay.

It will be remembered that the Généreux and Guillaume Tell, with two frigates, made sail and escaped, on August 2d.

On the 5th the Leander, 50, Captain Thompson, was despatched, with Captain Berry, of Admiral Nelson's flag-ship, to convey to Earl St. Vincent the report of the great action.

The Leander, making the best of her way to the westward, was, at daybreak on the 18th of August, within a few miles of the Goza di Candia. As the sun rose a large sail was discovered in the south, evidently a ship-of-the-line, and standing directly for the Leander, which latter ship was becalmed, while the stranger was bringing up a fine breeze from the southward. The Leander being some eighty men short of her complement, and having on board several who were wounded in the late action, Captain Thompson very properly took every



CAPTURE OF ADMIRAL NELSON'S DESPATCHES.

means to avoid a contest with a ship so superior in size and force. But the inferiority in sailing of the Leander rendered an action inevitable; and it was only left him to steer such a course as would enable her to receive her powerful antagonist to the best advantage.

The line-of-battle ship soon turned out to be French, and no other than the Généreux. She still had the breeze to herself, and came down within distant shot, when she hoisted Neapolitan colors. These she soon changed for Turkish, but had not at all deceived the English officers as to her nationality. About nine o'clock she ranged up on the Leander's weather quarter, within half gunshot. The English ship at once hauled up until her broadside would bear, and then opened a vigorous fire, which was returned by the Généreux. The ships contrived to near each other, keeping up a constant and heavy fire, until half-past ten, when it was evident the Généreux intended to lay her opponent on board. The Leander's sails and rigging were so much cut up, and the wind was so light, that she could not avoid the shock, and the French ship struck her on the port bow, and, dropping alongside, continued there for some time. The French crew were, however, prevented from boarding by the musketry fire of the Leander's few marines, upon her poop, and the small-arm men on the quarter-deck. They made several attempts, but were each time beaten off, with loss.

Meanwhile the great guns of both ships, that would bear, were firing most actively, and the action was very severe. Presently, an increase of breeze occurring, the Leander took advantage of it to disengage herself, and, being ably handled, was able to pass under her enemy's stern, at but a few yards distance, while she deliberately raked her with every broadside gun. Soon after this the

breeze entirely died away, and the sea became as smooth as glass; but the cannonade between the two ships continued, with unabated fury, until half-past three in the afternoon. A light breeze then sprang up, and the Généreux had passed the Leander's bows, and stationed herself on the latter's starboard side. Unfortunately, a great wreck of spars and rigging had fallen on that side of the Leander, and disabled her guns. This checked the English ship's fire, and the French now hailed to know if she had surrendered. The Leander was now totally unmanageable, having only the shattered remains of her fore and main masts standing, while her hull was cut to pieces, and her decks covered with the killed and wounded. The Généreux, on the other hand, having only lost her mizzen-top-mast, was about to take up a position across her opponent's stern, where she could finish her work by raking her with deadly effect, without a possibility of reply. In this condition she had no choice but surrender, and the Généreux, took possession of her hard-won prize.

In this six hours' close and bloody fight the Leander had thirty-five killed, and fifty-seven wounded, a full third of all on board. The loss of the Généreux was severe. She had a crew of seven hundred, and lost about one hundred killed, and one hundred and eighty-eight wounded. This defence of a fifty-gun ship against a seventy-four is almost unparalleled.

Captain Le Joille, the commander of the French ship, was not, if we may believe the English accounts, a very good specimen of a French naval officer, even of those peculiar times, when rudeness was considered the best proof of true republicanism. Captain Thompson and his officers were allowed to be plundered, as soon as they arrived on board the Généreux, of every article they

possessed, hardly leaving the clothes which they wore. In vain they expostulated with the French Captain, reminding him of the very different treatment experienced by the French officers taken prisoners at the battle of the Nile. With great *nonchalance* he answered, "I am sorry, but to tell the truth, our fellows are great hands at pillage." Captain Berry, the bearer of dispatches, who was a passenger in the Leander, was plundered of a pair of pistols which he valued. The man who had taken them was produced, when the French Captain himself took the pistols, telling Berry that he would give him a pair of French pistols when he was released, which he never did. This incident is related by Sir Edward Berry himself, in a letter. In fact, the French behaved very much like Barbary corsairs, and even took the instruments of the surgeon of the Leander, before he had performed the necessary operations. Captain Thompson's severe wounds nearly proved fatal, from their preventing the surgeon from attending to them. When the Leander arrived at Corfu, where she was taken, the French there treated the English very badly, and some of them nearly perished of privation. Had Captain Thompson fallen into the hands of Captain Bergeret, or many other French officers who could be named, his obstinate and noble defence would have secured him the respect and esteem of his captors.

Bergeret was of a very different type of French officer. He was, during this war, a prisoner in England, and was given his parole, to go to France, and endeavor to effect an exchange between himself and the celebrated Sir Sidney Smith, then a prisoner in Paris. Failing in his object, he promptly returned to his imprisonment in England. Sir Sidney had, in the meantime, made his escape; and the British government, with a due sense of

Bergeret's conduct, restored his liberty, without any restrictions.

It is a pity that such a man as Le Joille should have been in command of one of the finest 74s in the French navy.

When Captain Thompson's wounds healed, and he at length reached his native country, he received not only an honorable acquittal from the court held upon the loss of his ship, but also the honor of knighthood, for the defence which he had made against so superior a force.

Another striking incident connected with the battle of the Nile, and we shall have done with that action.

Just a month after the battle, while the squadron under Captain Hood, of the Zealous, which had been left off Alexandria, by Nelson, was cruising close in with that place, a cutter made her appearance, standing towards the land. The Swiftsure and the Emerald frigate fired several shots at her, but the cutter would not bring to, and at length ran aground a little to the westward of the Marabout tower. The English boats were at once despatched to bring her off; but in the meantime the crew of the cutter had made good their landing, and the vessel herself was shortly afterwards beaten to pieces by the high surf. The shore, at this time, presented nothing but barren, uncultivated sands as far as the eye could reach; but soon several Arabs were seen advancing, some on horseback and some on foot. The French, who had quitted the cutter, now perceived their mistake; but, for nearly the whole of them, it was too late. The Arabs were upon them.

The British boats pulled for the shore, in hopes of saving their unfortunate enemies, but the breakers were too heavy to effect a landing in safety. A midshipman of the Emerald, Mr. Francis Fane (who afterwards rose high in the service), with a high sense of humanity, threw

himself into the water, and swam through the surf to the shore, pushing before him an empty boat's breaker, or small cask, to which a line had been made fast. By this means Citizen Gardon, the commanding officer of the French cutter, and four of his men, were saved. The cutter was the Anémone, of four guns and sixty men, six days from Malta, and originally from Toulon, having on board General Carmin and Captain Vallette, aide-de-camp to General Bonaparte; also a courier, with despatches, and a small detachment of soldiers.

The General, perceiving no possibility of escape from the English, had ordered Captain Gardon to run the cutter on shore. The sailor represented to the soldier the danger to his vessel and those on board, from the high surf, and particularly to all who should succeed in landing, from the hordes of wild Arabs who infested that coast.

The General said he would cut his way through them, to Alexandria, which was not much more than ten miles off. No sooner, however, did the French land, than they perceived the Bedouins, who, up to that time, had concealed themselves behind the numerous sand hills in the neighborhood.

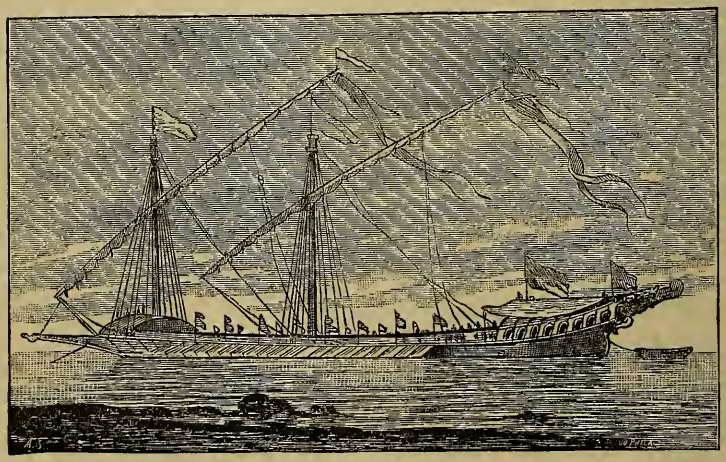
Terror and dismay now seized upon the General and the unfortunate victims of his rash resolve; and their enemy, the British, viewed their probable fate with commiseration, for the Arabs never spared any French who fell into their hands. Although the crew of the cutter, by refusing to surrender, and by firing upon the British boats long after all hopes of escape were at an end, had brought the disaster on themselves, still the English could not help mourning their sad fate.

What followed was a melancholy spectacle. The French officers and men were seized and stripped, and

many of them murdered at once, in cold blood, as they made no resistance on being pillaged. An Arab, on horseback, unslung a carbine, and presented it at the General, in full sight of the boats. The General and the aide-de-camp appeared to be on their knees, begging for mercy. The Arab drew the trigger but the piece missed fire, and the man renewed the priming, very deliberately, and again fired at the General. He missed him, but shot the aid-de-camp, in his rear, and then he drew a pistol and shot the General, who instantly fell.

The French courier endeavored to escape, but he was pursued and killed, and the Arab who got possession of his despatches at once rode off with them. It was learned, afterwards, that they were restored to the French for a large sum of money.

On the appearance of a troop of French cavalry, from Alexandria, the Arabs retired to the desert, taking with them their surviving prisoners, while the British boats, with their five rescued prisoners, returned to the squadron.



LA GALÈRE REALE.
(French Galley, First Class, 17th Century.)

XXII.

ACTION BETWEEN THE AMBUSCADE AND BAYONNAISE. A. D. 1798.

SINGLE ship actions are often as decisive as those between fleets; and they are, as a rule, even more characteristic and interesting. Of course, we mean by *decisive* that they have often affected, for good or evil, the *morale* of nations, thereby encouraging one and depressing the other, and thus in no small degree affecting the progress of a war.

The frigate actions of our last war with Great Britain were very pre-eminently of this nature, and some of them will, in due time, be given.

The action of the Ambuscade and Bayonnaise has always been a fruitful source of discussion, as well as of lively contradiction, between the French and English naval writers, the latter being as much depressed by allusions to it as the French are elated. Where so much discussion and rejoinder have taken place in regard to the collision of a comparatively insignificant force, we may expect to find many contradictory statements.

In what follows we shall give the account of the beaten side, the British, in the main points, premising, of course, that they would make the best of a poor story. The *facts* of the capture are not disputed, and are given in

about the same terms by both sides. It is the manner of telling which differs.

On December 5th, 1798, the British 32-gun frigate Ambuscade, Captain Jenkins, sailed from Portsmouth (to which port she had escorted a prize, and on board the latter had left a few of her men as a prize crew), for a cruise on the French coast. Not long after sailing she made prizes of a brig and a lugger, and received on board from the two vessels some thirty prisoners, while she sent to the prizes her Second Lieutenant and a sufficient number of men to man them. Her Third Lieutenant was at this time ill in his bed, and the Ambuscade was reduced in her complement, by the sending of prize crews, from 212 to 190. Of this one hundred and ninety the English accounts claim that a large number were boys. It is quite likely that she had many landsmen and boys, as most English ships had at that time, but that she had such a proportion of boys as to effect her efficiency is not very likely. She was not a school-ship or a training-ship, but an active 32, engaged in winter cruising on a notoriously rough station, and doing her best to cripple the enemy by taking and sending in prizes.

On the morning of December 14th, while lying to off the mouth of the Garonne, and momentarily expecting to be joined by the 32-gun frigate Stag, a sail was made out, to seaward, standing in. The stranger was directly end-on to the Ambuscade, and all on board the latter ship seem to have taken it for granted it was her consort, the Stag, because the latter was expected at that time. December mornings are not apt to be clear and fine in the Bay of Biscay, and the new comer was some distance off. They could see but little of her hull, from her position, neither could they make out any colors, for the same reason.

This being the state of affairs, on an enemy's coast, in time of active war, the officers and men of the Ambuscade left her hove to, and went unconcernedly to breakfast, with only a few hands on deck to observe the approach of the strange sail, which came rolling down at her leisure. Before nine o'clock she was within gunshot, and then she suddenly hauled by the wind, and made all sail, apparently to escape. She was now seen to be French, and the Ambuscade's hands were turned up, and a press of sail at once made in chase of what proved to be the French 24-gun corvette, the Bayonnaise, commanded by Captain Richer, and coming from Cayenne, with some 30 troops and an officer as passengers; these raising the number on board to between 240 and 250 men.

The English ship seems to have been faster than her opponent, for she soon placed herself within comfortable firing distance, when she hoisted her colors, and the Bayonnaise did the same. The French ship then shortened sail, and the action began; the interchange of broadsides continuing for about an hour, the English account stating that, at the end of that time, the Bayonnaise was suffering very much. It is certain that the Ambuscade was suffering, for one of her main-deck twelve-pounders, just abreast of her gangway, had burst. Now James, and other English naval historians scout the idea that such an accident should have any effect upon an action, when it relates to so dauntless a spirit as that of Commodore Rodgers, in command of an American frigate, outnumbered by an English squadron. But in this case it is *their* ox which is gored, and they make the most of it, even going so far as to trace the capture of the English ship to that cause. By this unfortunate accident her gangway was knocked away, the boats on the boom were stove, and other damage done; while eleven men were wounded.

It is true that the bravest and best disciplined ship's company has its ardor dampened by an occurrence of the kind, as they feel that the next gun may, at any moment, in its turn sacrifice its crew. The good fame of a gun is as important as that of a woman, and the bursting of a gun during an engagement is one of the most unfortunate accidents which can occur to any ship, be the destruction great or small. In addition to this, all the English naval historians combine in saying that the Ambuscade had an exceptionally bad crew; and James devotes as much space to proving this, and also that this 24-gun corvette ought not to have taken an English ship of 32 guns, as he does to most general actions. The accident to the gun seems to have caused so much confusion on board the English ship that the French corvette made sail to take advantage of it, and make her escape from a disagreeable predicament. This act on her part seems to have recalled the Ambuscade's Captain to a sense of his duty, and that ship soon overtook the Bayonnaise again—coming up to leeward, to recommence the action—but at first, owing to a press of sail, shooting a little too far ahead.

The Bayonnaise was, at this time, much damaged in hull, rigging and spars, and had suffered a heavy loss in officers and men—among others, her Captain and First Lieutenant—wounded. The commanding officer of the troops who were passengers then suggested to the only sea-officer left on deck the trial of boarding the English ship, which was so much the more powerful in weight of metal. The plan was assented to, the boarders called away, the corvette's helm was put up, and she was allowed to drop foul of the Ambuscade, carrying away with her bowsprit the quarter-deck barricade, wheel, mizzen-rigging and mizzen-mast of the English frigate. It is evident

that the latter must have been in a bad state to permit this to be done.

The Bayonnaise then swung round under the Ambuscade's stern, but still remaining foul of her, having caught the English ship's rudder chain, either by a grappling iron or by the fluke of an anchor, and the French now, by a vigorous use of musketry, commanded completely the quarter-deck of the Ambuscade.

The marines of the Ambuscade kept up a fire in return, but were overpowered by the steady, close fire of the French soldiers, and in a very short time the First Lieutenant was handed below, wounded in the groin, when he almost immediately expired.

Almost at the same moment Captain Jenkins was shot in the thigh, breaking the bone, and was necessarily removed from the deck, as was the Lieutenant of Marines, from wounds in the thigh and shoulder.

Scarcely had these left the deck when the Master was shot through the head, and instantly killed. The only surviving Lieutenant, who had left his sick bed to take part in the defence, was now wounded in the head.

The gunner at this moment came on deck, and reported the ship on fire below and abaft, which so alarmed the uninjured portion of the crew, on account of the neighborhood of the magazine, that they left their quarters on the gun-deck, and went below.

The fire was occasioned by some cartridges which had been carelessly left upon the rudder head, and which, on the discharge of a gun through the cabin window or stern port, into the bows of the Bayonnaise, had exploded, badly wounding every man at the gun, besides blowing out a part of the Ambuscade's stern, and destroying the boat which was hanging there.

In the height of all this confusion on board the Ambus-

cade the French soldiers, who, throughout, had behaved splendidly, charged across the bowsprit of their vessel, which formed a bridge to the quarter-deck of the Ambuscade, now undefended, and, after a short struggle on the main deck, found themselves in possession of the frigate. There is no doubt that this result was most humiliating to a nation who had grown to consider themselves irresistible by sea, when the odds were not too great. The great advantage of the Ambuscade, her gun force, was not made the most of; and although she was evidently the faster vessel, the Frenchman, from superior tactics, was enabled to make his superiority in musketeers tell. In fact, the whole story shows that the English ship was sadly deficient in discipline and drill. It was immediately given out that the majority of her crew "were the scum of the British navy," but the great trouble appears to have been with the captain himself. This officer had been promoted to the command of the Ambuscade from the Carnatic, 74, where he had been first lieutenant, and he had brought with him from that ship a party of seamen whom he chose to call the "gentlemen Carnatics," and distinguishing those men whom he found on board the frigate by the very opprobrious epithet of "blackguard Ambuscades." One can hardly speak calmly of the fact that such an idiot as this was placed in such a responsible position; and, as he himself had raised two parties in his ship, the only wonder is that she made so good a defence. When Captain Jenkins and his surviving officers and ship's company were, some months later, exchanged, a court-martial was, of course, held upon him, for the loss of the Ambuscade. The Captain was suffering still from the effects of his dreadful wound, and he and the rest were acquitted, in spite of the evidence showing that his ship was in bad discipline, and that the

action had been conducted in a lubberly manner, on the part of the English, from first to last. No questions appear to have been pressed as to why the Bayonnaise's character was not earlier ascertained, whereby confusion would have been avoided in the opening of the engagement, and the Ambuscade might have obtained the weather-gage, and kept her adversary from boarding; while in that position, her superiority in metal should have told. It was proved that the hammocks were not in the nettings, in spite of the musketry being so much used, and other equally shameful points were made manifest. Yet Jenkins was acquitted, and the sentence of the court avoided even naming the ship by which he had been captured. The French took their prize into Rochefort, and great were the rejoicings, not without cause, for a French corvette had captured an English frigate. Richer was promoted by the French Directory, over one grade, to that of *Capitaine de Vaisseau*, and the crew properly rewarded. The gallant officer in command of the troops, to whom so much of the credit of the action is due, was killed on the Bayonnaise's deck.

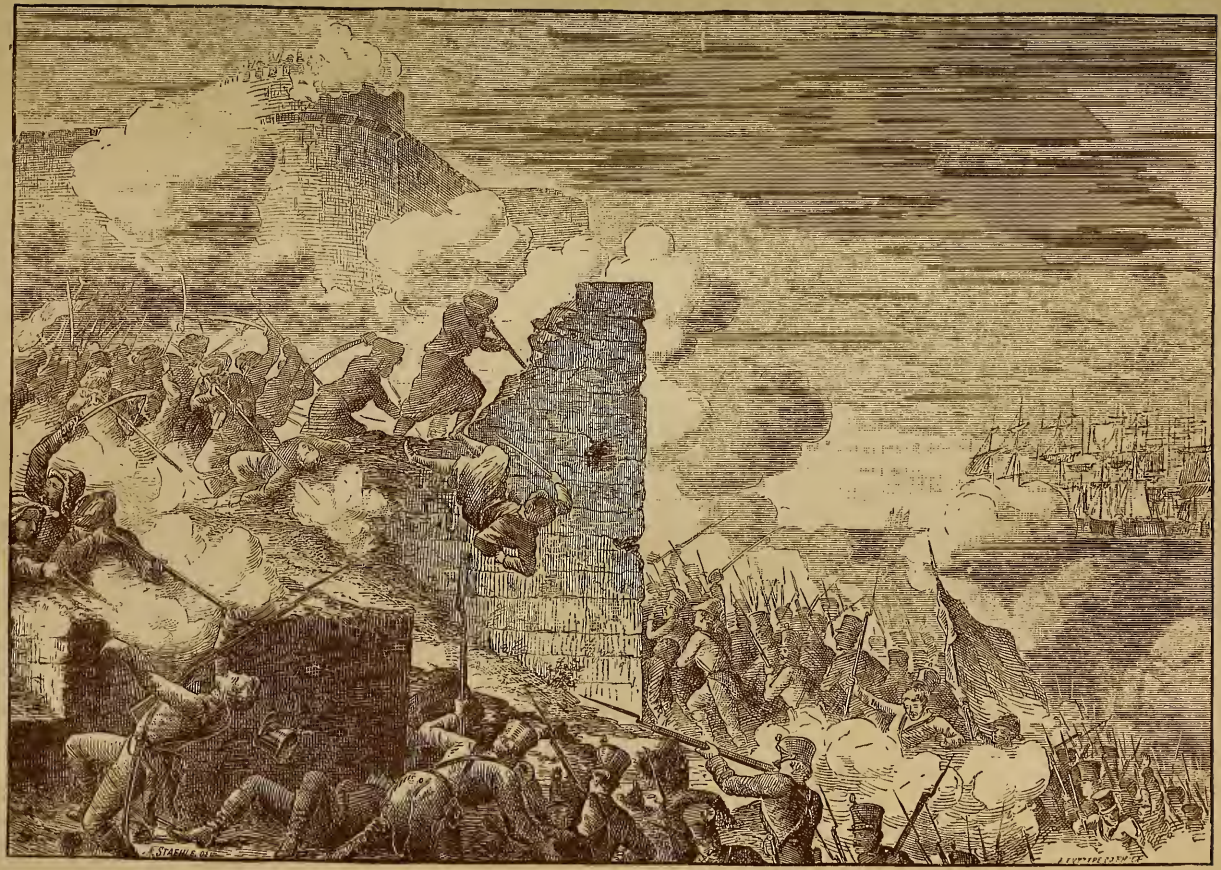
XXIII.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH AND HIS SEAMEN AT ACRE. A. D. 1799.

IN March, 1799, Commodore Sir William Sidney Smith, in command of the English 74-gun ship, Tigre, then lying off Alexandria, was invested by the British government with the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Sublime Porte.

In consequence of an express received from Achmed Djezzar, Governor of Syria, with the information that Bonaparte had invaded that country, and had carried Jaffa by storm, and that the French were also preparing an expedition by sea, Sir Sidney sent off the Theseus, Captain Miller, to Acre, as well as a small vessel to reconnoitre the Syrian coast and rejoin the Theseus at Caïffa.

Acre was the next town and fortified place on the coast, north of Jaffa, and was in a bay of the same name, the southern port of which was the headland celebrated from very ancient times as Mount Carmel. The bay is very much exposed to winds from every quarter but the east and south, and at all times is a rough and uncertain anchorage. Just within the southern cape of Carmel, where the Mount drops away and the country becomes flat, is the town of Haïffa or Kaïffa, and beyond that, at the turn of the bay, before one comes to Acre, is the mouth of the river Kishon. This mouth, except when the



SIEGE OF ACRE, 1799.

river is in flood, is obstructed by sand bars, and is generally to be forded with care.

On the 13th of March the Theseus, a 74, arrived at Acre, and on the 15th the Tigre, Alliance and Marianne also anchored in that port; and Sir Sidney Smith, finding that the Turks were disposed to defend the place, used every exertion to put the walls in a state to resist an attack. On the 17th the Theseus was sent to the southward, and Sir Sidney, with the boats of the Tigre, proceeded to the anchorage of Caïffa, under Mount Carmel. That evening, after dark, the advanced guard of the French was discovered, mounted on asses and dromedaries, and passing along the coast road, close to the seaside, and a launch, with a 12-lb carronade, was sent to the mouth of the river, to defend the ford.

At daybreak the next morning this launch opened a most unexpected fire on the French column, and compelled it to change its route, so that when they took the Nazareth road they became exposed to the attacks of the Samaritan Arabs. The guns of the British ships preventing the French from making an attack from the north, they invested Acre on the northeast side, where the defences were much stronger. As no artillery was used in replying to the British boats, it was evident that the French had none with them. Expecting that a flotilla was to bring artillery up to them, a lookout was kept, and, on the morning of the 18th a French corvette and nine sail of gun vessels was seen from the Tigre. They were promptly chased and the gun-boats taken, but the corvette escaped. The prizes were full of battering cannon, ammunition and siege stores, which they had brought from Damietta.

These guns, which had been intended for the destruction of Acre, were now landed for its defence, and the gun-

boats employed to harass their late owners, and cut off supplies.

That same day an English boat expedition met with a disastrous repulse in an attack upon four French transports, which had come into Caïffa anchorage with supplies for the French army, losing heavily in officers and men; and soon after all the English vessels were obliged to put to sea, on account of bad weather, and were not able to return again until the 6th of April.

In the meantime Bonaparte had been pushing the siege operations with the energy peculiarly his own, and it seemed impossible for the Turkish garrison and the English sailors to resist his determined approach. During the absence of the British ships he had pushed his approaches to the counter-scarp, and in the ditch at the northeast angle of the town was mining the towers to widen a breach already made by his field pieces. As much danger was apprehended from this approach, a sortie was determined on, in which the English seamen and marines were to bear a prominent part. They were to force their way into the mine while the Turks attacked the enemy's trenches on the right and left. The sortie took place just before daylight, but the Turks rendered abortive the attempt to surprise the enemy by their noise and impetuosity. The English sailors, armed with pikes and cutlasses, succeeded in entering the mine, and destroyed its supports, and partly filled it up. The marines supported and protected them while doing this, and the party was covered on its return by a cross fire from one of the ships. This sortie much delayed Bonaparte's operations; but, in the meantime, Rear-Admiral Perrée of the French navy, who had been hovering about the coast with a squadron, succeeded in landing supplies and some 18-lb guns, at Jaffa, which were immediately

brought up, overland. Napoleon attached the utmost importance to the speedy capture of Acre, which was necessary to the success of his plans, and he pushed the siege with tremendous energy, and reckless disregard for the lives of his troops. The garrison continued to make sorties, under cover of the boats of the English squadron, but the 1st of May found the French successful in establishing a breach, from the concentrated fire of twenty-three pieces of artillery. They then made a desperate attempt to storm the place.

The Theseus was moored on one side of the town, and the Tigre on the other, while the gun-boats and launches flanked the enemy's trenches.

Notwithstanding a tremendous fire from the shipping, and in the very face of a heavy fire from the walls of the town, the French bravely mounted to the assault; but, in spite of all their efforts, were repulsed with great slaughter. Several English officers and seamen were killed in this affair, and Colonel Philipeaux, a French Royalist officer of engineers, serving with the English against Bonaparte, died of excessive fatigue.

The French continued to batter in breach, and continued their attempts to storm; in spite of which Sir Sidney Smith managed to construct two ravelins, within musket shot of the besiegers. All this involved the most extreme fatigue on the part of both the besiegers and the besieged. Frequent sorties were made, which impeded the French in their work; and on May 7th a reinforcement of two Turkish corvettes, and twenty-five transports with troops, arrived.

Bonaparte determined to make one more effort to capture the place before these troops could be landed. Although the British fire from the vessels was kept up, Bonaparte had succeeded in throwing up epaulements

and traverses, with his great engineering ability, which in a great degree protected his working parties from the naval party. The pieces which annoyed him most were in the light-house tower, and in the north ravelin, and two 68-pounders, mounted in native flat-bottomed vessels and throwing shells. These were all manned by the English seamen.

In spite of all this, Bonaparte gained ground, and having battered down the northeast tower of the walls, the ruins formed a sort of ladder, and at daylight on the 8th of May the French stormed again, and succeeded in planting their colors on the outer angle of the tower.

Their position was sheltered by two traverses, which they had constructed during the preceding night, composed of sand-bags and bodies of the dead built in with them, and forming a wall so high that only their bayonets could be seen above them.

In the meantime the reinforcement of Turkish troops, under Hassan Bey, were being debarked, which only increased Bonaparte's endeavors to get possession of the place before they could be put in position.

It was a most critical moment, and Sir Sidney, to gain time, himself led the British seamen, mostly armed with pikes, to the defence of the breach. Here he found a few Turks, who were hurling huge stones down upon the French. The latter, being reinforced, charged up, and the fight became a hand-to-hand one.

According to the ancient custom of the Turks, Djezzar Pasha had been sitting in his palace rewarding such as brought to him the heads of his enemies; but when he heard that Sir Sidney was on the breach he hastened there to persuade him to retire, saying that "if harm befell his English friends all would be lost." Hassan's troops were now close at hand, and Sir Sidney led up the

Chifflic regiment, armed and disciplined in the European style, and made a determined sally. They were beaten back, however, by the desperate fighting of the French, with great loss; but in doing so, the latter were obliged to expose themselves, and suffered terribly from the flanking fire of the English guns.

Napoleon had entered Syria with about fifteen thousand men, and many of his best generals, but by this time his losses had been so great that he feared he should be unsuccessful in his undertaking of seizing the whole of that country, for which undertaking he had made such exertions and sacrifices. But he was not the man to retire from any enterprise before he had exhausted all his resources.

On the 9th and 10th he continued to batter the defences, day and night, in preparation for one final, desperate effort. Every shot brought down large pieces of the wall, which was less solid than the tower they had been so long battering, and a new breach was effected, to the southward of their first lodgment. Bonaparte was now distinctly seen by the defenders most energetically directing operations from an elevated mound called after Richard Cœur de Lion, addressing his generals with great energy of gesture, and sending off aides-de-camp in every direction. The night before he had himself inspected the breach closely, rousing the enthusiasm of his veteran troops by the way in which he exposed himself, at the very foot of the walls, to the hottest fire. About noon he made dispositions for storming. Kleber's grenadiers were to lead, their chief, Venoux, saying, "If Saint Jean d'Acre is not taken this evening you may be certain that Venoux is dead." And he did, indeed, die, that evening, at the breach.

Just before sunset a massive column of the French was

seen advancing, and it was suffered by the Turks to mount the breach, but, in the Pasha's garden, came upon a second and almost impregnable line of defence, erected by Philipeaux in view of just such an event. Here the Turks rushed upon them in overwhelming numbers, and the advance of the French were massacred almost to a man. The rest retreated precipitately, leaving General Rambeaud dead, and carrying off General Lannes, wounded. A reinforcement of English coming up, the officers very nearly suffered the fate of the French advance, for many of the newly arrived Turkish troops did not know the English uniform, and took them for French. The fighting consequent upon this assault did not terminate until the next day.

Kleber's division had been ordered to the assault again, but were met by a sortie, in which the besieged gained the third parallel of the attack, and spiked some of the French guns, and Kleber, instead of storming the fortress, was occupied in recovering their works, which involved great loss on both sides. During the progress of the siege, a dreadful accident occurred on board the English ship Theseus—seventy large shells exploding on her poop—killing and wounding eighty-seven of her officers and ship's company. The ship herself was dreadfully shattered.

After the failure of Kleber's attack the French troops could not be brought to mount the breach again. The plague, which had committed such ravages among them at Jaffa, broke out again, probably from the horribly putrid stench of the great number of unburied bodies, and especially of those built into the epaulements and traverses, added to fatigue and shortness of provisions; a flag of truce was sent in, to propose a cessation of hostilities, to allow them to bury the dead. This Djezzar

would not permit. The flag had hardly performed its duties and withdrawn, when a shower of shot and shell from the French batteries announced the commencement of another attack, which was made with fury and desperation. But the garrison was prepared, and the French were once more driven back, with great slaughter. In the night of the 20th of May the French raised the siege, and made a precipitate retreat, leaving twenty-three pieces of battering cannon behind them.

Sir Sidney Smith remained at Acre until the middle of June, rendering the Turks all assistance in once more placing the fortress in a state of defence.

This celebrated siege lasted sixty-one days. The besiegers had marched to the assault no less than eight times, while the besieged made eleven desperate sallies. Bonaparte, in his reports to the French Directory, gave many flimsy reasons for his want of success.

Speaking of it afterwards, at St. Helena, he attempted to put the whole blame of his non-success upon the French naval officers who had failed to engage and drive away Sir Sidney Smith and his squadron. He said that if he had succeeded in his plans the whole face of the world would have been changed. "Acre," he said, "would have been taken; the French army would have gone to Damascus and Aleppo; in the twinkling of an eye they would have been on the Euphrates; the Syrian Christians would have joined us; the Druses, the Armenians, would have united with us." Some one remarked, "We might have been reinforced to the number of one hundred thousand men." "Say six hundred thousand," Bonaparte replied; "who can calculate the amount? I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies; I would have changed the face of the world!"

XXIV.

FOUDROYANT AND CONSORTS, IN ACTION WITH THE GUILLAUME TELL. 1800.

DURING the early part of the year 1800, a British squadron, composed of the eighty-gun ship Foudroyant, Captain Sir Edward Berry (the same who was captured in the Leander, after the battle of the Nile, as bearer of despatches), and bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, the 74-gun ship Alexandria, Captain Ball, the 64-gun ship Lion, Captain Dixon, and the 36-gun frigate Penelope, Captain Blackwood, with two or three sloops and smaller vessels, was stationed off Malta, then in French possession, to prevent succors from being thrown into that island, and to watch the movements of the French ships which were in that safe port.

Among the latter, lying in Valetta, was the French 80-gun ship Guillaume Tell, Rear-Admiral Denis Décrès, and Captain Saunier.

The Guillaume Tell was one of the two French line-of-battle-ships which had escaped from the battle of the Nile, and she had taken refuge at Malta.

Décrès occupied so exalted a position, afterwards, that it will be necessary, before beginning the account of a very remarkable battle, to give some account of his life.

This very distinguished French naval officer was born in 1762, and died in 1820. He entered the navy early,

and won his first promotion under Count De Grasse, in America, while he afterwards distinguished himself in the frigate squadron which France sent to the East Indies to annoy the English commerce. In 1793 he was a "*capitaine de vaisseau*," but was deprived of his rank by the Revolutionists, because he was a noble. Escaping the guillotine, when thousands of others perished, he was restored to his rank in the navy in 1795. In 1798 he attained the rank of Rear-Admiral, and in that capacity was present at the capture of Malta. He then served at the battle of the Nile, and came back to Malta with the few French vessels that escaped. These were soon blockaded by the English in the harbor of Valetta. Décrès, in conjunction with General Vaubois, conducted the defence of Malta, which continued for seventeen months

In March, 1800, provisions fell short, and much sickness appeared in the French garrison, and Décrès concluded to embark about twelve hundred men on board the Guillaume Tell, and force the blockade. The English frigate Penelope followed him, but was able to offer no resistance. The next day Décrès fell in with more English ships, and the celebrated engagement which we shall relate further on ensued. Although conquered at last, Décrès received a sword of honor from the First Consul, Bonaparte, for his conduct, and the English "Naval Chronicle" says that this was the warmest resistance ever made by a foreign man-of-war against a superior British force.

Upon his return from captivity in England, Décrès was successively appointed Prefêt Maritime, Commandant of the Western Fleet, and Minister of Marine. He continued to act in this capacity as long as the French Empire lasted; and in it he showed great administrative ability.

During his administration the great works at Cherbourg were materially advanced; as well as those at Nieuwe Dieppe and Flushing, while the docks and construction yards of Antwerp were wholly created. He managed to keep up, and even increase, the strength of the French navy, in spite of their great losses; and he collected the great flotilla of Boulogne, which circumstances rendered useless, however.

Napoleon, who made him, in succession, a Count, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and finally, a Duke, recalled him to his old position during the Hundred Days; and when the Emperor finally fell, he was retired by the Bourbon government.

Duke Décrès survived many bloody battles, to be at last assassinated by his valet. This man, who had been robbing him for a long time, placed a quantity of powder, with a slow match, under Décrè's mattress. Stealing into the Duke's bedroom at night, he blew him up. The valet, in his perturbation at what he had done, threw himself out of the window, and was killed. His master died a few days after, aged 58 years.

And now to return to this celebrated action.

At eleven o'clock at night, on the 30th of March, 1800, the Guillaume Tell, taking advantage of a strong southerly gale, and the darkness that had succeeded the setting of the moon, weighed anchor and put to sea.

About midnight the English frigate Penelope, which was on guard off the harbor, discovered the French ship, under a press of sail, with the wind on the starboard quarter. The Penelope at once made the necessary signals to the other blockading ships, and then tacked, and stood after the Tell. In half an hour she was close up with the chase, and luffed up, and gave the Tell her

whole broadside; receiving in return, only the Tell's chase guns.

The French ship, aware that if she brought to, she would soon have upon her the whole of the English blockading ships, whose lights could be already seen on the horizon, wisely kept her course to the northward.

The Penelope was faster than the Tell, and was commanded by an experienced seaman, and she continued to follow her, and to occasionally luff, and pour in a broadside, so that, just before daybreak, the Guillaume Tell's main and mizzen-top-masts, and her main-yard came down. She was thus reduced, except her mizzen, to her head-sails; and these were greatly damaged by the Penelope's shot. She had also lost many men from the English frigate's raking shots.

The Penelope skillfully avoided exposing herself to a broadside from so powerful a ship, and had the good fortune to escape much damage to her sails and rigging. She had lost her master, killed, and a few wounded.

About five in the morning the Lion, 64, after pressing sail, arrived up. Steering between the Penelope and the crippled Guillaume Tell, and so near to the latter that the yard-arms of the two ships barely passed clear, the Lion ranged up on the port side of her opponent, and poured in a destructive double-shotted broadside. The Lion then luffed up across the bow of the Guillaume Tell, the jib-boom of the latter passing between the main and mizzen shrouds of the former. Of course, with an inferior complement of men, the Lion did not wish to be boarded, and, fortunately for her, the Tell's jib-boom soon carried away, leaving the Lion inaccessible to boarders, but in an excellent position across the Guillaume Tell's bows. Here the Lion, aided by the Penelope kept up a heavy fire, for about half an hour, when the Tell had so damaged

the Lion that she was forced to drop astern; still firing, however, as did the Penelope, whenever an opportunity offered.

At six o'clock the Foudroyant came up. Lord Nelson was not on board, having been left, sick, at Palermo; and Captain Dixon, of the Lion, was the senior officer to Captain Sir Edward Berry, of the Foudroyant. The latter ship, under a crowd of sail, ranged up so close to the Guillaume Tell that her spare anchor just cleared the Tell's mizzen-chains, and called to her to strike; accompanying the summons by a treble-shotted broadside. The only answer of the French ship was a similar broadside, which cut away a good deal of the Foudroyant's rigging. The latter, having so much sail set, necessarily shot ahead, and did not again get alongside the Tell for several minutes. Then the two large ships engaged, and the Guillaume Tell's second broadside brought down many of the English ship's spars, and cut her sails to pieces. She then dropped alongside the Tell, still firing occasionally; as did the Lion, on the Tell's port side, and the Penelope, on her port quarter. Under this unremitting and galling fire the gallant French ship's main and mizzen masts came down; and the Foudroyant, having cleared away the wreck of her fallen spars, and to some extent refitted her rigging, again closed with the Guillaume Tell, and after a few broadsides, was nearly on board her. At eight o'clock the foremast of the Tell fell, and she was totally dismasted. At a few minutes after eight the gallant Frenchman was rolling, an unmanageable hulk, with the wreck of her masts disabling her port guns, and the violent rolling, in her dismasted state, requiring the lower deck ports, on both sides, to be closed.

The Foudroyant was on one quarter, the Lion on the

other, and the Penelope close ahead. Under these circumstances the Guillaume Tell struck her colors.

Both the Foudroyant, 80, and the Lion, 64, were in too disabled a state to be able to take possession of the French 80-gun ship. That duty devolved upon the Penelope. The other vessels had enough to do to take care of themselves. Some English brig sloops and a bomb-vessel witnessed this singular engagement, but appear to have taken no part in it.

A more heroic defence than that of the Guillaume Tell is not be found in the record of naval actions; and the defeat in this case was more honorable than half the single ship victories which have been so loudly praised. To the Penelope belongs the special credit, next to the Guillaume Tell herself. Next to the frigate, credit is due to the Lion. It was, of course, the arrival of the Foudroyant which turned the scale. Had that ship, single-handed, and so nearly matched, met the Tell, the contest would have been between two of the most powerful ships that had ever so met, and the chances are that the Guillaume Tell, so gallantly manned, and so ably commanded, would have come off the conqueror. This is conceded by all the English accounts.

All of the vessels engaged, except the Penelope, were so damaged that it was with difficulty they reached port; the Penelope towing the prize into Syracuse.

The Guillaume Tell was eventually taken to England, and received into the Royal Navy under the name of Malta, and she long remained one of the finest ships in the English service.

XXV.

NAVAL OPERATIONS AT ABOUKIR BAY, AND CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA. A.D. 1801.

IT being determined to effect the expulsion of the French from Egypt, a joint expedition was agreed upon between England and Turkey. On March 2d, 1801, the English part of the expedition anchored in the bay of Aboukir, which had already been the scene of two momentous battles within a very short time. The Turkish part of the expedition did not make its appearance, having been dispersed by bad weather. The English force consisted of seven sail-of-the-line, and several frigates and sloops, under the command of Admiral Lord Keith, in the Foudroyant, 80. These escorted a large number of disarmed men-of-war and transports, which conveyed about 17,000 English troops, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. The whole day of arrival was taken up in anchoring this numerous fleet, and then a succession of high northerly gales, with a heavy surf, prevented the landing of the troops until the 8th of March. This gave the French time to muster all the force which they could spare to oppose the landing. This is stated in the British account to have been about 3000, while the French put it down at not more than 1200 men. There is every probability, however, that the French left out of their estimate the cavalry and artillery, which were certainly engaged in disputing the English

CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA, 1801.

landing. The French troops were under the command of General Friant, who, with great judgment, had stationed a part of his men and several pieces of artillery on an almost inaccessible hill that commanded the whole place of disembarkation, while other parties, with field pieces and mortars, occupied excellent positions afforded by the neighboring ground.

In good season, on the morning of the 8th, the boats of the fleet formed in line abreast, in the same order in which the troops, consisting of the first division of about six thousand men, were to form when landed. They then pulled rapidly towards the beach, which extends between the Castle or Fort of Aboukir and the river Sed. The whole of the landing arrangements were in charge of Captain Cochrane, of the Ajax; and the boats were partially protected, in their landing, by the guns of armed cutters, gun-boats, and launches, as well as by three sloops and two bomb-vessels.

As soon as the boats got near the shore a very sharp and steady fire of grape and musketry was opened upon them from behind the sand hills, while Aboukir fort, on the right, kept up a very galling fire of heavy shot and shell. But the boats pushed on, without check or confusion, the beach was gained, and a footing on dry land obtained. They then formed and advanced, and soon obtained possession of all the points from which the French were annoying them. The boats then returned, without delay, for the second division; and before night the whole army, with sufficient stores for present wants, was safely landed. Few except naval men can appreciate the difficulties to be encountered in such an operation as this, especially when the landing is upon an open coast, and such an undertaking, accomplished quickly and in

good order, and without loss, is always considered extremely creditable.

A detachment of 1000 seamen, under Captain Sir Sidney Smith, formed part of the landing force. Their duty was to drag the cannon up the sand hills, a service which they performed in a manner which called forth the applause of the army, and in which they suffered considerably. The French, when driven from the hill, left behind them seven pieces of artillery and a considerable number of horses.

On the 12th the British army moved forward, and came in sight of the French position, which was an advantageous one, along the ridge, their left resting upon the sea and their right upon the canal of Alexandria, better known to us, in late operations there, as the Mahmoudieh canal.

The French had received reinforcements, under General Lanusse, and numbered about 7000. The following day a battle was fought, in which the seamen, under Sir Sidney Smith, and the marines of the fleet, under Colonel Smith, bore a full share. At the termination of the action the English took up a position within three miles of Alexandria. This movement caused the capitulation of Aboukir castle.

On March 21st occurred the decisive battle of the campaign. The French made a desperate attack upon the English lines, about an hour before daylight, but, after a bloody and desperate contest against greatly superior numbers, were forced to retire. The British sustained a very heavy loss, however, and the Commanding General, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was mortally wounded, living only a few days. In this battle the seamen again participated, and Sir Sidney Smith was among the wounded.

Alexandria was now completely shut in; and no very important event took place until August 16th, when a naval force under Sir Sidney Smith made a demonstration of attack upon the city, and the French set fire to their flotilla, lying in the harbor. A week after this the fortified castle of Marabout, which protects the entrance to the western harbor of Alexandria, surrendered to a combined naval and military attack. This fort is about eight miles west of the city, and is one of those about which we heard so much in the late bombardment by the British iron-clads. On the nearer approach of the combined forces the garrison of Alexandria sank several vessels to block up the channel, and brought their few remaining ships nearer to the town. But these were expiring efforts. On the 27th of August General Menou sent to Lieutenant-General Hutchinson, who had succeeded Abercrombie, to request a three days' armistice. This was granted, and on September 2d, Alexandria and its garrison capitulated.

Recent events have made these operations once more interesting. General Hutchinson (afterwards Lord Donoughmore) was, like Sir Garnet Wolseley, an Irishman, and their careers are, in many respects, alike.

Hutchinson entered the English army in 1774, as a cornet of dragoons, and in nine years rose to the rank of colonel. A Major-General in 1796, he became second in command in Egypt in 1801, as a Lieutenant-General, and succeeded to the command on Abercrombie's death. He advanced, like Wolseley, as far as Cairo, when a capitulation took place, and the war ended.

XXVI.

THE CUTTING OUT OF THE CHEVRETTE. JULY, A. D. 1801.

THE cutting out of vessels from harbors and from under the protection of shore batteries, belongs exclusively to a past condition of naval warfare. Even under the peculiar conditions of our late civil war and blockade, cutting-out expeditions, when the object was the capture of an armed vessel, were not so numerous as might have been supposed, although most remarkable and gallant actions were performed in this way by both sides.

As an example of a "cutting-out expedition," we are tempted to give that of the French 20-gun corvette Chevrette. Such actions are decisive, on account of the discouragement and destruction of *morale* brought upon the defeated side, and by the corresponding confidence and elation of the victors.

In the summer of 1801 the French and Spanish combined fleet was lying in Brest harbor, with Admiral Cornwallis and a British fleet watching them. The more effectually to prevent the Franco-Spanish fleet from getting to sea without his knowledge, the Admiral had detailed a squadron of three frigates, under Captain Brisbane, of the Doris, to lie off Point Mathias, in full view of the combined fleet.

During the month of July these frigates observed the

French corvette Chevrette at anchor in Camaret Bay, under some batteries; a position considered by the French almost as secure as Brest harbor, and a capital place for a cruiser to lie and watch the chances of the blockade to get to sea. In spite of her position under the batteries, the British resolved to attempt her capture. Accordingly, on the night of the 20th of July, the boats of the Beaulieu and Doris frigates, manned entirely by volunteers, and all under the orders of a Lieutenant Losack, who had been sent in from the flag-ship, by Admiral Cornwallis, to take the command, proceeded on the enterprise. The boats soon separated, the crews of the faster ones being too zealous and excited to slacken their efforts, so that the heavier boats could not keep up with them. We can readily imagine, too, that a strange officer, sent in by influence, to command such an expedition, would not receive as cheerful support as would one of their own. Some of the boats got lost, and returned to the ships; the rest, after reaching the entrance to the bay, where they expected to be joined by their companions, lay upon their oars until daybreak. They then pulled back to their ships. But the mischief was done; they had been discovered from the corvette and from the shore, and the effect was to put them on their guard, and prevent any good being got from a surprise, in case of a renewed attempt.

On the 21st the Chevrette got under way, and after running about a mile and a half further up the bay, moored again, under some heavy batteries on the shore. Here she took on board a number of soldiers, sufficient to bring up her number on board to about three hundred and forty.

Her guns were loaded with grape, and every preparation made to resist to the last. The shore batteries were

also prepared; and temporary redoubts were thrown up at adjacent points, while a gun-boat was moored as a guard-boat at the entrance of the bay. All these precautions taken, the corvette saucily displayed, in defiance, a large French ensign above an English one, which could be plainly seen from the anchorage of the English frigates.

The English now had their pride aroused, and that very night, about ten o'clock, the boats of the three frigates, with the barge and pinnace of the Robust, 74, and numbering fifteen in all, and still commanded by Lieutenant Losack, proceeded to try the French corvette a second time.

Shortly after starting Lieut. Losack, with his own and five other boats, went in pursuit of a lookout boat of the French, which it was important to secure. The rest of the boats were directed to await the return of the commanding officer. After waiting for a considerable time, without his return, the officer next in command, Lieut. Keith Maxwell, of the Beaulieu, considering that the boats had at least six miles to pull, and that the night was already far advanced, resolved to proceed without him.

They did so at once, after he had given orders that, while one party was engaged in disarming the enemy's crew on deck, the smartest top-men of the Beaulieu should fight their way aloft and cut loose the sails; others were detailed to cut the cables, and others to go to the wheel. Some other arrangements made, the nine boats, under Maxwell, bent to their oars, and steered for the enemy.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 22d, the nine boats came in sight of the Chevrette, and the latter, after hailing, opened a heavy fire of grape and musketry upon her assailants, and this was seconded by a fire of

musketry from the shore. But the boats pulled steadily on, and the Beaulieu's boats, under Maxwell himself, boarded the vessel on the starboard bow and quarter. Those of the Uranie, one of the Robust's, and one of the Doris' boarded on the port bow. These latter had been cheered on by the gallant Lieut. Martin Neville, who was conspicuous throughout, and who was wounded. The attempt to board was most obstinately resisted by the French, with fire-arms, sabres, tomahawks and pikes; and they, in their turn, boarded the boats. During this formidable opposition over the side of the vessel the English lost most of their fire-arms; but, by obstinate fighting, at last forced their way on board, mostly armed with their cutlasses alone. Those who had been ordered to go aloft fought their way to the rigging; and, although some were killed, and others wounded, the remainder gained the corvette's yards. Here they found the foot-ropes strapped up, but they soon managed to loose the sails, and, in the midst of the fight still going on for the possession of the deck, down came the Chevrette's three top-sails and courses. The cable having, in the mean-time, been cut outside the ship, she began, under a light breeze from the land, to drift out of the bay.

No sooner did the Frenchmen (who had up to that time, been fighting most gallantly), see the sails fall, and their ship under way, than they lost heart. Some of them jumped overboard, and made for the shore; while others dropped their arms, and ran below, so that the English got possession of the quarter-deck and forecastle; but the corvette's crew that had fled below still maintained a hot fire from the main deck, and from up the hatchways, and it took a considerable time before these were over-powered, and compelled to submit.

It is related in the Naval Chronicle that Mr. Brown,

Boatswain of the Beaulieu, in boarding, forced his way into the Chevrette's quarter gallery, but found the door so securely barricaded that he could not force it. Through the crevices in the planks he could see men, armed with pikes and pistols, who frequently shot at him through the panels, as he attempted to burst in. Failing in the quarter gallery, he tried the quarter, and after a great deal of resistance, gained the vessel's taffrail. The officer in command of the party was at this time fighting his way up on the quarter, but not yet on board. The boatswain stood up for a moment, a mark for the enemy's fire, seeing in which direction he should attack. Second nature then directed him to make for the forecastle, where he felt most at home; and gathering a few men, and waving his cutlass, with "Make a lane there!" dashed in, and fought his way the whole length of the ship. Then, with the men animated by his example he soon cleared the forecastle, which he held for the rest of the contest, although frequently assailed. Here, after the vessel was carried, he was seen attending to orders from the quarter-deck, and assisting in casting the ship and making sail, with as much coolness as if he had been on board the Beaulieu.

On her way out of the bay, during a short interval of calm, the Chevrette became exposed to a heavy fire from the batteries on shore; but the fair, light breeze soon arose again, and carried her clear of them. Just at this time the six boats under Lieut. Losack joined her, and Lieut. Maxwell, was, of course, superseded in his command, but not until he had accomplished all that there was to be done.

Three two-deckers got under way and came out from Brest Roads with the view of recapturing the Chevrette; but the near approach of the British in-shore squadron compelled them to return to their anchorage, and the

captors carried off their prize safely. In this spirited engagement the English had eleven killed, fifty-seven wounded, and one drowned. The latter was in one of the English boats sunk by the French shot.

The Chevrette lost her captain, two lieutenants, three midshipmen, one lieutenant of soldiers, and eighty-five seamen and troops killed; and one lieutenant, four midshipmen, and fifty-seven seamen and troops wounded; total, 92 killed and 62 wounded.

PONTIFICAL GALLEY—1550.
(With Sails and Oars, and provided with heavy Artillery.)

XXVII.

BOAT ATTACK UPON THE FRENCH FLOTILLA, AT BOULOGNE. A. D. 1801,

ANOTHER boat attack of the English upon the French, in the same year as the cutting-out of the Chevrette, did not result so favorably for the attacking party, even if their exertions were directed by no less a person than Lord Nelson himself.

The fall of the year 1801 was the season decided upon by Napoleon for putting in execution his famous plan for invading England. As this became known it was thought desirable, by his vigilant and powerful enemies on the other side of the Channel, to attack the flotilla of gun-boats and small craft which he had collected at Boulogne, and other ports, for the conveyance of his army. Accordingly, on July 30th, Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board the frigate Medusa, 32, then lying in the Downs, as commander-in-chief, not only of the squadron for the special service, but of all the defences constructing along the south shores of England, from Orfordness to Beachey Head.

On the 3d of August Lord Nelson, having with him about thirty vessels, great and small, stood across to Boulogne, the port whence it was supposed the main attempt would be made against England, and which the

French, fearing attack themselves, had recently been fortifying with considerable care.

On the morning of the 4th the English bomb-vessels threw their shells among the French flotilla, which consisted of twenty-four brigs, many lugger-rigged flats, and a schooner, anchored in line in front of the town. These brigs were vessels of about 200 tons, and generally armed with from four to eight heavy long guns. The lugger-flats drew but about three or four feet of water, had very stout bulwarks, and were armed with a 13-inch mortar, a long gun, swivels and small arms. They each carried about thirty men in crew, and one hundred and fifty soldiers besides. Bonaparte had an immense number of these lugger-flats constructed, all along the northern coast of France, for the conveyance of his army. It is hard to see how they were to be successful in accomplishing the object, in that spot of swift, uncertain tides, irregular currents, and most changeable weather. Nelson's bombardment of Boulogne, on the morning of the 4th of August, amounted to nothing, and he retired.

On the night of August 13th, however, Nelson dispatched the armed boats of his squadron, formed into four grand divisions, and commanded by four captains, and accompanied by a division of mortar-boats, to attempt to capture and bring off the French flotilla at Boulogne, which had been very much strengthened since the last attack.

The boats put off from Nelson's flag-ship at about half past eleven at night, in perfect order; but the darkness of the night coöperating with the tides and currents, soon separated the divisions. One of them, indeed, was obliged to return, and never reached the scene of action at all. Another division was carried by the currents far to the eastward, but at length, by dint of great exertion,

reached the French flotilla just before daylight. Some portion of the boats then attacked, and after a short contest carried, a brig lying close to the pier head, but were prevented from towing her off, in consequence of her being secured with chains, and partly because of a heavy fire of musketry and grape-shot from the shore, and from other vessels moored close to.

In fact, the English "caught a Tartar," and, abandoning their single prize, as the day broke pushed out of the range of French fire. They had accomplished nothing, and this division, which was commanded by Captain Somerville, had eighteen killed and fifty-five wounded.

Another division, under Captain Parker, had less trouble from the current, and got to the scene of action half an hour after midnight. They attacked one of the largest of the French brigs, most gallantly and impetuously, but a very strong boarding netting, triced up completely to her lower yards, baffled the British in their endeavors to board, while a general discharge of her great guns and small arms, the latter from about 200 soldiers on board, dashed the assailants back, bleeding and dazed, into their boats. Some other vessels were attacked, with a like result, and this division had also to retire, with a loss of twenty-one killed, and forty-two wounded.

The third and last division of Nelson's boats which succeeded in reaching the enemy attacked with the same gallantry, and were repulsed as decidedly. They had five killed and twenty-nine wounded. Grand total, 44 killed, and 126 wounded. In addition the English had to leave behind them not a few of their boats; and the affair was in every respect a triumph for the French, in spite of the master mind which conceived it.

BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

XXVIII.

COPENHAGEN. A. D. 1801.

IN the year 1800 the surrender of Malta to the English fleet gave it the mastery in the Mediterranean; and General Abercrombie, with a British force, landing at Aboukir Bay, defeated the French army which Bonaparte had left in Egypt, and which soon after found itself forced to surrender.

By the evacuation of Egypt India was secured, and Turkey was prevented from becoming a dependency of France.

England now turned her attention to the Northern coalition.

The treaty of Luneville had left her alone in the struggle against France.

The Northern powers, wishing to secure their commerce from insult and capture by the always increasing naval power of England, had formed a coalition, headed by the Czar Peter, and revived the claim that a neutral flag should cover even contraband of war.

Denmark, which had been very active in the combination, was the first to feel the weight of the anger of the British Cabinet.

The Danish naval force consisted of about ten sail of seventy-fours and sixty-fours, in fair order, and of about as many more which were unserviceable. The Russians had about twenty sail available, and the Swedes eleven sail.

In the month of March, 1801, before the fleets of Sweden and Russia could join that of Denmark, and thus form a combined fleet which could hope to resist English encroachments, England dispatched a fleet to the Cattegat, under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with Lord Nelson as second in command.

This fleet carried a commissioner, with full powers to treat, and charged to offer to the Danes peace or war. *Peace*, if they abandoned the Northern confederation, by opening the passage of the Sound to England, and by forbidding their men-of-war to protect their merchant convoys from the arbitrary and insolent visits of English men-of-war; *war*, if Denmark wished to preserve her maritime independence. The Danish government indignantly repelled the insulting ultimatum; and the English fleet at once forced the passage of the Sound, in spite of the batteries erected to prevent it. The King of Denmark had hastened to prepare his Capital and its surroundings for defence; and the Prince Royal took command of the whole of the operations, military and naval. As regards the operations of the British fleet, we shall now follow the English accounts, as they do not materially differ from those which come from Danish and French sources. The severe action which followed redounded to the glory of Nelson (the Commander-in-chief, Sir Hyde Parker, being quite a secondary character), as well as to the conspicuous and stubborn courage of the Danes.

We must remember that the great genius of Nelson directed the best efforts of some of the best and hardiest men-of-war's men of the time; while the Danes, after a long peace, were little accustomed either to stand fire, or to naval evolutions. But, nevertheless, they fought with devoted bravery; and made a most gallant, though

ineffectual resistance; seldom equaled, and never excelled.

To return to the action. The pilots, who were to take the fleet in, through very shallow waters, and channels between dangerous sand-bars, and who were not to share the honors, found it well to magnify the dangers of the shallow Sound; and their conduct caused some delay.

During this time, Sir Hyde Parker sent a flag of truce to the Governor of Elsinore, to inquire if he meant to oppose the passage of the fleet through the Sound. It is almost impossible to imagine a greater insult to a weak nation, than such an inquiry. Governor Stricker, to his honor, replied that the guns of the Castle would certainly be fired at any British ships of war which approached. At length, on the morning of the 30th of March, the British fleet weighed anchor, from a point at the entrance of the Sound, and, with the wind about northwest, and consequently fair, proceeded into the Sound, in line ahead. The English fleet was composed of the 98-gun ship London, Sir Hyde Parker's flag-ship, and the St. George, 98, with the flag of Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson. There were, in addition, eleven 74s, five 64s, one 54, one 50, one 38, two 36s, and one 32.

Of these, six 74s, three 64s, and all the smaller vessels were afterwards placed under Nelson's orders, and bore the brunt of the battle.

As the fleet entered the Sound, the van division was commanded by Lord Nelson, in the Elephant, a 74 (into which ship, as a lighter and more active one than the St. George, he had, on the preceding day, shifted his flag), the centre division by the Commander-in-chief, and the rear division by Rear-Admiral Graves. At seven the batteries at Elsinore commenced firing at the Monarch, which was the leading ship, and at the other ships, as they

passed in succession. The distance was, however, so great, that not a shot struck the ships; and only the van ships fired in return, and even those did not fire more than three broadsides. A gun burst on one of the English ships, and killed seven men, and this comprised the whole loss in the passage of the Sound. The English bomb-vessels, seven in number, threw shell at the Danes, however, and thereby killed and wounded a few in Cronenberg and Helsingen. As the Strait at Elsinore is less than three miles across, a mid-channel passage would have exposed the ships to a fire from Cronenberg Castle on the one side, and from the Swedish town of Helsinborg on the other; but the latter had very inconsiderable batteries, and did not make even a show of opposition. On observing this, the British inclined to the Swedish shore, passing within less than a mile of it, and thus avoiding a fire that, coming from nearly one hundred pieces of cannon, could not fail to have been destructive.

About noon the fleet anchored at some distance above the Island of Huën, which is about fifteen miles distant from Copenhagen.

Sir Hyde Parker, Vice-Admiral Nelson, and Rear-Admiral Graves, then proceeded, in a lugger, to reconnoitre the Danish defences; and they soon ascertained that they were of considerable strength. In consequence of this discovery a council of war was held in the evening, with the usual result, a majority urging an abandonment of the enterprise, or, at least, a delay in the attack. But Nelson prevailed, and offered, if given ten sail-of-the-line, and all the small craft, to accomplish the business before them.

Admiral Parker complied, without hesitation; and he, moreover, granted Nelson two more ships of-the-line than he had asked for. It required light-draft ships for the

work in hand, for the force at Copenhagen was not the only obstacle to be overcome. It was approached by an intricate channel, but little known.

To increase the difficulty, the Danes had removed or misplaced the buoys. That same night Lord Nelson himself, accompanied by Captain Brisbane and some others, proceeded to sound and buoy the outer channel, a narrow passage lying between the Island of Saltholm and the Middle Ground. This was a very difficult and fatiguing duty, but was duly accomplished.

An attack from the eastward was at first contemplated; but a second examination of the Danish position, on the next day, as well as a favorable change in the wind, determined Nelson to commence operations from the southward.

On the morning of the 1st of April the British fleet weighed anchor, and soon came to again to the northwest of the Middle Ground, a shoal that extends along the whole sea front of the City of Copenhagen, leaving an intervening channel of deep water, called the Konig-stiéfe, about three-quarters of a mile wide. In this channel, close to the town, the Danes had moored their block-ships, radeaus, praams (or armed lighters), and other gun-vessels. In the course of the forenoon Lord Nelson reconnoitred, for the last time, the position he was about to attack; and upon his return, about one in the afternoon, the signal to weigh appeared at the Elephant's mast-head, and the division set sail, with a light and favorable wind. Nelson had, in addition to his force already given, been joined by one 28, two 24s, and two 18-gun sloops, making his whole force to consist of thirty-two sail, large and small.

Captain Riou led, in the Amazon, 38, and the ships entered the upper channel, and coasted along the edge

of the Middle Ground, until they reached and partly rounded the southern extremity. Here they anchored, about eight o'clock in the evening, just as it grew dark; and they were then about two miles from the southernmost ship of the Danish line of defence.

The same northwesterly wind that had been fair for passing along the outer channel, was now as foul for advancing by the inner one. It was also necessary to wait for daylight, in such intricate navigation. The night was passed in taking soundings, and the depth was ascertained, up to the Danish line.

The additional vessels, consisting of 7 bomb-ships, two fire-ships, and six gun-brigs were brought in; and then there was nothing to do but wait until morning, as the few shells thrown by the Danes burst harmlessly.

We must now look at the Danish force. It consisted of eighteen vessels, of different kinds. Some old and dismantled two-decked ships, frigates, praams and radeaus, mounting, altogether, 628 guns, were moored in a line of about a mile in extent. These were flanked at the north end, or that nearest the town, by two artificial islands, called the Trekroner batteries, one of thirty 24-pounders, and the other of thirty-eight 36-pounders, with furnaces for heating shot; and both of them commanded by two two-decked block-ships.

The entrance to the docks and harbor, in the heart of the city, was protected by a chain, and by batteries; while, in addition, the 74-gun ships Dannemark and Trekroner, a frigate, and some large gun-vessels (some of them with furnaces for hot shot), were moored about the harbor's mouth. Several batteries were built along the shore of Amaag Island, to the southward of the floating line of defence; while the indignant Danes flocked to man the

works, animated by the desire to repel the invaders by every possible means.

Morning dawned, on the second of April, with a south-easterly wind, which was favorable to the English. As soon as signals could be seen, one was made for all Captains to repair on board the flag-ship, when their stations were assigned them. The line-of-battle ships were intended to anchor by the stern, abreast of the vessels of the enemy's line. Most of the frigates and the fire-ships were to operate against the vessels at the harbor's mouth. The bomb-vessels were to take their stations outside the British line, so as to throw their shells over it; while two frigates and some gun-vessels and brigs were to take a position for raking the southern extremity of the Danish line. The 49th English Regiment, which was on board some of the vessels, and five hundred seamen, under Captain Freemantle, of the Ganges, were intended, at the proper time, to storm the principal of the Trekroner batteries. Of course this was to be when the ships had silenced its fire.

By nine o'clock everything was ready; a silence reigned before the storm began, and "the stoutest held their breath for a time."

But now Nelson was hampered by the hesitation and indecision of the pilots.

At last Mr. Briarly, the Master of the Bellona, undertook to lead the fleet in, and for that purpose went on board the Edgar; and at half-past nine the ships began to weigh, in succession. The Edgar led. The Agamemnon was to follow, but was unable to weather the shoal, and was forced to bring to again, in only six fathoms of water. Although she tried again, by warping, the current was such that Nelson's old and favorite ship was utterly unable to get any nearer.

Two more ships succeeded in following the Edgar, but the third, the Bellona, 74, got aground, abreast of the Danish block-ship Provesteen, and the Russell, 74, following her, had the same mishap. They were within long gun-shot. In compliance with the wish of the pilots, each ship had been ordered to pass her leader on the starboard side, from a supposition that the water shoaled on the other shore; in fact, the water kept deepening all the way to the Danish line. The Elephant came next, and Lord Nelson, perceiving the situation of the ships aground, by a happy stroke, ordered his helm to be put to starboard, and passed within those ships, as did, in safety, all those who came after him. Had it not been for this, most of the large vessels would have run ashore, and been practically useless. As soon as Lord Nelson's squadron weighed, Sir Hyde Parker's eight ships did the same, and took up a new position to the north, but too far off, on account of shoal water, to effect much by their fire.

At ten o'clock the fire opened, and by half-past eleven, as the ships came into their stations, the action became general. Owing to the strength of the current, the Jamaica, 28, and many of the English gun-boats were unable to get into a position to be of much service, while the fire of the bomb-vessels was not nearly so destructive as had been expected.

The absence of the Bellona and Russell, 74s, and of the Agamemnon, 64, was much felt, as it caused some of the British vessels which got in to have more than their share of fire.

And now the two lines were enveloped in powder smoke and flame for three long hours. Horrible scenes, and dreadful wounds and destruction always follow a bombardment by the heavy guns which ships carry, as

compared with the field artillery of a land battle. During all this time the fight was maintained with a courage and persistence seldom equalled, and never excelled.

At the end of three hours' very heavy firing, few, if any, of the Danish block-ships, praams, or radeaus had ceased firing; nor could the contest be said to have taken a decisive turn for either side. To use a vulgar but expressive saying, the English had "a hard nut to crack" in the Danes. At this time signals of distress were flying at the mast-heads of two English line-of-battle ships, and a signal of inability on board a third.

Sir Hyde Parker, from his distance from the scene of action, could judge but imperfectly of the condition of affairs. Observing the slow progress, and zig-zag courses of the Defence and Ramillies, 74s, and the Veteran, 64, which he had despatched as a reinforcement to his Vice-Admiral, he argued that matters were not progressing favorably for the attacking force; and so he threw out the signal for discontinuing the engagement. Had this been done, the last ships to retire, of the English, as well as those on shore, would have been placed in a most dangerous predicament. Lord Nelson chose, on this occasion, to disobey orders. It is a remarkable fact that, with regard to discipline, some of the greatest leaders have been the most recusant. No one can deny Lord Nelson's genius as a leader of fleets, but all who are interested in navies must regret the example he set upon this occasion. He, himself, would have had any man shot who disobeyed orders, under fire, as he did Sir Hyde Parker's. The result obtained by his disobedience justifies the act, in the civil mind; but the far-reaching effects of disobedience of the kind can only be estimated by those who have served in fleets or armies.

The three frigates and two sloops nearest to the

London and her division, did, without question, obey the signal, and hauled off from the Trekroner batteries. The gallant Captain Riou, of the Amazon, was shot in two, and that frigate sustained her greatest loss in obeying Sir Hyde Parker's order, which required him to present his stern to one of the Trekroner batteries.

When Sir Hyde Parker made the signal to retire, it was reported to Nelson by his signal lieutenant. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked him if he should repeat the signal, as is usual with those coming from a Commander-in-chief to a second in command.

"No," said Nelson, "acknowledge it."

Presently, Nelson asked the signal lieutenant if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so!"

"He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner that, with him, always indicated great emotion. 'Do you know,' said he, what is shown on board the Commander-in-chief?' 'Number 39!' Mr. Fergusson asked him what that meant. 'Why, to leave off action.' Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words 'leave off action? now d—n me if I do! You know, Foley,' turning to the captain of his flag-ship, 'I have only one eye, I have a right to be blind sometimes,' and then, putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, 'I really do not see the signal.' Presently he exclaimed 'D—n the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast.'"

About two o'clock in the afternoon the fire of the Danes had begun to slacken; and soon after it had ceased along

nearly their whole line. Some of their light vessels and floating batteries had got adrift, and some had struck their colors, but could not be taken possession of for the reason that the nature of the action was such that the crews were continually reinforced from the shore; and fresh men coming on board did not inquire whether the flag had been struck, or, perhaps, did not heed it; many, or most of them, never having been engaged in war before, and knowing nothing, therefore, of its laws, thought only of defending their country to the last extremity. The firing on the boats which went to take possession of those Danish vessels whose flags were not flying greatly irritated Nelson; who, at one time, had thoughts of sending in the fire-ships, to burn such vessels.

During the pause in the action, he sent a letter to the Danish Crown Prince, in which he said, according to Southey, "Vice-Admiral Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English." The account goes on to say that a wafer was given him to close this letter, but he ordered a candle to be brought from the surgeon's quarters, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. "This," said he, "is no time to appear hurried or informal."

Nelson's letter is probably correctly given in Southey, but the French say that he asked for Denmark to consent at once to leave the Northern Confederation, to permit the English to caulk and refit their ships in the Danish dock

yard; and to receive the English wounded in the Copenhagen hospitals.

Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger, with a flag of truce, carried the letter on shore, and found the Crown Prince at the sally-port. The fire of a part of the English line against the Danish block-ships was still kept up, and about this time silenced them. But the great Trekroner battery was comparatively uninjured. This battery therefore continued its fire; and, having had a reinforcement thrown in from the shore, was considered too strong to be stormed.

It was now deemed advisable to withdraw the English ships from the intricate channel while the wind continued fair; and preparations to that end were making, when the Danish Adjutant-General appeared, bearing a flag of truce. Upon this, the Trekroner ceased firing, and the action, after continuing five hours, during four of which it had been very warmly contested, was brought to a close.

The message was to inquire the particular object of Lord Nelson's note. The latter replied that he consented to stay hostilities from motives of humanity. He wished the Danish wounded to be taken on shore; to take his prisoners out of the prizes; and to burn or carry off the latter, as he should think fit. He also expressed a hope for reconciliation between the two countries; a bitter thing, under the circumstances.

Sir Frederick Thesiger, who had returned with the Danish Adjutant-General, was again sent with this reply, and he was referred to the Crown Prince for a final adjustment of terms. It is said that the populace were so excited that the flag-of-truce officer was in danger of his life. The interval was taken advantage of to get the leading British ships, all of whom were much crippled in

rigging and sails, out of their very precarious position. The Monarch led the way out, but touched on the shoal; but the Ganges, striking her amidships, pushed her over it. The Glatton passed clear, but the Elephant and the Defiance grounded about a mile from the formidable Trekroner battery, and there remained fixed, for many hours, in spite of every exertion. The Désirée also grounded, close to the Bellona. Soon after the Elephant grounded Lord Nelson left her, and followed the Danish Adjutant General to the London, Sir Hyde Parker's flag-ship.

Here an important conference was held. It is said that Nelson remarked to the Danish officer that "the French fight well, but they would not have borne for one hour what the Danes have borne for five. I have been in many battles, but that of to-day is by far the most terrible."

During the whole of the night of April 2d the British were occupied getting out their prizes, and in floating their grounded ships. On the morning of the 3d all of the latter but the Désirée were got off.

The negotiations lasted five days, and during that time all the prizes, except the 60-gun ship Holstein, were set on fire and destroyed. Most of those so destroyed were not worth carrying away.

On the 9th of April an armistice of fourteen weeks was agreed upon; Denmark agreeing, in that time, to suspend all proceedings under the treaty of armed neutrality which she had entered into with Sweden and Russia.

The prisoners were sent on shore, to be accounted for in case hostilities should be renewed; and the British fleet had permission to purchase fresh provisions and supplies at Copenhagen, and along the coast adjoining.

In the action before Copenhagen the loss, in killed and

wounded, of the British fleet, was about twelve hundred. The Danish loss is put down at between sixteen and eighteen hundred, and, with prisoners taken, at about six thousand.

Although the affair, as a mere fight, might be considered a drawn battle, the first overture having come from the English, the victory clearly remained with the latter, for they got almost everything they demanded. The Danes were much inferior in number of guns, and are entitled to every credit for the splendid resistance they made.

On the 12th of April Admiral Parker despatched to England the prize ship Holstein, of 60 guns, conveying most of his wounded men, and also one or two of his own ships which had been much disabled. He then transhipped the guns of his heavy ships into chartered vessels, and managed to get his fleet into the Baltic in this way, instead of going round by the Belts. This feat astonished the Swedes, Russians, Danes and Prussians, who had not imagined that such ships could be brought into the Baltic by that channel.

Parker's first object was to attack the Russian squadron, at Revel, before the breaking up of the ice should enable it to join the Swedish fleet at Carlscrona. The movement resulted in no battle, but in negotiations, by which a peaceable solution of the existing difficulties could be had.

A characteristic action of Lord Nelson may here be related. The St. George, his flag-ship, had had great difficulty in passing the shoals, and was among the last to get over, while Sir Hyde Parker had proceeded, with most of the fleet. A head wind set in, and the St. George was again detained. Hearing that the Swedish fleet had come out, Lord Nelson instantly quitted the St.

George, accompanied by the master of the Bellona, Mr. Briarly, in a six-oared cutter, to join the Admiral, who was twenty-four miles off. They had to pull in the teeth of a strong wind and current, and Nelson had not stopped even to get a boat-cloak, so necessary at that early season of the year. He was in this boat nearly six hours, refusing to put on a great coat offered him. "No," he said, "I am not cold; my anxiety will keep me warm. Do you think the fleet has sailed?" "I should suppose not, my Lord," said Briarly. "If they have," said Nelson, "I shall follow them to Carlscrona in the boat, by G—d!" Now, the distance to Carlscrona was about one hundred and fifty miles.

At midnight Nelson reached the fleet, which had not sailed.

The Emperor Paul had now died, and his successor, Alexander 1st, was disposed to make overtures looking towards peace, so that the succeeding movements of Parker and Nelson, in the Baltic, do not come within our province.

COPENHAGEN, 1807.

In this connection we must refer to another attack made by the British upon the luckless city of Copenhagen.

This is not the place to raise the question as to whether governments, as such, should be governed by a different code of morality from individuals; or whether "reasons of State" (which are generally the will of one man) should be substituted with impunity for common humanity, justice, and the rights of man.

But the impropriety of discussing the question in this place should not prevent us from declaring that there never was a greater abuse of force than in the second

attack of England on the comparatively feeble State of Denmark, in 1807. It is only fair to say that a large body of English subjects condemned it then, and condemn it now; and it is the English ministry of that day which must bear the blame, in the eyes of succeeding generations.

In the treaty of Tilsit (1807), France and Russia were put upon a most intimate and friendly footing; and Russia undertook to act as mediator between France and England, for the conclusion of a peace, at least as regarded maritime operations. In accordance with his engagements, the Emperor Alexander addressed a note to the English government; but his overtures were very coldly received. Castlereagh, Canning and Percival, the inheritors of Pitt's policy, and of his hatred of the French (but not of his great abilities), saw their power and influence upon the Continent of Europe decreasing, while Napoleon's was growing.

They, therefore, determined upon an expedition of magnitude, which, while it would occupy the minds of the people at home, and thereby disconcert the plans of the opposition, would renew the terror in which their arms had been held abroad.

The plan was to renew the attack upon Denmark, as in 1801, but the operations were to be carried out in an even more thorough and ruthless manner.

Denmark had joined the new coalition against England, and Napoleon was at the bottom of it; but no declaration of war was made by England against Denmark, and that small kingdom, not suspecting any such design at that moment, was to see all the horrors of war suddenly let loose upon her. Her sole wrong, in the eyes of the British Cabinet, was the possession of a navy, still of some

strength, which might be used by the coalition against England.

Denmark was, at the time, observing a strict neutrality, and, although forced to acquiesce in the condition of things consequent upon Napoleon's occupation of northern Europe, had not joined in the Continental blockade. Mistrusting France even more than England, she had sent most of her army into Holstein, with a view to causing the French to respect her frontier. The best policy of England, under the circumstances, would have been to keep on terms with Denmark, and if there was any pressure to be exercised to make her take sides in the great events then transpiring, to leave the odium of such a measure upon Napoleon. But the British Cabinet resolved to secure the Danish fleet, at all hazards, and so put it out of the power of that nation or of Napoleon ever to use it against England.

To give color to their aggression upon the sovereign rights of Denmark, the British Cabinet alleged that they had knowledge of a stipulation in the Treaty of Tilsit, which brought Denmark fully into the Continental coalition; and, as we have said, the expedition was undertaken to carry off from Napoleon the Danish naval resources, and it was therefore said to be an act of legitimate defence on the part of England.

In the latter part of July, 1807, Admiral Gambier sailed from England, with twenty-five sail-of-the-line, forty frigates, and three hundred and seventy-seven transports, carrying 20,000 troops, commanded by General Cathcart. The latter was to be joined by seven or eight thousand more troops, returning from the siege of Stralsund. At this time almost all the Danish troops were in Holstein; and the English plan, a well conceived one, was to seize the Belts, with a portion of the fleet, intercept the passages

and prevent the return of the Danish army to the relief of Copenhagen. Then a strong land force was to be landed near Copenhagen, and that city to be destroyed by bombardment, in case she should refuse to surrender.

The English fleet appeared in the Sound on the 3d of August; and Admiral Gambier at once despatched Commodore Keats, with a suitable force, to secure the Belts, and prevent all passage from the mainland to the Danish islands. The fleet then proceeded down the Sound, and anchored in Elsinore Road. The Admiral sent Commissioner Jackson to the Crown Prince, then acting as Regent of Denmark, to propose an alliance, offensive and defensive, with England. He was also to demand the surrender of Kronberg Castle to the English army, and the port of Copenhagen and the Danish fleet to the navy, protesting that they were only to be held until the return of general peace in Europe, and then to be *loyally* returned. These outrageous proposals were too much for the Crown Prince's diplomatic reserve. "Never in history," he cried out, "was seen so odious an attack as is contemplated against Denmark." "We may expect more honorable ideas from the Barbary pirates than from the English government. You propose an alliance! We know what alliance with you means. We have seen your allies waiting a whole year, in vain, for promised assistance!"

The Commissioner said that England would pay, cash down, for any injuries which Denmark might receive in consequence of such an alliance. "And with what," said the indignant Prince, "would you pay for our lost honor, if we acceded to so humiliating a proposition?" Upon receiving this answer Jackson withdrew, and hostilities at once began.

The garrison of Copenhagen consisted of about eight

thousand men. There were some regular troops, but the most of the defenders were volunteers, students and citizens. Entrenchments and batteries were raised, and armed; hulks were moored in the passes, and others sunk, to prevent the English ships from coming in. The fleet, the main object of the attack, was sheltered in the inner basins of the dock-yard. But the Danish preparations were only intended to resist assault, and were powerless against bombardment.

The Prince Regent, having taken all precautions which circumstances permitted, committed the charge of the city and its defences to General Peyman, a brave and worthy soldier, with orders to resist to the last; and then hurried away into Holstein, to endeavor to find some means of bringing the Danish army to the rescue. At the same time General Castenskiod was ordered to assemble the military of Zealand. But these untrained levies could be of very little use against the veteran English troops, and the devoted city was left to the defence of General Peyman's small force.

When Jackson returned to the British fleet the word was given, and a shocking scene of slaughter and destruction ensued. The troops debarked to the north of Copenhagen. Most of them were Hessians and other Germans in English employ. It was known that the city could not be carried by assault without fearful loss to the attacking party, so the English troops approached, threw up some works, but did not attempt a regular siege. A bombardment was the means resorted to; and by this dreadful means the city was to be burned and ruined, until the Danes submitted. It was now that Colonel Congreve made the first trial, in actual warfare, of the destructive rockets which bear his name.

On the 1st of September the English preparations were

completed. Cathcart had erected a battery of sixty-eight pieces, forty-eight of which were mortars. He then summoned the city, demanding the port, arsenal and fleet, on pain of burning the place. In his letter he prayed General Peyman to yield, and not force him to extremity against a place filled with non-combatants, women and children. Peyman, true to the trust confided in him by the Crown Prince, and sustained by the indignant citizens, answered the summons in the negative.

On the 2d of September, in the evening, the bombardment commenced, and a hail of shell, rockets, and other missiles fell upon the city. The best answer possible was made, but the English were so sheltered by their defences that their loss was nothing. It continued all night and part of the next day; and was then suspended to see if Peyman yet thought of surrender.

Hundreds of Danes had been killed, and many destructive fires had occurred. Many of the finest buildings were destroyed, and the whole of the male population who were not in the trenches were exhausted by the labor which they had undergone in trying to extinguish the flames. Peyman resolved to hold out still, and the bombardment was renewed on the evening of the 3d, assisted by the bomb-vessels of the English fleet. With a short interval it was continued until the morning of the 5th; a population of 100,000 being all this time exposed to a rain of missiles. The destruction was, of course, very great. About two thousands persons were killed, many of them old people and children, while some of the finest buildings and several hundred dwellings were destroyed. At last, having made an heroic defence, General Peyman, to save the rest of the city, determined to capitulate. By the articles agreed upon the English were to remain in possession six weeks, the time estimated as necessary

to fit out the vessels which were to be taken away. The Danes saw this spoliation with helpless rage and anguish, and when they turned away, they had the sight of their half ruined city before their eyes.

The English fitted out, and carried off, sixteen ships of the line, about twenty frigates and brigs, and all the stores, rigging, timber, and ship-building tools from the dock-yard. The ships on the stocks, and the condemned hulks were burned. It took 20,000 tons of transport shipping to carry off the stores which were taken.

The casualties of both the British army and navy, in this expedition, amounted to only fifty-six killed, one hundred and seventy-five wounded, and twenty-five missing.

THE VICTORY.
(Lord Nelson's Flag-ship at Trafalgar. Sailing Frigate, first-class, 100 guns.)

XXIX.

TRAFALGAR. OCTOBER 21ST, A.D. 1805.

THE year 1805 was a momentous period in the history of Europe. Napoleon had long meditated the invasion of England, saying "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours, and we are masters of the world."

A skillfully combined plan, by which the British fleet would have been divided, while the whole French navy was concentrated in the Channel, was delayed by the death of the Admiral designated to execute it. But an alliance with Spain placed the Spanish fleet at Bonaparte's disposal, in 1805, and he formed a fresh scheme for its union with that of France, the crushing of the fleet under Cornwallis, which blocked the Channel ports, before Admiral Nelson could come to its support, and a crossing of the vast armament so protected to the British shores. The plan was to draw Nelson away in pursuit of the French fleet, which was then suddenly to return and crush the English Channel squadron.

Nelson, now in command of the Mediterranean and Cadiz fleet, had been scarching diligently for the French Toulon fleet, and was much concerned that he could not find it.

In February, 1805 he had been down as far as Egypt, but found nothing there, and, half distracted with anxiety, steered for Malta. Soon after arriving there he received

NELSON'S VICTORY AT TRAFALGAR.

from Naples intelligence of what had, in reality, become of the French fleet.

At that time he wrote to the Admiralty, to say "I have consulted no man, therefore the whole blame of ignorance in forming my judgment must rest with me. I would allow no man to take from me an atom of my glory had I fallen in with the French fleet, nor do I desire any man to partake of any of the responsibility. All is mine, right or wrong. * * * * "I consider the character of Bonaparte, and that the orders given by him on the banks of the Seine would not take into consideration wind or weather."

In a letter to Captain Ball, at Malta, of April 19, 1805, when the fleet, going to the westward, was buffeting with head winds, he says, "My good fortune, my dear Ball, seems flown away. I cannot get a fair wind, or even a side wind—dead foul! dead foul! but my mind is fully made up what to do when I leave the Straits, supposing there is no certain information of the enemy's destination. I believe this ill luck will go near to kill me; but, as these are times for exertion, I must not be cast down, whatever I feel."

At this very time Nelson had before him a letter from the Physician of the fleet, enforcing his return to England before the hot months, such was his bad state of health.

"Therefore," he writes, in spite of this, "notwithstanding, I shall pursue the enemy to the West or East Indies, if I know that to have been their destination; yet, if the Mediterranean fleet joins the Channel, I shall request, with that order (from the Physician), permission to go on shore."

On April 8th, 1805, the French fleet passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and the same afternoon entered Cadiz,

driving off the small British squadron then there, under Sir John Orde.

Here a number of Spanish men-of-war joined the French Admiral; and on the 9th the combined fleet—five Spanish and twelve French ships-of-the-line, seven frigates, a corvette and three brigs, stood to the westward, to rendezvous in the West Indies, at Martinique, at which island they arrived on May 12th.

On the 4th of May, Nelson was watering and provisioning his fleet at Mazari Bay, on the Barbary coast, and, the wind coming east, was enabled to proceed to the westward; but he did not get through the Straits of Gibraltar till the night of the 7th, when his enemy was almost at Martinique. He had supposed that the Allied fleet was bound to the Irish coast; but received certain information, at this time, from a Scotch officer, named Campbell, in the Portuguese service, that they had gone to the West Indies. Campbell was afterwards complained against by the French Ambassador, for giving this information, and his career ruined.

Nelson determined to follow the enemy, without orders, and at the risk of professional censure, for to do so he must abandon his station without leave. He went into Lagos Bay, and having received five months' provisions, sailed, on May 11th, and, at Cape St. Vincent, detached a line-of-battle ship to escort some transports and 5000 troops through the Straits. With ten sail-of-the-line and three frigates, Nelson then crowded sail to the westward, in pursuit of his enemy's fleet, which he knew consisted of eighteen sail-of-the-line, at the least, besides nine frigates.

Nelson was now Vice-Admiral of the White, in the 100-gun ship Victory, Captain Hardy. He had one 80, the Canopus, Rear-Admiral Louis, and Captain Austen, and

eight 74's, with three frigates. Lord Nelson has been accused of rashness in seeking to engage a force nearly double his own, but he expected to be joined by six sail-of-the-line at Barbadoes.

On the passage to the West Indies, Nelson prepared an elaborate plan of battle, the most striking feature in which was, "The business of an English Commander-in-chief being first to bring an enemy's fleet to battle, on the most advantageous terms to himself (I mean, that of laying his ships close on board those of the enemy as expeditiously as possible, and, secondly, to continue them there until the business is decided), etc., etc.

On May 15th Nelson's fleet reached Madeira, and a frigate was sent on to Barbadoes, to have Admiral Cochrane's vessels ready for a junction. He, himself, with the main fleet, did not arrive at Barbadoes until June 4th. All this time he had many qualms about his course in leaving his station, and, upon his arrival, was met by many conflicting reports.

But he soon learned that the French had gone north again. (At this time he was thought by Napoleon and the French authorities to be still in European waters.) Nelson's swift movements had quite outstripped the Emperor's calculations.

Nelson left the West Indies again, with eleven sail-of-the line, and cautiously pursued the large fleet in advance of him, in hopes that better tactics would enable him to reach the shores of Europe before them; and, at any rate, by his presence there he had stopped the career of victory of the French, in the West Indies. He said to his Captains, "My object is partly gained. * * * * We won't part without a battle. I think they will be glad to let me alone, if I will let them alone; which I will

do, either till we approach the shores of Europe, or they give me an advantage too tempting to be resisted."

The French Admiral Villeneuve's orders as to his proceedings in the West Indies are interesting, as well as the events which followed his arrival there, but he was ordered to return soon, and to carry out a project, as the ultimate object of the assembling of his allied fleet, which was, in the eyes of Napoleon, infinitely more important than the capture and pillage of the English West India Islands. In returning to Europe Villeneuve was only obeying the Emperor's orders, although the latter blamed Villeneuve for not carrying out his orders in full, attributing his hasty leaving the islands, to fright.

Afterwards, at St. Helena, he acknowledged that Villeneuve was a brave man.

On the way to Europe the French fleet made one or two important captures and re-captures, and came off Cape Finisterre about the latter part of July.

And now let us follow Lord Nelson for a time.

He quitted Antigua on June 13th, having received information that the enemy's fleet was seen steering north, but he had no very definite information, and had to rely on his own intuition. On July 17th he sighted Cape St. Vincent, having sailed about 3500 miles on this one passage.

There seems to be no doubt that Napoleon intended to attack Ireland, or at least effect a landing there, and the best military and naval minds considered that Villeneuve's voyage to the West Indies was principally intended to draw off the British naval force from the Channel, to admit of an attack upon Ireland, a preliminary step in Napoleon's plan.

On July 19th, 1805, the English fleet anchored in Gibraltar, and on the 20th Lord Nelson says, in his

diary, "I went on shore for the first time since June 16th, 1803, and, from having my foot out of the Victory, two years, wanting ten days."

He remained only three days on shore at Gibraltar, and then received information that the allied fleet had been seen, five weeks before, steering N. N. west, in latitude 33°, longitude 58° west. This was stale news, but the earliest, of a positive nature, which he had received. He, therefore, passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and at first went to the westward, but afterwards he went off Cape St. Vincent, to be ready to steer in any direction that circumstances might direct. On the third day of August the English fleet was in 39° north, and 16° west longitude.

Here Lord Nelson got some information from an American merchant ship, which had taken the log of a vessel which had been set on fire and abandoned, but not destroyed, and, from a scrap of paper containing a reckoning, he derived the fact that the vessel had been taken by the French fleet.

Nelson then proceeded north, but finding no news, either from Admiral Cornwallis, off Ushant, or the Channel fleet, proceeded, with the Victory, and another ship, to Portsmouth, leaving the rest of his fleet as a reinforcement to the Channel fleet.

In the meantime the combined fleet had had a most important action, on July 22d, with Sir Robert Calder's squadron, between Ferrol and Finisterre, not necessary to be here gone into. It was a sort of drawn battle, with numbers in favor of the French. Sir Robert Calder was much blamed for the result.

Napoleon was terribly vexed that Villeneuve had not rendered a better account of Sir Robert Calder's fleet, to which he was superior.

Bonaparte said that "Villeneuve was one of those men who require more spur than bridle," and asked if it "would not be possible to find, in the navy, an enterprising man, with cool views, as one ought to see, either in battle, or in the manœuvres of a fleet."

Villeneuve was ordered to go to Brest; but, in spite of that, went to Cadiz, the details of the reasons and movements being too long to be recounted here. The Emperor was furious, and charged him with dereliction in duty, disobedience of orders, refusing to fight the enemy, etc.

Part of Bonaparte's vexation with Villeneuve no doubt arose from the loud complaints of the Spaniards, at having lost two ships in Calder's action; and this was aggravated by the apparent unwillingness of the French Admiral, even with a powerful fleet under his command, to sail out, in the face of eleven English sail-of-the-line, cruising off Cadiz; and so enable the Spanish squadron at Carthagena to form a junction with Admiral Gravina, who commanded the Spanish portion of the allied fleet.

The fact is, to quote a French authority, "Villeneuve, like others, was impressed by the inferiority of the French marine, in comparison with the English. The French seamen, brave enough, but inexperienced at sea, looked with a sort of terror upon the necessity of meeting the redoubtable victor of Aboukir, knowing well his genius and audacity, commanding, as he did, a well prepared fleet and thoroughly drilled and sea-hardened crews. Villeneuve's personal courage is above suspicion, but he lacked energy, decision, and power of organization. Exasperated by the reply of the Emperor, who accused him of cowardice, in consequence of his perpetual hesitations, Villeneuve replied to the Minister of Marine, in these bitter words, "If all the French Navy lacks is audacity, as is pretended,

the Emperor will soon be satisfied; and he may count upon brilliant successes."

On September 17th, 1805, Napoleon directed his Minister of Marine to order Villeneuve to sea, on a new expedition. He was to proceed off Naples, and disembark, at some point on the coast, a number of troops, in order that they might join the army of General St. Cyr. He was then to proceed to Naples, and capture the English ship Excellent, and a Russian ship-of-the-line, lying there; to do all possible injury to English trade; to intercept an expedition bound to Malta; and then to come to Toulon, where everything was to be ready to re-victual and repair his ships.

Napoleon seemed to have feared the failure of Villeneuve to carry out these orders; and had actually ordered Vice-Admiral Rosily to supercede him. But the fact remains that Villeneuve's written orders had always been to avoid an engagement, and at last to bring his fleet, fresh and entire, into the British Channel. In his movements he was, moreover, retarded by the supineness of the Spaniards, who, when their long voyage to the West Indies was over, felt inclined to remain snugly in port.

In the meantime, Vice-Admiral Collingwood, off Cadiz, was joined by four sail-of-the-line, under Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton; and soon after by seventeen more, under Sir Robert Calder, in the Prince of Wales.

Some of these ships were occasionally detached to Gibraltar, for water and provisions; and with the rest Collingwood continued to cruise before Cadiz. On the 28th of September, Lord Nelson arrived, to take command of the English fleet; having left Portsmouth in the Victory, on the fifteenth. The Ajax and Thunderer, line-of-battle ships, had come with him.

The Euryalus frigate had preceded him, to inform

Collingwood that, on his assuming command again, no salute should be fired, or flags displayed, in order that the Allies should not be apprised of the arrival of a reinforcement.

The force under Lord Nelson now consisted of twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, twenty-two of which cruised about fifteen miles off Cadiz; and the remaining five, under Rear-Admiral Louis, in the Canopus, were stationed close off the harbor, watching the motions of the combined fleet. Lord Nelson considered that if he kept the main body of his fleet out of sight of land, the French Admiral, being ignorant of the exact British force, might perhaps put to sea, so that he kept the bulk of his fleet at a long distance west of Cadiz.

The force close in with the city was then relieved by two frigates, the only ships left there. Beyond these, further out, and at a convenient distance for signalling, were three or four ships-of-the-line, the westernmost of which could communicate directly with the easternmost ship of the main body.

The new station of the English fleet had a great advantage in case of westerly gales, usual at that season, as they would not be forced into the Mediterranean; in which event the combined fleet, on the first change of wind, might easily put to sea, unmolested.

On October 1st, the Euryalus frigate reconnoitred the port of Cadiz, and plainly discovered, at anchor in the outer harbor, and apparently ready for sea, eighteen French, and sixteen Spanish ships-of-the-line, frigates and two brigs.

The next day Lord Nelson sent Rear-Admiral Louis with five sail-of-the-line, to Gibraltar, for provisions and water; and on the same day, a Swedish ship, from Cadiz, bound to Alicante, informed the Euryalus that the com-

bined fleet had reëmbarked the troops a day or two before, and intended to put to sea the first easterly wind.

Rear-Admiral Louis got this intelligence on the 3d of October, and at once returned to the main fleet with his squadron; but Lord Nelson, conceiving the news to be a stratagem to draw him nearer to Cadiz, so as to obtain a knowledge of his force, ordered Louis to proceed in the execution of his orders.

On the 4th the weather was very calm, and some Spanish gunboats pulled out from Cadiz and attacked the two English frigates which were on duty close in; but they soon retired again. By the 8th of October two more line-of-battle-ships had joined the English fleet, and the same day the Euryalus again counted thirty-four sail-of-the-line in Cadiz harbor.

The possibility that the Cadiz, Carthagena and Rochefort ships might effect a junction, and thereby present a force of forty-six sail-of-the-line, induced Lord Nelson to draw up and transmit to his second in command a plan of attack in which he supposed that, by the junction of a squadron under Sir Richard Strachan, and other ships, from Gibraltar and elsewhere, he might be able to assemble a force of forty sail-of-the-line.

His plan was regarded by naval men as a master-piece of naval strategy, and agreed in principle with that pursued in the great battle then impending. Condensed, it was as follows: Taking it for granted that it was next to impossible to form a fleet of forty sail-of-the-line in line of battle, with varying winds, thick weather, and other difficulties which might arise, without so much delay that the opportunity would probably be lost of bringing the enemy to battle in such a manner as to render it decisive, Lord Nelson resolved to keep the fleet in such a position that, with the exception of the first and

second in command, the order of sailing would be the order of battle. The fleet was to be placed in two lines, of sixteen ships each, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing, two-decked ships, which latter would always make, if wanted, a line of twenty-four sail, on any line the Commander-in-chief might direct.

The second in command would, after this latter intention was made known to him, have the entire direction of his line, and was to make the attack, and to follow up the blow, until the enemy's ships were captured or destroyed.

Should the enemy's fleet—supposed to consist of forty-six sail-of-the-line, be seen to windward, in line of battle, and the two British lines and the advanced squadron be able to fetch it, the ships of the former would probably be so extended that their van could not succor their rear.

The English second in command would then probably be signalled to lead through, at about the twelfth ship from the enemy's rear, or wherever he could fetch, if not able to advance so far.

The Commander-in-chief's line would lead through at the centre, and the advanced squadron cut through at about three or four ships ahead of the centre, so as to ensure getting at the enemy's Commander-in-chief, whom every effort should be used to capture.

The whole impression of the British fleet was to be made to overpower from two to three ships ahead of the enemy's Commander-in-chief (supposed to be in the centre) to the rear of his fleet.

Admitting twenty sail of the enemy's line to be untouched, it would be some time before they could perform a manœuvre, so as to bring their force compact, to attack any part of the British fleet engaged, or to succor their companions; and this they could not do without mixing with the ships engaged.

If it happened that the two fleets were of less force than here contemplated, a proportionate number only of the enemy's fleet were to be cut off, and the British were to be one-fourth superior to the enemy so cut off.

Lord Nelson, making due allowance for what chance might effect, looked with confidence to a victory, before the van of the enemy could succor his rear; and then he expected that the British ships would most of them be ready to receive the enemy's other twenty sail, or to pursue them, should they endeavor to make off.

If the van of the enemy tacked, the captured ships were to run to leeward of the British fleet; if the enemy wore, the British were to place themselves between the enemy and the captured, as well as their own disabled ships; and should the enemy close, his Lordship made no doubt of the result.

The second in command was to direct the movements of his line and to keep the ships as compact as circumstances permitted. Captains were to look to their own line as their rallying point; but, in case signals could neither be seen nor perfectly understood, *no captain could do wrong who placed his ship close alongside that of an enemy.*

So far with regard to the attack from to leeward. Next followed the plan of attack from to windward.

Supposing the enemy formed in line-of-battle to receive the British fleet, the three divisions of the latter were to be brought nearly within gun-shot of the enemy's centre, when the signal would most likely be made for the lee line to bear up together, under all sail, in order to reach the enemy's line as quickly as possible, and then to cut through; beginning at the twelfth ship from the enemy's rear.

Some ships might not get through at their exact place,

but they would always be at hand, to assist their friends; and if any British ships were thrown round the rear of the enemy, they would, it was considered, effectually complete the business of twelve of the enemy's ships.

Should the enemy wear together, or bear up, and sail large, still the twelve ships of the enemy's rear were to be the object of attack of the British lee line, unless otherwise directed by the Commander-in-chief, an interference not contemplated in the plan, as the entire management of the lee line, after the Commander-in-chief had signalized his intentions, was to be left to the judgment of the Admiral commanding that line.

The remainder of the English fleet were to be left to the management of the Commander-in-chief; who, as he rather modestly expressed himself, would endeavor to take care that the movements of the second in command were as little as possible interrupted.

This plan and instructions have been given rather at length, because they have always been looked upon as models, and have been copied into foreign historical works, and adopted upon several other occasions.

Cadiz became much straightened for provisions, in consequence of having so large a fleet to victual. To remedy this evil, especially in regard to his own fleet, Napoleon had ordered shipments to be made to Nantes, Bordeaux, and other ports in the Bay of Biscay. The carriers were vessels under the Danish flag, that landed their cargoes at small ports in the south of Spain, whence they were easily conveyed to Cadiz. As some check to this, a vigorous blockade had been adopted by Collingwood, and maintained by his successor, who considered it a more likely way of driving the combined fleets to sea than a bombardment of Congreve rockets, as had at one time been contemplated. The arrival of a number of

frigates enabled Nelson to prosecute this blockade of the coasting trade more successfully. On the 10th of October two line-of-battle ships, and on the 13th two more, joined Nelson; and he had now twenty-nine sail-of-the-line off Cadiz, and five at Gibraltar. This was the highest number his fleet reached.

On the 10th the allied fleet had moved out to the entrance of the harbor, and evinced a disposition to put to sea at the first opportunity.

Four days after Lord Nelson was obliged, owing to orders from England, to send there Sir Robert Calder, in the Prince of Wales; and on the 17th was obliged to send the Donegal to Gibraltar, for water. This done, he had twenty-seven sail-of-the-line (not all in very good order, or well manned), four frigates, a schooner, and a cutter. There were in his fleet three 100-gun ships; the Victory, his own flag-ship; the Royal Sovereign, Vice-Admiral Collingwood; and the Britannia, Rear-Admiral the Earl of Northesk. Then came four 98-gun ships; one 80, sixteen 74s, and three 64s, which formed the line-of-battle.

On the very day on which Lord Nelson took command of the fleet a courier had arrived at Cadiz, with the order of the French Emperor for Villeneuve to put to sea. These orders had been issued about the middle of September, and required that the French ships should pass the Straits of Gibraltar, land the troops on the Neapolitan coast, sweep the Mediterranean of all British commerce and cruisers, and then enter Toulon, to re-fit and re-victual.

Although Villeneuve's instructions contained no mention of the Spanish fleet, it is natural to suppose that they would be glad to avail themselves of the exit of a formidable French fleet to effect a junction with seven sail-of-

the-line of theirs, which were blockaded in the port of Carthagena. Every exertion was, therefore, made to fill the complements of the fleet, which had otherwise been ready for some time. Of the vessels which had been in Sir Robert Calder's action, one, the Argonauta, had been repaired and refitted, but the damage to the other, the Terrible, proved of so serious a nature that she was disarmed, and her crew divided among the short-manned ships.

All these details may seem tedious, but are necessary to a correct understanding of this, the most important naval battle of the century.

To return a little. On the 10th of October, the French troops having re-embarked, the combined fleet moved to the entrance of Cadiz harbor, to be ready for a start at a moment's warning. Hard westerly gales continued until the 17th. At midnight of that date the wind shifted to the eastward, and on the 18th of October Admiral Villeneuve informed the Spanish Admiral Gravina of his intention to put to sea on the following day; and had a strong line of gunboats drawn up across the mouth of the harbor.

On October 19th the Allied fleets, by signal from the Commander-in-chief, began getting under way, at seven o'clock in the morning. There was a fair breeze, but light, and the British reconnoitring frigates at once saw and reported the movement. Owing to the light wind, only twelve ships got out, and these lay becalmed until afternoon, when a breeze sprang up from the west-north-west, and the twelve stood to the northward, accompanied closely by the two English frigates on guard. At day-light the next morning the rest of the combined fleet left Cadiz, making, with the twelve already outside, thirty-three sail-of-the-line, five frigates, and two brigs. They

had a light southeast wind, while the ships in the offing, as is frequently the case on this coast, had the wind south-southwest.

The French had four 80-gun ships, and fourteen 74s, with the frigates and brigs. The Spanish had one 130-gun ship; two of 112 guns; one 100; two 80s; eight 74s, and one 64.

Villeneuve's flag-ship was the Bucentaure, 80, and Gravina's the Principe de Asturias, 112.

Scarcely had the fleet cleared the harbor when a south-west wind and thick weather began to delay their progress. Meantime the two English frigates carefully watched their every manœuvre.

The first effect of the thick weather was that the English ship Agamemnon, with a merchant brig in tow, was unconsciously running into the midst of the enemy's ships, but was, after some difficulty, warned off by the frigates. Then one of the English frigates was in danger of capture by her stopping too long to examine an American ship; she was chased and fired upon.

In the afternoon the weather cleared, and the wind shifted to north-northwest; whereupon Admiral Villeneuve ordered his fleet to form in five columns, in accordance with a plan previously communicated to his Admirals and Captains.

The Allied fleet then divided itself into two parts. The first part was of twenty-one sail, and was denominated the line-of-battle, and this was again subdivided into three squadrons, of seven ships each; of which the centre was commanded by Villeneuve himself; the van by Vice-Admiral Alava; and the rear by Rear-Admiral Dumanoir.

The second part of the Allied fleet, the reserve, was divided into two squadrons, of six ships each, the first

under Admiral Gravina, and the second under Rear-Admiral Magon.

Villeneuve's instructions to these officers were as follows: in case of being to windward, the line to bear down together, and each ship to engage her opponent in the English line; to engage closely, and to board, if possible.

If, on the contrary, the English fleet was to windward, the allied fleet was to await attack in close order of battle.

The French Admiral said, "the enemy will not confine himself to forming a line-of-battle parallel to ours, and engage us with his cannon, when success often attends the most skillful, and always the most fortunate; he will endeavor to turn our rear, to pass through our line, and will endeavor to surround such of our ships as he succeeds in cutting off, and reduce them with numbers of his own."

Villeneuve adds "there is nothing to alarm us in the sight of the English fleet; their 74-gun ships have not five hundred men on board; their seamen are harassed by a two years' cruise; they are not more brave than we; and have infinitely less motives to fight well, and have less love of country. They are skillful at manœuvring. In a month we shall be as much so as they are. In fine, everything unites to inspire us with hopes of the most glorious success, and of a new era for the Imperial marine."

The most remarkable feature of the French Admiral's plan was, that it persisted in ordering the movements of his fleet to be conducted in close line-of-battle, even while he admits that his enemy will adopt a different mode of attack, that of cutting off the rear of the line, and making it an easy conquest. Such, however, was the ancient

rule of sea-tactics, and France had not yet had a Rodney to break through them.

Shortly after the combined fleet had formed in five columns, one of their advanced frigates made the signal for eighteen sail of British ships in sight. On this the fleet, still on the port tack, cleared for action, and at about five P. M. tacked, and stood for the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar. They had continued so long on the other tack that Lord Nelson thought it was Villeneuve's intention to proceed to the westward.

About this time the four British frigates came down to reconnoitre, and were chased by some of the Allied fleet, which latter, however, rejoined the main body at night-fall.

Just before dark the French ship Aigle made signal for eighteen British ships in line-of-battle, to the southward; and shortly after the combined fleet wore and stood to the northwest.

On the 21st, a little before daylight, the French Admiral, abandoning his plan of forming line-of-battle of twenty-one ships (as the enemy were now to windward, and of nearly equal force to himself), ordered the three columns, composed of the twenty-one ships, without regard to priority of rank among them, to form in close line-of-battle, on the starboard tack, upon the leeward-most division of twelve ships, and then to steer south-east. The manœuvre executed, daylight found the two fleets fairly in sight of each other, for the first time. The centre of the Franco-Spanish fleet bearing about east by south of the centre of the British, and distant about ten miles.

The wind was then light, from west-northwest, and a heavy swell setting in from the westward.

Let us now look at the movements of the British fleet

during the period just before the momentous battle now impending.

About half-past nine A. M., on the 19th, while the British fleet was lying to, fifty miles west-southwest from Cadiz, the line-of-battle ships which formed the cordon of communication between the fleet and the reconnoitring frigates, inshore, repeated the signal that the enemy was coming out of port.

Lord Nelson immediately made sail to the southeast, with light breezes, mostly from south-southwest. At three P. M. the signal was repeated, that the enemy was at sea.

That afternoon Lord Nelson directed that the fleet should observe the motions of his flag-ship, the Victory, during the night, and that the best sailing ships should stand ahead, and steer for the mouth of the Straits.

On the 20th of October, at daylight, the English found themselves near the entrance of the Straits, but saw nothing of their enemy.

Thereupon the fleet wore, and made sail to the northwest, with a fresh breeze at south-southwest.

At seven A. M., one of the frigates signalled the Allied fleet, bearing north; and by noon the Victory and the English fleet were within twenty-five miles of Cadiz, standing to the west-northwest, on the port tack.

Early in the afternoon they were taken aback, by a breeze from the west-northwest, and at 4 P. M. wore, and again came to, on the port tack, steering north.

It was now telegraphed that the Allied fleet seemed determined to go to the westward, and Lord Nelson replied that he relied on the frigates keeping them in sight during the night. The frigates then signalled "thirty-one sail of the enemy, bearing north-northeast."

When night fell the British fleet wore, and stood to the

southwest, and at 4 A. M. of the 21st wore again, and steered north by east, under easy sail.

To the general reader these details of manœuvres, (which precede any great battle, whether on sea or land), may appear tedious, but it is absolutely necessary to a description of this great event, and could not be omitted by any one who tried to give an account of the battle.

At six in the morning the flag-ship Victory had a view of the combined fleet, bearing about east by south, distant, as has been said in the account of the manœuvres of the Franco-Spanish fleet, about ten or twelve miles.

At this time Nelson was about twenty miles from Cape Trafalgar, which bore east by south.

Soon after this the English fleet, by signal, formed in two columns, in the order of sailing, and bore up to the eastward, under all sail.

This was according to Nelson's previous orders; to avoid delay and inconvenience of forming line-of-battle in the usual manner.

THE BATTLE.

The near approach of the British fleet rendering an action unavoidable, the French Admiral, at 8.30 in the morning, made signal for his ships to wear together, and form line, in close order, on the port tack.

This brought the port of Cadiz on his lee bow.

It was fully ten in the morning before this manœuvre, involving so many great ships, and such a long line, was completed; and even then, from the light and flawy wind, the line was not very regularly formed.

Acounts differ as to how the ships were disposed in the Allied line.

Lord Collingwood said that the French ships had an unusual arrangement. They formed a crescent, convex-

ing to leeward, "so that, in leading down their centre, I had both their van and rear abaft the beam. Before the fire opened, every alternate ship was about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern, forming a kind of double line, and appeared, when on their beam, to leave very little interval between them, and this without crowding their ships."

The French and English accounts and plans of the battle are all rather incompatible with the facts of the action, as developed; and were all, most probably, drawn from memory and influenced by impressions.

Lord Collingwood's is, probably, the only simple and straightforward one.

Owing to the lightness of the wind, the English fleet, after bearing up, made very slow progress toward their enemy. These great two and three-deckers were ponderous affairs, and required a strong breeze to move them.

At the joint suggestion of Captains Hardy and Blackwood, Nelson reluctantly consented that the Téméraire and Leviathan should precede the Victory in going into action; and he himself gave orders to that effect to the first-named ship, which was then just abreast of the Victory, but, it was thought, at too great a distance to understand perfectly the purport of Lord Nelson's hail.

Captain Hardy, Nelson's flag-Captain, therefore, went, in his boat, on board the Téméraire, and gave Captain Harvey the Commander-in-chief's orders. But then the utmost endeavor of the Téméraire to pass ahead of the Victory was frustrated by the latter's carrying all the sail she could set.

No one ventured to suggest shortening sail to Nelson, when going into battle; and he was just then finding fault with the officer of the Victory's forecastle, for not setting the lee studding-sail in a smarter manner.

Subsequently, when it became necessary to keep in line, for mutual support, the Victory signalled the Téméraire to resume her station astern of the flag-ship. Thus the Victory led the Téméraire into the enemy's line, after all.

The manner in which the combined fleet now lay, with a home port only twenty-five miles off, on their lee bow, induced Nelson, about eleven in the morning, to telegraph, "I intend to pass through the end of the enemy's line, to prevent them from getting into Cadiz."

The reversed order of that line had, with the wind prevailing, produced an effect to be guarded against. It had brought the shoals of San Pedro and Trafalgar under the lee of both fleets. Accordingly, at half-past eleven, the Victory made signal to the British fleet to prepare to anchor at the close of the day.

At that time the cables were of hemp, and required a long time to range, and prepare for letting go. They were, in such ships, of immense size. We shall see how Nelson's sailor instinct taught him what was to save his fleet after the battle, although he was not to see it.

This signal having been made, no other seemed necessary, and all they had to do was to wait for the battle to open.

But, a little before noon, Nelson telegraphed again. This time it was his celebrated message, "England expects that every man will do his duty." He had dictated "confides," but the word not being in the signal book, the signal lieutenant suggested "expects," and Nelson adopted it.

This signal was greeted with three cheers from all the ships, as they were slowly bearing down upon their enemy, and aroused the utmost enthusiasm.

They by degrees got so close that, at noon, the French

ship Fougueux opened fire upon the Royal Sovereign (Collingwood's flag-ship), then upon her port bow and well within shot. Immediately upon the first gun-shot, the three British Admirals hoisted their respective flags, and the rest of the ships the white, or St. George's ensign, a measure adopted to prevent any confusion, in the heat of action, from a variety of national flags.

Each British ship also carried a union-jack at her main-top-mast stay, and another at her fore-top-gallant stay. The combined fleet hoisted their ensigns then, and their Admirals their flags.

Soon after the Fougueux and the ships next ahead and astern of her had opened fire the Royal Sovereign returned it, but Nelson made signal to engage more closely, and Collingwood ceased firing.

Soon after midday Collingwood had reached a position close astern of the Santa Ana, 112, and fired into her, with double-shotted guns, and with such precision that, by the subsequent admission of Spanish officers, she killed or wounded nearly four hundred of her crew. With the starboard broadside similarly shotted, the Royal Sovereign raked the Fougueux, but, owing to distance, with less effect. In a short time the British ship Belleisle followed through the combined line, which, owing to some of the ships astern of the Fougueux pressing forward to support the centre, while others kept their sails aback, or shivering, was fast losing the tolerably regular form it had had.

It was about this time that Nelson said, "See that noble fellow, Collingwood, how he carries his ship into action!" while Collingwood was remarking to his flag-Captain, "what Nelson would give to be here!"

The British lee column approached its enemy in such

a slanting direction that it enabled most of them to discharge their starboard guns at the enemy's rear, and an interchange of animated firing took place, the smoke from which, for lack of a strong breeze to carry it off, spread over the combatants, and increased the confusion into which the rear of the combined line had already been thrown, by the crashing charge upon its centre.

Twenty minutes after the Fougueux had opened fire upon the Royal Sovereign, and shortly after the latter had passed under the stern of the Santa Anna, the Bucentaure (Villeneuve's flag-ship) fired a shot at the Victory, which latter had studding-sails set on both sides, and was going through the water very slowly. The shot fell short. Another fell alongside, after an interval, and then a third passed through the Victory's main-top-gallant sail. Things were getting warm, but the Victory did not immediately reply; and a minute or two of awful silence followed, the ships *creeping* together, and then, almost as if by signal, the whole Allied van opened fire upon the Victory, conspicuous from bearing Nelson's flag. Such a fire has seldom been directed at a single ship. Almost immediately a round shot killed Nelson's Secretary, Mr. Scott, while he was conversing with Captain Hardy. Shortly after a double-headed shot killed eight marines on the poop of the Victory, on which the Admiral ordered Captain Adair, the Marine Officer, to disperse his men around the ship, so that they should not suffer from being drawn up together. Presently a shot came through a thickness of four hammocks, carried away a part of the launch, as she lay on the booms, struck the fore-brace bitts on the quarter-deck, and then passed between Lord Nelson and Hardy. A splinter from the bitts tore the buckle from one of Nelson's shoes. Dr. Beatty, the Surgeon of the Victory, says "they both instantly stopped,

and were observed by the officers on deck to survey each other with inquiring looks, each supposing the other to be wounded. His Lordship smiled, and said 'This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long!' and he soon after declared to Captain Hardy that, in all his battles, he had never seen cooler courage displayed than that by the Victory's men, on this occasion." To be sure, they were fighting under Nelson's own eye, and well-drilled men can stand almost any fire when well commanded.

The Allied ships directly ahead of the British weather column, seeing, by her movements, that the Victory was about to follow the example of the Royal Sovereign, closed up around her. The Bucentaure came up near the huge Santissima Trinidada, 130, but still left a small opening between herself and the latter. In hopes of passing through this interval in the line, Lord Nelson himself ordered the man at the wheel to steer east by south.

The Victory, by the change thus made in her course, having brought her port guns to bear upon the combined van, commenced firing from that side. She had already, from the concentrated fire she had encountered, lost twenty officers and men killed, and thirty wounded. This loss would have been greater had not the enemy endeavored to disable her by aiming rather at her spars and rigging. In consequence of this every studding-sail boom, on both sides, had been shot away, and every sail riddled.

This shows that if the centre and rear of the Allies had opened fire earlier upon the Royal Sovereign, as she went in, they would, probably, have entirely disabled her.

The Victory, as she moved slowly along, in a slanting direction, kept her port broadside playing upon the Santissima Trinidada and the Bucentaure, and was ably

seconded by the Téméraire, Captain Harvey, which ship still kept close astern of her. In a few minutes the Victory's mizzen-top-mast was shot away; and soon after her wheel was destroyed, and the ship had to be steered, during the rest of the action, in the gun-room, the First-Lieutenant and Master relieving each other at that duty. All this happened in about a quarter of an hour after she had opened fire, and she now found herself close abreast of the narrow opening between the Spanish four-decker and the French Commander-in-chief, the precise spot where Nelson wished to cut the combined line. Just as the Victory was slowly passing astern of the great Spanish ship, with the intention of hauling up under her lee, the Bucentaure ranged ahead, and placed herself upon the four-decker's starboard quarter. Captain Hardy now pointed out to Nelson the impossibility of passing through the line without running on board one of the enemy's ships. Lord Nelson replied, "I can't help it; it does not signify which we run on board of. Go on board which you please; take your choice." The Victory, with helm hard a-port, steered for the Redoutable, which had gallantly come to fill a gap caused by the falling to leeward of the French Neptune. (There was a Neptune in each fleet.) Righting her helm—she had just steerage way—the Victory poured a raking fire into the Bucentaure and the Santissima Trinidada, and received a raking fire from the French Neptune, which then set her jib to keep clear.

On coming slowly to the wind the Victory drifted on board the Redoutable, but not until she had given her a broadside, and received some shot in return. The Redoutable then shut her lower deck ports, apparently to prevent the English from boarding through them, and did not again fire a gun from her port side.

The ships came together very gently, and were in the act of rebounding, when the Victory's starboard fore-yard-arm caught the leech of the Redoutable's fore-top-sail. This kept them together for a time, and, with the muzzles of their guns almost touching, the two ships fell off before the wind.

Having accompanied Lord Nelson so far, let us now take a general view of the battle.

Soon after the first four ships of the British lee division had cut the centre and rear of the combined line, the remainder, as they came up in succession, pierced the mass of the Allied ships (for they were no longer in line), and then found opponents as they could.

Meantime the weather division had cut through a little ahead of the centre of the combined line. The action, which had begun at noon, was at its height at about half-past one. At three the fire had begun to slacken; and at five had entirely ceased.

Of the eleven van ships of the Allies, including the huge Sta. Trinidada, only one was captured in her proper place; the remaining ten were out of line. Of the latter three were captured and seven escaped; four by hauling to windward, and then by running for Cadiz. Of their ten centre ships five were taken in their line of battle, and five escaped into Cadiz; and of the twelve rear ships, nine, including one burnt, were taken, and three escaped into Cadiz. This made, as the result of the day's proceedings, nine French ships of the line captured or burnt, and nine Spanish ships of the line captured; total eighteen. The French and Spanish ships which escaped were many of them much shattered.

It is impossible to give details of the separate action of so many ships, or of the losses they sustained, without being tedious. But it may be interesting to give some

idea of the French view of the battle—previous to speaking of the death of Nelson.

We now quote from a French source. After enumerating the combined fleet, and its mode of formation, the account goes on to say, that "the vessels" (of the Allies) were most of them rather antiquated, especially the Spanish vessels, and unfitted for the new tactics introduced by Nelson. Soon after going out the two fleets sighted each other off Cape Trafalgar—that low point formerly called by the ancients the promontory of Juno.

"The English Admiral had but twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, but his guns were superior in calibre to those of the Allies. They had, moreover, much greater nautical experience, and a great leader, conditions of success which the Allies could not claim." "Villeneuve formed a single line of battle. Nelson formed in two columns, to cut this line, and then expected to conquer the separate parts in detail." * * * * * *

"October 21st, at eleven A. M., the two fleets came together, and one of the most destructive naval battles ever fought ensued. * * * The English were full of confidence and enthusiasm. * * * Nelson himself set the example. Outsailing his division, he dashed the Victory against the Allied line, in spite of the concentrated broadsides poured upon him. * * * He attempted to take the Bucentaure, the flag-ship of Villeneuve, and for that purpose tried to get in between her and another French ship, the Redoutable, commanded by the brave Captain Lucas. Lucas divined his intentions, and hastened to bar the Victory's way. But Nelson was not the man to be deterred by odds, and immediately laid his ship alongside the Redoutable, and boarded her. Lashed alongside, the two ships fell out of line, fighting." It is

not very often that accounts from opposite sides agree so closely as the foregoing account.

"The ship's company of the Redoutable bravely accepted the unequal combat. From the tops, as well as from the batteries, they answered the fire of the English, and, in this singular fight, one rather of musketry than of great guns, the French had rather the advantage." "The decks of the Victory were burdened with the dead. In the midst of the noise and confusion, and smoke of combat, Nelson and Captain Hardy walked the poop. Not far from them a few men were exchanging a brisk musketry fire with those in the tops of the French ship. Suddenly the Admiral staggered and fell, with his face to the deck. A ball fired from the mizzen-top of the Redoutable had struck his left shoulder, passing through the epaulette, then through the chest, and lodging in the dorsal vertebræ." Admiral Jurien de la Gravière says, "They picked him up at once, the decks being covered with his blood. Hardy, who had not seen him fall, turned, and, paler than Nelson himself, cried, 'I hope, my Lord, that you are not dangerously wounded!' 'They have done for me,' he answered; 'they have succeeded at last; the spine of my back is broken.'"

Thiers, in his history, gives a rather different account, only interesting as showing the way in which this important event was reported by the French. "Nelson, dressed in a coat which he always wore on days of battle, and having at his side his flag-captain, Hardy, seemed to delight in exposing himself. His Secretary had already been killed just beside him. Captain Hardy had had one of his shoe buckles shot away, and a bar shot had killed eight men at once on the poop. The great seaman, just object of both hatred and admiration to us, impassable upon his poop, was looking calmly on at the horrible

scene, when a bullet from one of the tops of the Redoutable struck him on the left shoulder, and passing on, lodged in his loins. Sinking to his knees he fell forward, endeavoring to sustain himself by his hands. In falling he said, 'Hardy, the Frenchmen have finished me.' 'Not yet, I hope,' said Hardy. 'Yes! I am dying,' said Nelson. They carried him to the cockpit, but he had already almost lost consciousness, and it was evident he had but a short time to live. Recovering his consciousness at intervals, he asked how the battle went; and repeated the directions which afterwards proved his foresight: 'Anchor! anchor the fleet before evening.'" He soon died, but he had the consolation of knowing, before he did so, that his triumph was certain. To continue the French account: "This bloody episode naturally created disorder on board the Victory, and Captain Lucas, of the Redoutable, without knowing the cause, wished to profit by it to board the English ship. The boarders were already called away, when a broadside of grape from the Téméraire laid low two hundred of them, either killed or wounded. At the same time another English ship, the Neptune, fired into the Redoutable's poop, and reduced her to a deplorable condition. Two of her masts fell upon the deck, her guns were in great part dismounted, and one of her sides almost beaten in, by which the water entered in torrents. All her staff was wounded, ten out of eleven midshipmen mortally wounded, while 522 men out of 640 were either killed or wounded, and, being unable to resist longer, they were obliged to strike."

To continue the French account: "The other French ships, in equal straits, were menaced with the same fate, although their crews, as well as those of the Spanish fleet, showed no lack of courage. The English guns, ably and

perfectly served, made havoc with their enemy, whose ships, as has been said, were deficient in condition.

"The Bucentaure, attacked by several ships at once, all of whom looked upon her as their special prize, had fouled and caught her bowsprit in the gallery of the Spanish ship Santissima Trinidada, and was incapable of getting clear. In this position she soon had her decks swept, and lay at the mercy of the enemy, with great gaps in her starboard side, her poop demolished, her masts gone by the board, her officers and crew decimated. 'My business on board the Bucentaure is finished,' cried the unfortunate Villeneuve; 'I will try to bring back good fortune on board of another vessel.' But not a boat was able to swim, and it was impossible for him to leave the Bucentaure."

M. Thiers says that the French Admiral thus found himself upon a sinking ship, incapable of taking either the offensive or defensive, unable to transmit orders or to do anything to save the fleet which had been entrusted to him, and unable to answer even a shot to those he was still receiving. In this desperate condition, which could not be worse, he resigned himself to the sad necessity of striking his flag. This took place about four in the afternoon.

"An English boat came and took him on board the Mars, where he was received with all the distinction due to his rank and his courage." "The seven vessels of the centre, which Villenueve commanded, were either captured or disabled. Those at the head of the Allied line had taken little part in the action, owing to light winds. Rear Admiral Dumanoir, who commanded them, feared to be compromised uselessly if he went to the assistance of either Villeneuve or of the rear division, and he decided not to allow his division to become involved in

the disaster which he deemed irremediable. So he drew off, and his conduct has been made the subject of more or less hostile criticism, according as people judged his motives."

"The vessels of the rear division" (we are still following the French account), "commanded by Admiral Gravina and Rear-Admiral Magon, carried on the battle with devoted courage. The Algésiras (flag-ship of the French Rear-Admiral) made as terribly desperate a defence (*always defence*) as the Redoutable. Magon had for opponent the Tonnant, a ship taken from the French, of 80 guns. He was about to board her when the same misfortune happened which occurred to the Redoutable. Another English ship raked the Algésiras, sweeping off a large number of her crew by broadsides of grape. She endeavored to reply to this new enemy, when a third came and joined them. In this Homeric struggle the Algésiras for a time fought all three. The Captain of the Tonnant tried three times to board the Algésiras. Magon himself, at the head of his crew, boarding-axe in hand, set an example to his men, and his decks were stained with blood in this hand-to-hand conflict. Conspicuous for his brilliant uniform, which he refused to lay aside, he was soon wounded by a musket ball, but remained on deck. A second ball hit him in the thigh, and feeling faint he allowed himself to be taken below to have the wound dressed, expecting to return. Unfortunately his ship's sides were so battered that grape could readily enter below, and Magon was hardly below when he was killed by a grape-shot through the chest.

"The sailors of the Algésiras seemed rendered desperate by the news of his death, but all their courage did not avail. Out of 641 men on board of her, 150 were killed and 180 wounded. Her masts were gone, her

battery dismounted, and when the English boarded they overran the ship, and her flag was struck. Admiral Gravina, on board the Principe d' Asturias, and surrounded by English vessels, fought with the fury of despair. Holding out well against odds, he gave time to the Neptune and Pluto to come down to his assistance. Unfortunately, just as this aid arrived he was mortally wounded."

"Another episode in this battle of giants marked its termination. The Achille caught fire, and her crew, instead of attending to that, would not leave her guns, and she blew up, with tremendous violence."

"At five in the afternoon the French fleet was either destroyed or fugitive. Seventeen French and Spanish ships had been taken, and one blew up. The combined fleet lost six or seven thousand men in killed, wounded, drowned and prisoners. A more horrible sight has seldom been seen in a naval battle.

"The English had suffered much. Many of them had lost masts; some were entirely disabled. They lost about three thousand men, a great many officers, and Nelson. And this had the effect of moderating the enthusiasm in England over this great victory. During the following night a heavy gale arose, as Nelson had foreseen. The English, having great trouble to take care of themselves, were forced to abandon the prizes they had in tow, or in company. Many of the prizes were seized by the prisoners, and, after great effort, succeeded in getting into Cadiz. The English retained but four of their prizes and Admiral Villeneuve, whose troubles were not yet ended. The French marine was almost destroyed, *physically* and *morally;* and they have hardly recovered from it at this day.

"Napoleon heard of it when in Germany, in the midst of triumphs, and 'he never forgave Villeneuve.' The

Admiral was placed at liberty by the English, and came home in April, 1806, hoping to justify his conduct. He forwarded a letter to Paris, and soon followed it in person. But while still on the journey, he received a reply, the contents of which caused him to give himself six fatal stabs with a knife, in the region of the heart, causing almost immediate death."

Having seen how fairly and truthfully, upon the whole, the French have described some of the incidents of this great battle, let us now return to some of the details and the result.

It will be remembered that Nelson was urging the Victory into action; and that vessel being fast-sailing for a line-of-battle ship, would probably have been, like the Royal Sovereign, far ahead of the ships in her wake, but that the Téméraire, having on board very little provisions or water, was what the sailors call "flying light." This ship was called the "fighting Téméraire." She had been taken from the French, and was commanded in this action by the gallant Captain Eliab Harvey, a name worthy of a down-east Yankee. She is well known from the celebrated picture, by Turner, of "The fighting Téméraire towed to her last berth."

The great difficulty on the part of the Téméraire was to keep astern of her leader; and to do this she was obliged frequently to yaw, or to make a traverse. Hence the Téméraire shared with the Victory—although not to quite so great an extent—the damage and loss of life sustained by the head of the weather English column, from the Allies' heavy and incessant raking fire.

Shortly after the Victory opened her port guns the Téméraire opened hers; and when the former put her helm aport, to steer towards the Redoutable, the Téméraire, to keep clear of her leader, was compelled to do

the same, receiving a fire as she passed the Santissima Trinidada, that did her much damage.

At last, when the Victory passed through, the Téméraire succeeded. Meanwhile the Victory had got foul of the Redoutable, and the two ships payed off to the eastward. The Téméraire had scarcely begun to haul up, to avoid being raked by the French Neptune, which was in a position to do so with impunity, when the Téméraire discovered, through the smoke, the Redoutable driving down on board her. The wind was too light to work clear of her—and the French Neptune opened on the English ship, in a raking position, and soon shot away most of her spars. Rendered unmanageable, the Téméraire could only continue her cannonade of the Redoutable from her port battery. This she did until the French ship shut in her lower-deck ports, as we have seen she had already done on the opposite side; and then she fell on board the Téméraire—the French ship's bowsprit passing over the British ship's gangway, just before the mizzen-rigging, where, in order to have the benefit of a raking fire, the Téméraire's men lashed it. Then they poured in round after round, with most destructive effect. This fire of the Téméraire is said to have cost the French ship two hundred in killed and wounded. This happened just after the Victory and the Téméraire had got clear of each other—and just after Nelson had received his death wound.

The three ships now lying nearly parallel, the two larger English ships had the French two-decker lying between them and riddled by their shot. The English had to use a diminished charge of powder to prevent their shot from passing through, to injure their friends, and their guns contained three shot each, and were much depressed. Fire was now the common enemy of the

three ships, grappled together in this dogged fight. The seamen of the English ships were actually obliged to throw buckets of water into the holes made by their shot in the Redoutable's sides. All this time the Victory's guns, on the other side, had continued to play upon the Spanish four-decker, until the English Neptune came up and took charge of her. "The Redoutable, although she did not make use of her great guns, kept up a heavy fire of musketry, both from her decks and from her tops. In each of the latter were one or two brass cohorn mortars, which she repeatedly discharged, with great effect, upon the decks of her antagonists. From the diagonal position of the Redoutable, at the time the Téméraire lashed her to her gangway, the quarter-deck and the poop of the Victory became greatly exposed to the top fire of the French ship, whose mizzen-top was just abaft and rather below the Victory's main-yard." About half-past one a musket ball from this top struck Lord Nelson in the left shoulder, as, having walked along the middle of the quarter-deck, from abaft, he was in the act of turning round to the right, near the main hatchway, to walk back, on the left hand of Captain Hardy, then a step or two in advance, giving some necessary orders. Dr. Beatty says, "Lord Nelson fell upon his face, in exactly the same spot where his Secretary had been killed early in the action; and Scott's blood not having been removed, soiled Lord Nelson's clothes. He was raised at once by three of the crew, and Captain Hardy, on turning round, became aware of what had happened. Hardy eagerly said that he hoped he was not severely wounded, and Nelson replied, 'They have done for me at last, Hardy!' 'I hope not,' said Hardy. 'Yes,' replied the Admiral, 'my backbone is shot through.' The men, by Captain Hardy's direction,

bore the Admiral to the cockpit," where we shall leave him for the present.

Although sure to sufter most from the effects of fire, the Redoutable continued to throw hand grenades from her tops and yard-arms, some of which, rebounding, set fire to her fore and main chains and shrouds. This fire communicated to the Téméraire, but was soon extinguished by her people.

The Victory's crew, after putting out a fire on the booms of that vessel, actually assisted in putting out the flames on board the Redoutable, throwing buckets of water from their ship.

For a quarter of an hour after Nelson had received his wound the Victory maintained a steady cannonade at the hull of the Redoutable, receiving in return a fire of musketry which continued to kill or wound many officers and men. It was a little after two when the main and mizzen masts of the French ship fell. This stopped her formidable musketry, and the two English ships prepared to take possession of her. The Victory, however, tumbled home so much that, the Frenchman's ports being shut, her men could not board. The Téméraire, being French built, did not tumble in much, and she had, besides, the fallen mizzen-mast as a bridge—and down the latter the crew of the Téméraire scrambled, and boarded and took possession of the most gallantly fought French ship.

Then another complication took place. The French ship Fougueux, 74, after engaging the Royal Sovereign, Belleisle, and Mars, stood slowly across for the starboard beam of the Téméraire—the latter lying with her head about east. The object of the Fougueux was probably to pass to windward of the Téméraire, and rake her; or perhaps to board her—as the Téméraire's appearance

indicated that she was much disabled—her colors being then down, from having her gaff carried away. But the English ship had her starboard broadside in perfect readiness, and delayed firing until the Fougueux got quite close. Then she fired, and there was a fearful crash on board the French ship. Crippled and confused the latter fell on board the Téméraire, and there she was immediately lashed. Boarders from the Téméraire leaped on board of her at once—finding her Captain mortally wounded, and some of the other officers endeavoring to rally the crew to repel boarders. In ten minutes she was a prize to the Téméraire. Four ships were thus locked together at once, but the Victory soon disengaged herself, and lying with her head to the northward, ceased firing, temporarily. She had been terribly cut up, and had lost fifty-seven killed, and one hundred and two wounded. The Redoutable, which had occupied the exposed position, out of a crew of six hundred and forty-three, had lost three hundred killed, and two hundred and twenty-two wounded—including nearly all her officers. The Téméraire was much damaged, and her loss was forty-seven killed and seventy-six wounded. The Fougueux had not suffered nearly so much as the others.

The Leviathan was the last English ship engaged with the French Commander-in-chief, which latter, upon hauling down her colors, was boarded by the Leviathan's Captain of Marines and five men.

On reaching the Bucentaure's quarter-deck, M. Villeneuve and the first and second Captains presented their swords, but the Marine Officer declined to receive them, and referred them to Captain Pellew, of the Leviathan. Securing the magazine, and putting the key in his pocket, and placing sentries at the cabin doors, the Marine Officer pulled off, with the French Admiral and his two Captains.

His own ship had proceeded in chase and left him, so he took the French officers on board the Mars—and here they remained prisoners.

And now in regard to the huge four-decker, the Spanish Santissima Trinidada. At half-past two she had been so sharply handled by different English ships, that she was dismasted, and lay an unmanageable wreck. The Neptune being called off by an attack from some of the ships of the Allied van, the Africa, 64, bore down ahead of the Sta. Trinidada. Meeting no return to her fire, and seeing no colors hoisted, the Africa concluded that the four-decker had surrendered, and sent a boat to take possession.

On the Lieutenant's reaching the quarter-deck and asking if she had surrendered, a Spanish officer answered "No," at the same time pointing to one Spanish and four French sail-of-the-line then passing to windward. As, owing to being dismasted, the four-decker was fast drifting away from the two fleets, the English Lieutenant, who had only a boat's crew with him, quitted the ship—being, singularly enough, permitted to do so—and returned to the Africa.

The Santissima Trinidada then remained without a prize crew until about half-past five, when the Prince, 98, took her in tow, in obedience to signal. The great ship's loss in killed and wounded was very severe, having sustained, in succession, the raking fire of four different ships, and her hull, especially her stern and quarters, was dreadfully shattered.

It is impossible to follow the fortunes of the other ships, interesting as they are, and remarkable for gallant actions on both sides.

We must, however, mention the collision of the Allied van with some of the English ships.

At about half-past two the whole of the Allied van, except the Sta. Trinidada, began to put about, in obedience to a signal from their Commander-in-chief to come quickly into close action. They did not comply very readily with the signal; indeed, owing to the light wind, they could not do so.

When ten ships got round on the starboard tack, five of them (four French and one Spanish), under Rear Admiral Dumanoir, hauled their wind, and the other five kept away, as if to join Admiral Gravina, then to leeward of the rear, in the act of making off. In the height of this confusion in the combined van, the Britannia, Agamemnon, Orion, and Ajax got intermingled among the French and Spanish ships that had put about and were edging away. Quite a spirited fight now took place between these, and Admiral Dumanoir, with his five ships, interchanged shots with many of the English.

It was just at this moment that Captain Hardy dispatched a Lieutenant to Vice-Admiral Collingwood, to inform him that Lord Nelson was wounded.

The hauling to windward of Dumanoir gave the two rear ships of the English weather squadron, the Minotaur and Spartiate, an opportunity of exchanging broadsides with the French ships Formidable, Duguay-Trouin, Mont Blanc and Scipion, while they succeeded in cutting off the rear ship, the Spanish Neptune, 80, and she was captured, about five P. M. This was not done without a warm resistance from the Spaniard, which was the last ship which struck on that eventful day.

The British fleet, in all this five hours' fighting, had only had 449 killed and 1241 wounded.

While this fleet was securing their disabled and battered prizes, and getting the latter, as well as themselves, in a state to keep the sea, and while the more fortunate

of the French and Spanish ships were profiting by the occasion to effect their escape from the scene of disaster, let us look at the cockpit of the Victory, where lay, dying, the chief hero of the day.

The manner of receiving his wound has been already described. Dr. Beatty, who had the ball in his possession, says it was not fired from a rifled piece, although it was stated, in Southey's life of Nelson, that Tyrolean riflemen were posted in the tops of the French ship.

Dr. Beatty says, "While the men were carrying Lord Nelson down the ladder, from the middle deck, his Lordship observed that the tiller ropes were not yet replaced, and sent a midshipman to remind Captain Hardy of the circumstance, and requested that new ones should be immediately rove. Having given this order, he took his handkerchief from his pocket and covered his face, that he might not, at this crisis, be recognized by the crew." These are most thoughtful and touching precautions.

When he was dying Captain Hardy came down, with tidings of the victory being certain. Dr. Beatty says, "Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy shook hands, and the Captain congratulated him, even in the arms of death, upon the brilliant victory, which he said was complete, although he did not know how many ships were captured; certainly fourteen or fifteen. Nelson said, 'That is well, but I bargained for twenty,' and then emphatically exclaimed, 'Anchor, Hardy, anchor!' 'I suppose, my Lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs.' 'Not while I live, I hope, Hardy!' cried Nelson; 'No, do you anchor, Hardy.' Captain Hardy then said, 'Shall *we* make the signal, sir?' 'Yes,' answered Nelson, 'for if I live, I'll anchor.'"

In about fifteen minutes Lord Nelson became speechless,

and died at half-past four. His best and truest friends only regretted that he had not died instantly, on the quarter-deck, when he was wounded.

All nations have done justice to Nelson's character, and a celebrated French writer says, he "ought to be held up as a model to Admirals, both for the extraordinary pains he took to know his Admirals and Captains, and by the spirit of the attacks which he resolved to undertake. He unfolded to them his general plan of operations, and the modifications with which the weather or the manœuvres of the enemy might force him to qualify his original determination.

When once he had explained his system to the superior officers of his fleet, he confided to them the charge of acting according to circumstances, so as to lead, in the most favorable manner, to the consummation of the enterprise so planned. And Nelson, who was allowed to choose the companions of his glory, possessed the talent and the happiness to find men worthy of his instruction and confidence. They learned, in action to supply what had escaped his forethought, and in success to surpass even his hopes."

The immediate result of the Battle of Trafalgar was seventeen French and Spanish ships-of-the-line captured, and one French ship burnt. Four French ships effected their escape to the southward; and Admiral Gravina, with eleven French and Spanish ships-of-the-line, and the smaller vessels, anchored under Rota, in the course of the succeeding night.

At six P. M. Vice-Admiral Collingwood, now Commander-in-Chief, shifted his flag to the Euryalus frigate, and the latter, taking the Royal Sovereign in tow, stood off shore with her.

Most of the British ships were so damaged, either in

spars or hull, that they were not in a condition to carry sail.

Of seventeen prizes, eight were wholly dismasted, the remainder partly so. Some were nearly in a sinking condition.

To add to their perilous condition, they were then in thirteen fathoms of water, with the shoals of Trafalgar only a few miles to leeward. Fortunately the wind, which was west-south-west, and dead on shore, was moderate; but there was a high swell, which was bad for wounded masts. At nine P. M. the Vice-Admiral made the signal to anchor, but few could do so, as many cables were cut by shot. At midnight the wind veered to south-south-west, and freshened, and signals were made to to those under way to wear, with heads to the westward. Four of the dismasted prizes anchored off Cape Trafalgar, and the rest wore, and drifted seaward. Next morning Collingwood issued a general order of thanks to the fleet.

There was then a fresh southerly wind; but thirteen of the prizes, which had remained under way, were got hold of, and towed to the westward. But at five o'clock that afternoon it was found that the Redoutable was sinking, which she did, with many French prisoners and her prize crew on board. Some were saved on a raft, but many were lost. Other fearful casualties occurred during the rough weather of the succeeding night. The Fougueux was lost, with all on board but twenty-five; and the Algésiras was given up to the prisoners, who carried her into Cadiz. The Bucentaure was wrecked, but her crew was saved.

A heavy gale continued, and on the 23d the French Captain, Cosmao-Kerjulien, with five ships and five frigates, recaptured two of the prizes, which were drifting

about. But in doing so one of his own ships, the Indomptable, a fine eighty-gun vessel, was wrecked, with all on board lost; and the Spanish ship St. Francis d'Assis was lost, with most of her crew. Other casualties occurred.

Altogether, of the ships captured by the British, at the end of the operations only four—one French and three Spanish 74's—remained as trophies in the hands of the conquerors. Nor was one of them worth the pains and risk taken to preserve her. The Victory, towed by the Neptune, arrived at Gibraltar on the 28th of October, and on the 3d of November, having been partially refitted, she sailed for England—having Nelson's body, preserved in spirits, on board. At Chatham the Admiralty yacht received the coffin, which was made of the main-mast of the French flag-ship Orient, which was burnt at the battle of the Nile—and which had been presented to Nelson by Captain Hallowell. This was placed in a leaden coffin; and his flag, which had been kept at half-mast on board the Victory, was struck for the last time.

His body, thus encoffined, lay in state at Greenwich Hospital; and on the 9th of January, 1806, was buried, with great pomp, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

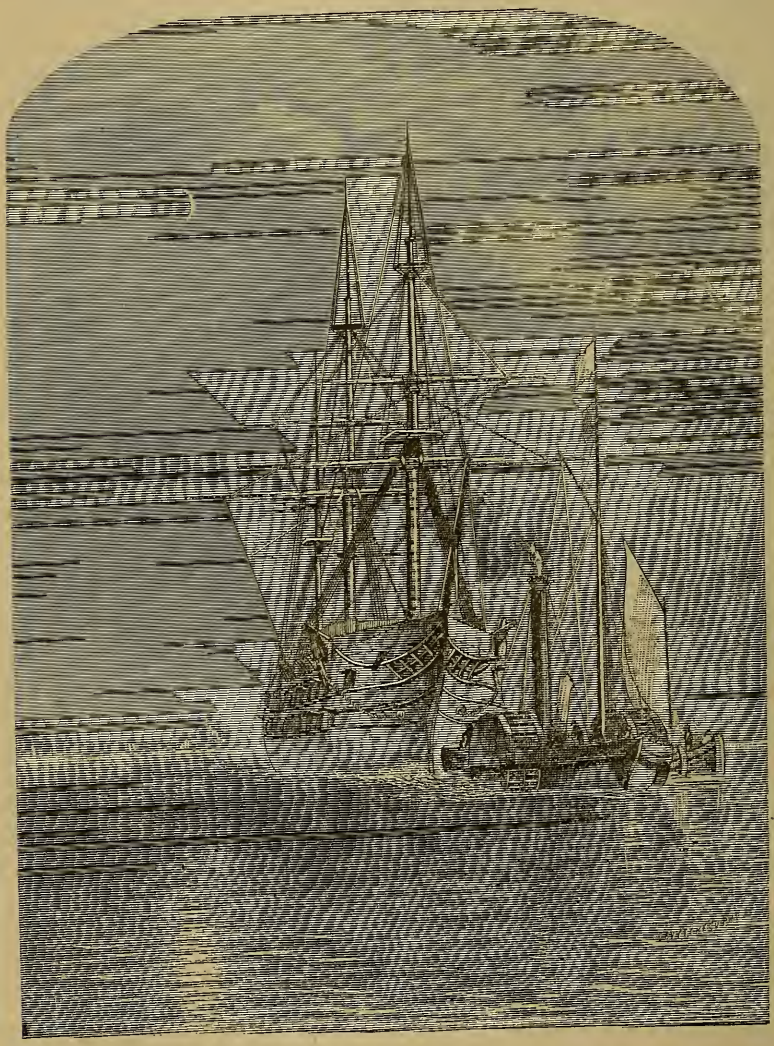
Lord Nelson was engaged in action with an enemy over one hundred and twenty times, and besides being severely wounded elsewhere, lost his right eye and his right arm.

He had not long passed his forty-seventh birthday when he was killed.

His brother William was made an Earl, with £6000 per annum and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate; while £10,000 pounds were given to each of his sisters.

It was also decided that two ships should be built; one of one hundred and twenty guns, to be called the

Nelson; and one of ninety-eight guns, to be called the Trafalgar. Collingwood was made a Baron, and voted £2000 per annum; and, of course, there were a very large number of minor promotions.



THE "FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE" TOWED TO HER LAST BERTH.

THE WASP BOARDING THE FROLIC.

XXX.

WASP AND FROLIC. A. D. 1812.

ON November 13th, 1812, the American 18-gun ship-sloop Wasp, Captain Jacob Jones, with a crew of 137 men, sailed from the Delaware, and ran off southeast, to get into the track of the West India traders. On the next day she encountered a heavy gale, and lost her jib-boom and two men who were upon it. On the 17th, the weather having moderated somewhat, she discovered several sail, which were part of a convoy of merchantmen from Honduras, bound for England, under convoy of the British 18-gun brig-sloop Frolic, of 19 guns and 110 men, commanded by Captain Whinyates. They had been dispersed by the gale of the 16th, in which the Frolic had lost her main-yard. The Frolic had spent the next day in repairing damages, and by dark six of her missing convoy had rejoined her. On Sunday, the 18th, which was a fine day, the convoy was discovered ahead and to leeward of the American ship, Captain Jones not choosing to close during the night, as he was ignorant of the force opposed to him.

The Wasp now sent down top-gallant yards, close reefed her top-sails, and bore down under short fighting canvas. The Frolic lashed her damaged yard on deck, and hauled by the wind, under her boom main-sail and close reefed fore-top-sail, hoisting Spanish colors to decoy

the stranger down, and permit her convoy to escape. By half-past eleven the ships were close together, and running on the starboard tack, parallel, and not more than sixty yards apart. They then commenced firing, the Wasp her port, and the Frolic her starboard battery. The latter fired very rapidly, delivering three broadsides to the Wasp's two, both crews cheering loudly as the ships wallowed through the water, abreast of each other. There was a very heavy sea running, left by the gale, which caused the vessels to roll and pitch heavily. The Americans fired as the engaged side of their ship was going down, aiming at the Frolic's hull, while the English fired while on the crest of the seas, their shot going high.

The water flew in clouds of spray over both vessels, which rolled so that the muzzles of the guns went under; but in spite of this the firing was spirited and well directed. In five minutes the Wasp's main-top-mast was shot away, and fell across the port fore and fore-top-sail braces, rendering her head yards unmanageable. Ten minutes after her gaff and mizzen-top-gallant mast came down, and by eleven o'clock every brace and most of her rigging was shot away, so that it was impossible to brace her yards.

But in the meantime the Frolic had suffered dreadfully in her hull and lower masts, and her gaff and head braces were also shot away. The slaughter among her crew was also very great; but the survivors kept at their work with the dogged courage of their race. At first the two vessels ran side by side, but the American gradually forged ahead, throwing in her fire from a position in which she herself received little injury. By degrees they drew so close together that the Americans struck the Frolic's side with their rammers, in loading, and began to rake the British vessel with dreadful effect.

The Frolic then fell on board her antagonist, her jib-boom coming in between the main and mizzen-rigging of the Wasp, and passing over the heads of Captain Jones and Lieutenant Biddle, who were standing by the capstan, on the quarter-deck.

This forced the Wasp up into the wind, and she again raked the Frolic, Captain Jones trying to restrain his crew, who were anxious to board, until he could put in another broadside. But they could not be held back, and Jack Lang, a seaman from New Jersey, leaped on the Frolic's bowsprit. Lieutenant Biddle then mounted the hammock-cloth, to board, but got his feet entangled in some rigging, and one of the midshipmen seizing his coat-tails, to help himself up, the Lieutenant tumbled back on the deck. As the ship rose to the next swell he succeeded in getting on the bowsprit, on which were one or two seamen of his ship. But there was no one to oppose them. The man at the wheel stood grim and undaunted, and there were two or three more about the deck, among them Captain Whinyates and his First Lieutenant, both so severely wounded that they could not stand without support. There could be no more resistance, and Lieutenant Biddle hauled down the flag himself, at a quarter-past twelve—just forty-three minutes after the action commenced. Almost immediately both the Frolic's masts went by the board.

Of her crew not twenty men escaped unhurt. Every officer was wounded and two were killed. Her total loss was thus over ninety, about thirty of whom were killed outright or died of wounds.

The Wasp suffered severely in her rigging and aloft generally, but only two or three shots struck her hull. Five of her men were killed—two in her mizzen-top, and

one in her main-top-mast rigging, and five were wounded, chiefly aloft.

The two vessels were practically of equal force. The loss of the Frolic's main-yard had converted her into a brigantine, and as the roughness of the sea made it necessary to fight under very short canvas, her inferiority in men was fully compensated for by her superiority in metal. She had been desperately defended; no men could have fought more bravely than Captain Whinyates and his crew. On the other hand, the Americans had done their work with a coolness and skill that could not be surpassed. The contest had been mainly one of gunnery, and had been decided by the greatly superior judgment and accuracy with which they fired. Both officers and crew had behaved well.

The French Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, commenting on this action, says: "The American fire showed itself to be as accurate as it was rapid. On occasions, when the roughness of the seas would seem to render all aim excessively uncertain, the effects of their artillery were not less murderous than under more advantageous conditions. The corvette Wasp fought the brig Frolic in an enormous sea, under very short canvas, and yet, forty minutes after the beginning of the action, the Americans who leaped on board the brig found on the deck, covered with dead and dying, but one brave man, who had not left the wheel, and three officers, all wounded, etc., etc."

The characteristics of the action are the practical equality of the contestants in point of force, and the enormous disparity in the damage each suffered. Numerically the Wasp was superior by five per cent., and inflicted a ninefold greater loss.

Captain Jones was not destined to bring his prize into

port, for a few hours afterward the Poictiers, a British 74, hove in sight. Now appeared the value of the Frolic's desperate defence; if she could not prevent herself from being captured, she had at least ensured her own recapture, and also the capture of her foe. When the Wasp made sail they were found to be cut into ribbons, and she could not make off with sufficient speed. The Poictiers soon overtook her, and carried both vessels into Bermuda. Captain Jones and his officers and men were soon exchanged, and Congress voted them prize money for their capture; while the Captain and Lieutenant Biddle were both deservedly promoted.

THE U. S. SAILING FRIGATE, CONSTITUTION.
("Old Ironsides.")

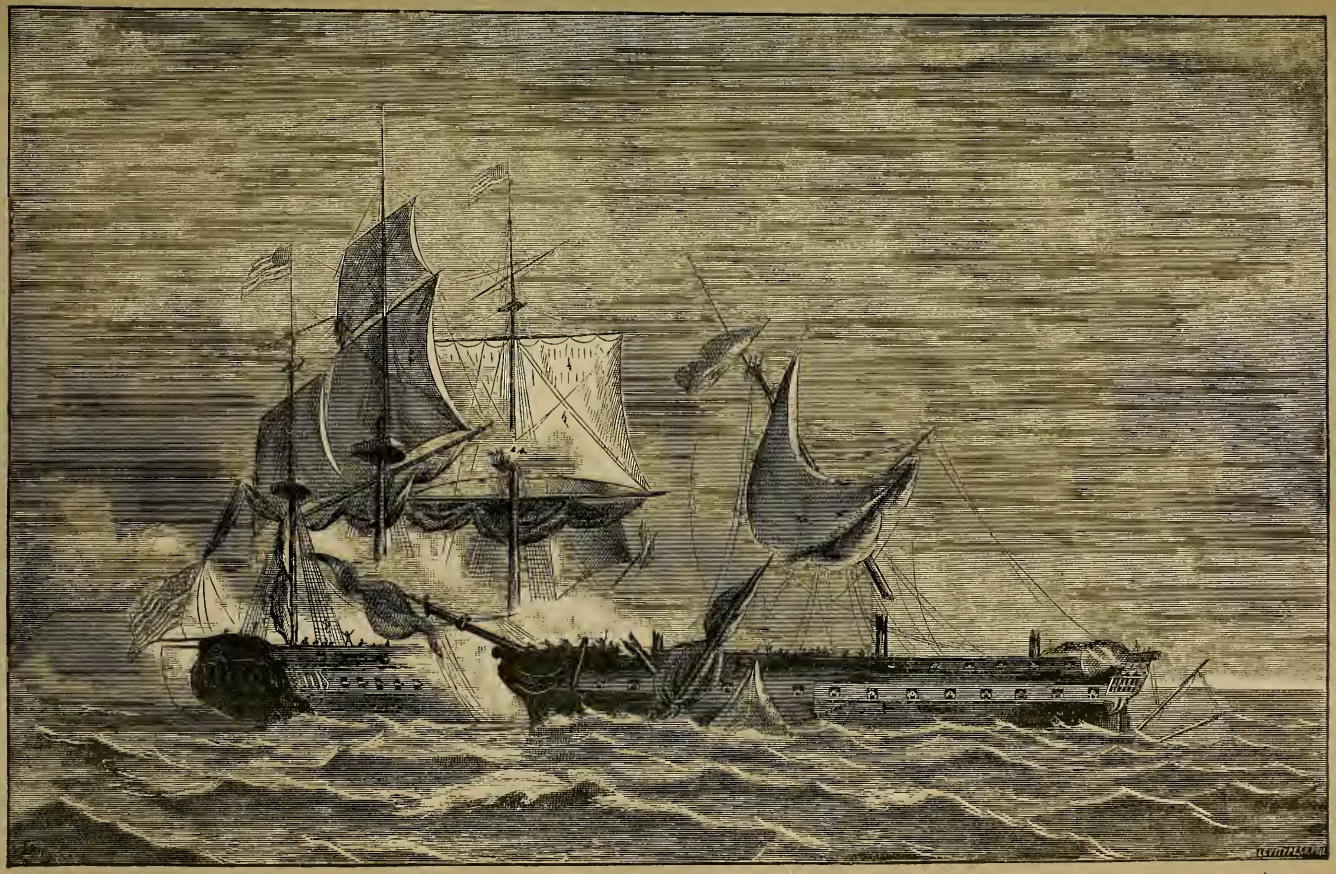
XXXI.

CONSTITUTION. A. D. 1812.

AFTER the declaration of war with England, on the 18th of June, 1812, Vice-Admiral Sawyer, of the British Navy, prepared a squadron at Halifax, and dispatched it, on July 5th, to cruise against the United States. This squadron was commanded by Captain Broke, of the Shannon, 38, an officer of great merit and experience, who had under him the Belvidera, 36, Captain Byron, another excellent officer, the Africa, 64, and the Æolus, 32.

On the 9th of July, off Nantucket, they were joined by the Guerrière, 38, Captain Dacres. This squadron, on the 16th, fell in with and captured the United States brig Nautilus, 14, which, like all the brigs of that day, was overloaded with men and guns; she threw her guns overboard, and made use of every expedient to escape, but with no avail.

At 3 P. M. on the following day, when the British squadron was off Barnegat, and about twelve miles from the shore, a strange sail was seen in the southeast, or windward quarter, standing to the northeast. This vessel was the United States frigate Constitution, 44, Captain Isaac Hull. When the war broke out he was in the Chesapeake, engaged in getting a new crew. Having on board about four hundred and fifty souls, he sailed



CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIÈRE BY THE CONSTITUTION.

on the 12th of July. His crew was entirely new, drafts of men coming on board up to the last moment. Hull wrote, just before sailing, that "the crew are as yet unacquainted with a ship-of-war, as many have but lately joined and have never been on an armed ship before. We are doing all that we can to make them acquainted with their duty, and in a few days we shall have nothing to fear from any single-decked ship." On the 17th, at 2 P. M., Hull discovered four sail to the northward, heading to the westward. An hour after, the wind being very light, the Constitution made more sail, and tacked ship, being in eighteen and a-half fathoms. At four P. M. the Constitution discovered a fifth sail, which was the Guerrière. At about six o'clock the wind shifted and blew lightly from the south, bringing the American ship to windward, and she immediately wore, with her head to the eastward, set studding-sails and stay-sails, and at half-past seven beat to quarters, intending to speak the nearest vessel, the Guerrière. The two frigates neared each other gradually, and the Constitution, at ten P. M., began making signals. These were not answered, and the two frigates gradually drew near each other; the Guerrière discovered, on her lee beam, the other British vessels, and signalled to them.

They did not answer the signals, thinking she must know who they were—a circumstance which afterwards gave rise to sharp recriminations. Dacres, concluding them to be Commodore Rodgers' American squadron, tacked, and stood away from the Constitution for some time before discovering his mistake.

The next morning, soon after daylight, Hull had just enough steerage-way to keep the Constitution's head to the east, on the starboard tack. On his lee quarter, bearing northeast by north, were the Belvidera and

Guerrière, and astern the Shannon, Æolus, and Africa. At half-past five in the morning it fell dead calm, and Hull called away his boats, to tow the ship to the southward. At the same time he got two long guns aft, and cut away the taffrail, to give them more room to work; while he ran out of the cabin windows two of the long main-deck 24's.

By this time the British had followed his example, and had their boats out to tow. Soon, however, a light breeze sprang up, and the Constitution set all studding-sails and stay-sails. At this time the Shannon opened upon her with her bow-guns, but ceased when she found she did not reach the American ship. By half-past six in the morning the light breeze had died away again, and the Shannon began to gain on the Constitution, in consequence of most of the boats of the British squadron being set to tow her. Just then the Constitution sounded in twenty-six fathoms, and Lieut. Charles Morris suggested to Captain Hull to try kedging. This was adopted, and all the spare rope bent on to the kedges, paid out into the cutters, and then one kedge run out half a mile ahead and let go. The crew then clapped on and walked the ship up to the kedge—over-running and tripping it as she came to the end of the line. Meanwhile, the other kedge and lines were carried out; and the ship thus glided away from her pursuers.

At half-past seven A. M. a little breeze sprang up, and the Constitution then set her ensign and fired a shot at the Shannon—the first shot of this remarkable chase. It soon fell calm again, and the Shannon began to near. This was a critical time, for, if the Shannon got close enough to disable in the slightest degree the spars of the American frigate, she must inevitably be captured. But about nine o'clock an air from the southward struck the

Constitution, bringing her to windward. The breeze was seen, freshening the glassy surface of the sea, her sails were trimmed, and as soon as possible she was brought close upon the port tack. The boats which were engaged in kedging dropped alongside; those which belonged to the davits were run up, and the others lifted clear of the water by purchases from the chains and spare spars, so that they could be used again at a moment's notice. The Guerrière, on her lee beam, now opened fire, but, as it fell short, Hull paid no attention to it. Again, to Hull's vexation, it fell calm—it was, indeed, just such a summer's day as is often seen off the Jersey coast, when it seems as if the wind had died out forever—and he started two thousand gallons of water, and once more lowered his boats to tow; having to use great exertion to keep the Shannon, which had most of the boats of the squadron, from gaining on her. Again a breath of air ruffled the water, and this time the Belvidera gained on the other British ships, and their boats were all put on to tow her. (Cooper says that this ship was the Shannon still, but Roosevelt, a very careful writer, says it was the Belvidera.) Captain Byron, of this ship, observing how the Constitution crept away from them by warping, did the same thing; and he even improved upon the operation by working two kedge anchors at the same time—paying the warp out of one hawse hole as it was run in through the other. Having men from the other English ships on board, and a lighter ship to work, he gradually gained upon the Constitution. Hull fully expected to be overtaken, but he made all his arrangements to endeavor to disable the first frigate before her consorts could come up. The English frigates, on the other hand, were deterred from coming very close, for

fear of having their boats sunk by the American frigate's stern-chasers.

The Constitution's crew worked splendidly. Officers and men regularly relieved each other in the exhausting labor, the officers lying down on deck for a short rest, and the men sleeping at their guns. The Constitution rather gained, but the situation continued critical. The British ships continued towing and kedging, barely out of gun-shot, all the afternoon, the few light puffs of air being carefully watched, and made the most of by both sides. At seven in the evening, it being dead calm again, the towing and kedging was renewed, the men being much worn by their continued exertions. But partial breezes during the night gave them some rest, and at daylight the Belvidera was off the Constitution's lee beam, with a light breeze from the southeast. The Æolus was also well up, but the wind now freshened, and the Constitution and the English frigates were soon running off on the starboard tack, with every stitch of sail set. The Africa was so far to leeward as to be out of the race. At nine in the morning an American merchant ship hove in sight, and came down toward the English squadron. The Belvidera hoisted the American colors, as a decoy, but the Constitution immediately hoisted the British flag, and the merchant vessel hauled off. At noon Hull found he had dropped all the British ships. The Belvidera was the nearest, being in his wake, and at least two miles and a-half off. The Shannon was to leeward, and much further off; and the others were five miles off, on the lee quarter. The breeze freshened, and the Constitution's sails being watched and trimmed with consummate skill, she continued to draw away from her pursuers, so that at daylight the next morning the nearest was four miles astern. Soon after there were indications of a heavy

thunder squall, and the indefatigable Hull again had an opportunity to show that he excelled in seamanship even the able English captains who were pitted against him. The crew of the Constitution went to their stations for working ship, and everything was kept fast until the last moment. Just before the squall struck the ship sail was handsomely reduced; but as soon as Hull got the weight of the wind he sheeted home, set his fore and main top-gallant-sails, and was off on an easy bowline, at the rate of eleven knots an hour. The British vessels, seeing him reduce sail, began to let go, clew up and haul down, without waiting for the wind, and were steering on different tacks when the first gust struck them.

When the squall passed over the Belvidera had fallen much astern, and to leeward, while the other ships were nearly hull down. The wind now fell light and baffling, but Hull had the sails continually wet down, and continued to draw away from his pertinacious pursuers, so that on the morning of the 20th, being almost out of sight astern, they abandoned the chase. On July 26th the Constitution reached Boston.

"In this chase Hull was matched against five British captains, two of whom, Broke and Byron, were fully equal to any in their navy; and while they showed great perseverance, good seamanship, and ready imitation, there can be no doubt that the palm in every way belongs to the cool old Yankee. Every daring expedient known to the most perfect seamanship was tried, and tried with success; and no victorious fight could reflect more credit on the conqueror than this three days' chase did on Hull. Later, on two occasions, the Constitution proved herself far superior in gunnery to the average British frigate; this time her officers and men showed that they could handle the sails as well as they could the guns. Hull

out-manœuvred Broke and Byron as cleverly as, a month later, he out-fought Dacres. His successful escape and victorious fight were both performed in a way that place him above any single-ship captain of the war."

Hull left Boston, in the Constitution, on August 2d, and stood off to the eastward. Falling in with nothing, she took a turn to the Bay of Fundy, the coast of Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, and finally, took up a station off Cape Race, where she took two brigs. As they were of small value, Hull burned them. On the 15th of August she re-captured an American brig from the British ship-sloop Avenger. The latter escaped, but Hull manned his prize, and sent her in. Soon after this he spoke a Salem privateer, which gave him information of a British frigate cruising to the southward. He made sail in that direction, and at 2 P. M. of August 19th, in latitude 41°30′ north, and 55° west, he made out a large sail to the east-southeast, and to leeward, which proved to be his old acquaintance, the frigate Guerrière, Captain Dacres.

It was a cloudy day, and the wind was blowing fresh from the northwest. The Guerrière was by the wind, on the starboard tack, under easy canvas. She hauled up her courses, took in her top-gallant-sails, and at half-past four backed her main-top-sail, to wait for her enemy. Hull then began to shorten sail, taking in top-gallant-sails, stay-sails, and flying jib, sending down his royal-yards, and placing a reef in his top-sails. The English ship then hoisted three ensigns, upon which Hull set his colors, one at each masthead, and one at the mizzen-peak.

The Constitution was running down with the wind nearly aft. The Guerrière was on the starboard tack, and at five o'clock opened with her weather guns, but

the shot fell short. She then wore round, and fired her port broadside, of which two shot struck the Constitution, the rest passing over and through her rigging. As the British frigate again wore, to open with her starboard battery, the Constitution yawed a little, and fired two or three of her bow guns. The Guerrière repeated her manœuvre three or four times, wearing and firing alternate broadsides, but with little or no effect, while the Constitution each time yawed, to prevent being raked, and occasionally she fired one of her bow guns. This continued for nearly an hour, as the ships were very far apart when the action commenced, and hardly any loss or damage was as yet inflicted by either party. At six the Guerrière bore up, and ran off, under her top-sails and jib, with the wind astern, or a little on the port quarter; when the Constitution set her main-top-gallant-sail and foresail, and in a few minutes closed within less than pistol shot, on her adversary's port beam. A furious cannonade now ensued, each ship firing as her guns bore. At twenty minutes past six the ships were fairly abreast, and the Constitution shot away the Guerrière's mizzen-mast, which fell over her starboard quarter, knocking a large hole in her counter, and bringing the ship round against her helm. Hitherto the English vessel had suffered very greatly, and the Constitution scarcely at all. The latter, finding that she was ranging ahead, put her helm aport, and luffed short round her enemy's bows, delivering a heavy raking fire with her starboard guns, and shooting away the Guerrière's main-yard. Then she wore, and again passed her enemy's bows, raking the Guerrière with her port battery. The Guerrière's mizzen-mast, dragging in the water, had by this time pulled her bow round till the wind came on her starboard quarter; and so near were the two ships that the Englishman's bow-

sprit passed diagonally over the Constitution's quarter-deck, and as the latter ship fell off, it got foul of her mizzen rigging, so that the ships lay with the Guerrière's starboard bow against the Constitution's port, or lee quarter-gallery.

The bow guns of the English frigate now made great havoc in Captain Hull's cabin, which was set on fire by the close discharges, but the flames were soon extinguished. Both sides now called away boarders, and the British crew ran forward on their forecastle, but Captain Dacres gave up the idea of boarding when he saw the crowds of men on the American's decks. The Constitution's boarders and marines had gathered aft, but such a heavy sea was running that they could not gain the Guerrière's forecastle. A close musketry fire was now kept up, and almost the entire loss of the Constitution occurred at this time. Lieutenant Bush, of that ship's marines, sprang on the taffrail, to board, and was shot dead. Mr. Morris, the First Lieutenant, and the Master, Mr. Alwyn, both of whom had leaped upon the taffrail, to head the boarders, were wounded at this time, by musketry. The Guerrière suffered still more; most of the men on her forecastle being killed or wounded. Captain Dacres himself was wounded, by a musket ball from the Constitution's mizzen-top, while he was standing on the hammocks, cheering on his crew. Two of his Lieutenants and his Master were also shot down. Lying thus, the ships gradually worked round till the wind was once more on the port quarter, when they separated, and the Guerrière's fore and main-masts both went over the side at once, falling on the starboard side, leaving her a sheer hulk, rolling her main-deck guns into the water. It was now half-past six, and the Constitution boarded her tacks, ran off a little way to the eastward, and lay to.

A few minutes were now occupied in splicing and reeving new running rigging, which had been much cut.

Captain Hull then stood down under his adversary's lee, and the latter immediately struck. It was then just seven P. M., and exactly two hours from the time the first shot was fired. On the part of the Constitution, however, the actual fighting, exclusive of the six or eight guns fired during the first hour, while closing, occupied less than thirty minutes.

This account of the action is taken from Roosevelt, and we shall proceed to make some extracts from his judicious remarks upon the battle.

The Constitution had on board four hundred and fifty-six men, while of the Guerrière's crew, two hundred and sixty-seven prisoners were received on board the Constitution. Deducting ten Americans who would not fight, and adding fifteen killed outright, we get two hundred and seventy-two. Twenty-eight of her crew were absent in prizes.

The loss of the Constitution was seven killed and seven wounded, and almost all this loss occurred from musketry, while the ships were foul.

The Guerrière lost twenty-three killed and fifty-six wounded. Roosevelt thus sums up: Constitution, 1576 tons; comparative force one hundred; comparative loss inflicted one hundred. Guerrière, 1338 tons; comparative force seventy; comparative loss inflicted eighteen.

The Third Lieutenant of the Constitution was sent on board the prize, and the American frigate lay by her during the night. At daylight she was found to be in danger of sinking, and Captain Hull at once began removing the prisoners; and at three o'clock in the afternoon set the Guerrière on fire, when she very shortly blew up.

He then made sail for Boston, where he arrived on the 30th of August.

"Captain Hull and his officers," writes Captain Dacres, in his official letter, "have treated us like brave and generous enemies; the greatest care has been taken that we should not lose the smallest trifle."

The British journals and naval historians laid very great stress on the rotten and decayed condition of the Guerrière; mentioning particularly that the main-mast fell solely because of the weight of the falling fore-mast. But until the action took place she was considered a very fine ship. Dacres declared, some time before, that she could take a ship in half the time the Shannon could. The fall of her main-mast occurred when the fight was practically over; it had no influence whatever on the conflict. "It was also asserted that the Guerrière's powder was bad; but on no authority. Her first broadside fell short; * * * * but none of these causes account for the fact that her shot did not hit. Her opponent was of such superior force—nearly in the proportion of three to two—that success would have been very difficult in any event, and no one can doubt the gallantry and pluck with which the British ship was fought; but the execution was very greatly disproportioned to the force.

The gunnery of the Guerrière was very poor, and that of the Constitution excellent. During the few minutes the ships were yard-arm and yard-arm, the latter was not hulled once, while no less than thirty of her shot took effect on the Guerrière's engaged side, underneath the water line. The Guerrière, moreover, was out-manœuvred. Lord Howard Douglass says, "in wearing several times and exchanging broadsides in such rapid and continual changes of position, her fire was much more harmless than it would have been if she had kept more steady."

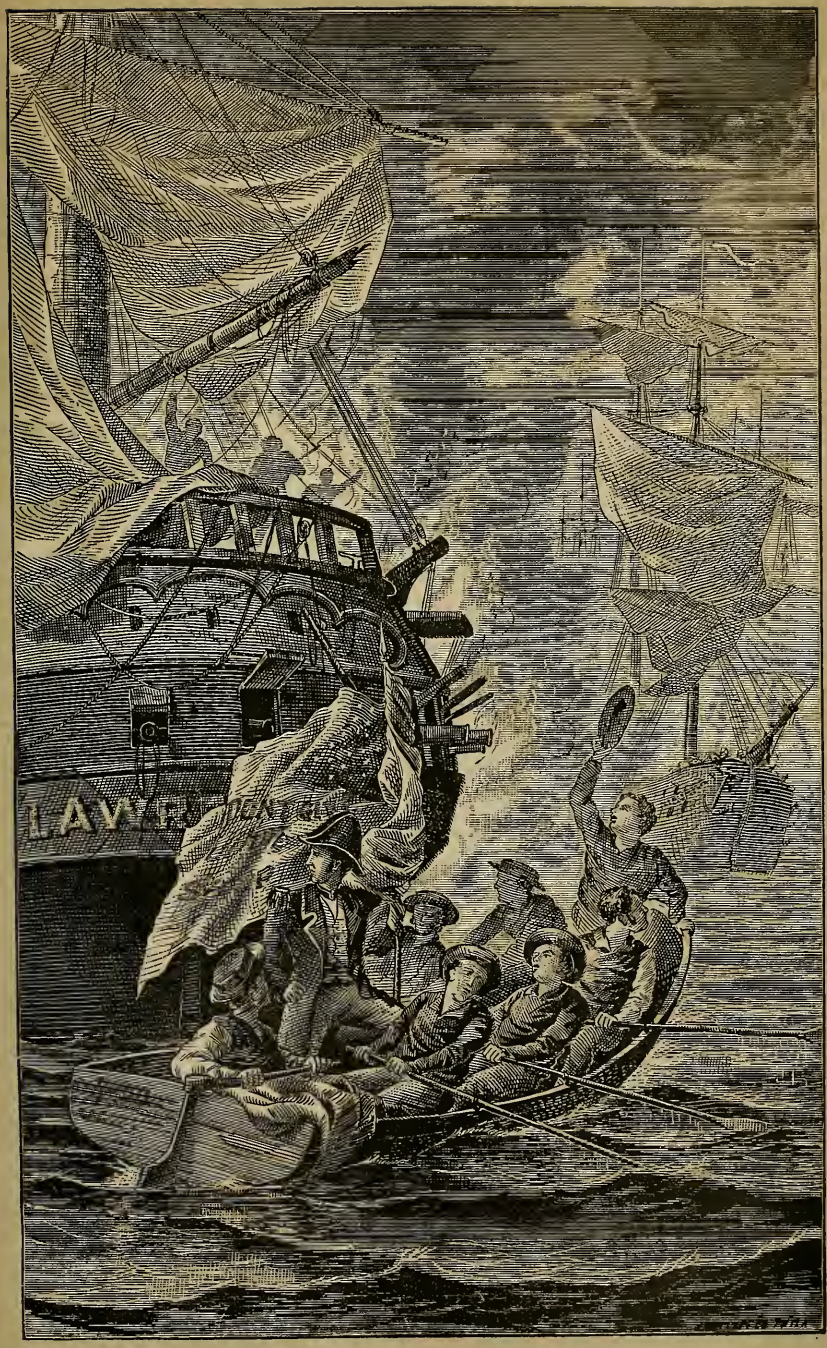
The Constitution was faultlessly handled. Captain Hull displayed the coolness and skill of a veteran, in the way in which he managed, first to avoid being raked, and then to improve the advantage which the precision and rapidity of his fire had gained.

Cooper says, "After making every allowance claimed by the enemy, the character of this victory is not essentially altered. Its peculiarities were a fine display of seamanship in the approach, extraordinary efficiency in the attack, and great readiness in repairing damages; all of which denote cool and capable officers, with an expert and trained crew; in a word, a disciplined man-of-war." The disparity of force, 10 to 7, is not enough to account for the disparity of execution, 10 to 2. Of course, something must be allowed for the decayed state of the Englishman's masts, although it probably had not any real influence upon the battle, for he was beaten when the main-mast fell. It must be remembered, on the other hand, that the American crew were absolutely new, and unaccustomed to a fighting ship, while the Guerrière was manned by old hands. So that, while admitting and admiring the gallantry, and, on the whole, the seamanship, of Captain Dacres and his crew, and acknowledging that he fought at a disadvantage, especially in being short-handed, yet it must be acknowledged that the combat showed a marked superiority, particularly in gunnery, on the part of the Americans. Had the ships not come foul, Captain Hull would probably not have lost more than three or four men; as it was, he suffered but slightly. That the Guerrière was not so weak as she was represented to be, can be gathered from the fact that she mounted two more main-deck guns than the rest of her class; thus carrying on her main-deck 30 long 18-pounders in battery, to oppose to the 30 long 24s, or

rather (allowing for the short weight of shot), long 22s of the Constitution.

"Characteristically enough, James, though he carefully reckons in the long bow-chasers in the bridle-ports of the Argus and Enterprise, yet refuses to count the two long eighteens mounted through the bridle-ports on the Guerrière's main-deck. Now, as it turned out, these two bow-guns were used very effectively when the ships got foul, and caused more damage and loss than all of the other main-deck guns put together."

Captain Dacres, very much to his credit, allowed the ten Americans he had on board to go below, so as not to fight against their flag, and, upon his court-martial, stated that "he was very much weakened by permitting the Americans on board to quit their quarters." "Coupling this with the assertion made by James, and most other British writers, that the Constitution was largely manned by Englishmen, we reach the somewhat remarkable conclusion, that the British ship was defeated because the Americans on board would *not* fight against their country, and that the American was victorious because the British on board *would*."



PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

XXXII.

LAKE ERIE. 10TH SEPTEMBER, 1813.

"September the tenth, full well I ween,
In eighteen hundred and thirteen;
The weather mild, the sky serene;
Commanded by bold Perry,
Our saucy fleet at anchor lay
In safety, moored at Put-in-Bay.
'Twixt sunrise and the break of day
The British fleet
We chanced to meet;
Our Admiral thought he would them greet
With a welcome on Lake Erie."

"Bold Barclay one day to Proctor did say,
I'm tired of Jamaica and sherry;
So let us go down to that new floating town,
And get some American Perry;
Oh! cheap American Perry!
Most pleasant American Perry!
We need only bear down, knock, and call,
And we'll have the American Perry."

A RECENT and judicious writer, Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Naval War of 1812," says, "The victory of Lake Erie was most important, both in its material results and in its moral effect. It gave us complete command of all the upper lakes, prevented any fear of invasion from that quarter, increased our prestige with the foe, and our confidence in ourselves, and ensured

the conquest of upper Canada; in all these respects its importance has not been overrated. But the 'glory' acquired by it most certainly *has* been estimated at more than its worth. Most Americans, even the well educated, if asked which was the most glorious victory of the war, would point to this battle. Captain Perry's name is more widely known than that of any other commander in the war. Every school-boy reads about *him;* * * * * yet he certainly stands on a lower grade than either McDonough or Hull, and not a bit higher than a dozen others. * * * * The courage with which the Lawrence was defended has hardly ever been surpassed, and may fairly be called heroic; but equal praise belongs to the men on board the Detroit, who had to discharge the great guns by flashing pistols at the touch-holes, and yet made such a terribly effective defence.

"Courage is only one of the many elements which go to make up the character of a first-class commander; something more than bravery is needed before a leader can really be called great."

"Captain Barclay handled his ships like a first-rate seaman. It was impossible to arrange them so as to be superior to his antagonist, for the latter's force was of such a nature that in smooth water his gunboats gave him a great advantage. In short, our victory was due to our heavy metal."

"Captain Perry showed indomitable pluck, and readiness to adapt himself to circumstances; but his claim to fame rests much less on his actual victory than on the way in which he prepared the fleet that was to win it. Here his energy and activity deserve all praise, not only for the success in collecting sailors and vessels, and in building the two brigs, but, above all, for the manner in which he succeeded in getting them out on the lake.

On *that* occasion he certainly out-generaled Barclay; indeed, the latter committed an error that the skill and address he subsequently showed could not retrieve.

"But it will always be a source of surprise that the American public should have so glorified Perry's victory over an inferior force, and have paid comparatively little attention to McDonough's victory, which really was won against decided odds in ships, men, and metal. There are always those who consider it unpatriotic to tell the truth, if the truth is not very flattering."

"Lake Erie teaches us the advantage of having the odds on our side; Lake Champlain, that, even if they are not, skill can soon counteract them."

Oliver Hazard Perry, who derives his fame from this action, was born in Rhode Island, and entered the navy in 1799; seeing a good deal of varied service. About the time that war with England became imminent he was promoted to the rank of Master Commandant, and was in command of a flotilla of gunboats in Newport and in Long Island Sound. The employment was not congenial to Perry, as he longed for a chance to distinguish himself by some great action; and he saw others promoted, while he remained stationary. Failing to get command of a cruising ship, he applied for service upon the lakes.

At last, in February, 1813, Commodore Chauncey obtained for him a command on Lake Erie; where he was to build two heavy brigs of war, to meet the force preparing by the enemy. These vessels were of 500 tons each, to carry each twenty guns; such was the emergency, that the planks of which they were built were often cut and put in the vessel on the same day. Shipwrights and blockmakers, with their tools; canvas, and ordnance, were sent five hundred miles, through a half settled country, to finish and fit out these brigs.

While they were building Perry went over from Erie by small boat and on horseback, and participated in the attack upon Fort George.

The British soon evacuated the whole Niagara frontier, and some American vessels which they had detained at Black Rock were then towed up, by oxen and soldiers, against the strong current of the Niagara, into Lake Erie. There were five of them, and they safely reached Erie, where the squadron was fitting out.

The enemy, having some years before begun the creation of a naval force on Lake Erie, had then complete control of that sheet of water, and a vastly superior force to that which Perry was taking to Erie. Great address and vigilance were required to get the little squadron there safely, and, although narrowly watched, with head winds, and himself ill, he got safely into Erie just as the British squadron hove in sight. Many of Perry's best men were ill at this time, principally from malarial causes, but the work was pushed on incessantly.

When completed, the different vessels of his squadron were very unequally manned; and the great want of seamen led to a great deal of correspondence and trouble, not necessary to be gone into at this late day. Of all the vessels, the Niagara is said to have had the best crew.

Perry at last got his squadron out into the lake, after lifting the heavy vessels over the bar at Erie with "camels"—a very difficult operation.

The weather and the drinking water had seriously affected a large number of his not too numerous force, but he went on, as if convinced of success.

On the 31st of August, at Put-in Bay, Perry received from General Harrison a reinforcement of one hundred men, which, after deducting deaths and disabilities, carried

the total of his muster-roll to four hundred and ninety officers and men. Some of the men received from Harrison were boatmen, but the major part were to serve as marines. They came from the Kentucky militia, and from the 28th Regular regiment, and were all volunteers for this duty.

At this time the enemy did not seem disposed to accept battle in the open lake.

On September 4th Perry sent the Ohio to Erie, for provisions and stores, with orders to hasten back; and the next day—the squadron being then in Sandusky Bay—three citizens arrived from Malden, and informed Perry that the British army under General Proctor being short of provisions, it had been determined that the English squadron should sail, and engage our's, and endeavor to open communication with Long Point, so as to draw the necessary supplies from that place. Perry at this time also received more accurate information as to the enemy's force.

This consisted of the Detroit, a new and strongly built ship of 500 tons and 17 guns—all long, except two 24-pound carronades; the ship Queen Charlotte, of 400 tons and 17 guns—three of them long. These two ships had each a long gun on a pivot. Then came the schooner Lady Prevost, of 13 guns—three of them long; the brig Hunter, of 10 guns; the sloop Little Belt, of two long 12s and one 18-pounder; and the schooner Chippewa, with one long 18.

This made sixty-three guns; twenty-five of which were long.

This squadron was commanded by Captain Robert Heriot Barclay, of the Royal Navy, a veteran officer, who had served with distinction in several engagements which had raised the flag of England to the first place on the

ocean; who had been at Trafalgar, with Nelson, and dangerously wounded in that battle. More recently, as First Lieutenant of a frigate, he had lost an arm in action with the French. He was a man not only of approved courage, but a skillful seaman. The second in command was Captain Finnis, also a brave and experienced officer—with others of excellent standing.

Barclay had recently received a draft of men from the English ships at Quebec, and had one hundred and fifty men of the Royal Navy, eighty Canadian lake sailors, and two hundred and forty soldiers from the 41st regiment-of-the-line, and the Newfoundland Rangers; making, by their own account, four hundred and seventy seamen and soldiers, to which must be added thirty-two officers, making five hundred and two souls.

The American vessels were the Lawrence, Captain Perry; the Niagara, Captain Elliott, each of twenty guns; the Caledonia, 3, Purser McGrath; the Ariel, 4, Lieutenant Packett; the Trippe, 1, Lieutenant Smith; the Tigress, 1, Lieutenant Conklin; the Somers, 2, Mr. Almy; the Scorpion, 2, Mr. Champlin; the Ohio, 1, Mr. Dobbins; and the Porcupine, 1, Mr. Senatt.

Of the American vessels, mounting altogether fifty-five guns, only the brigs Lawrence and Niagara could be considered men-of-war. The others were exceedingly frail, and had no bulwarks, and the carronades of the Americans, although heavy, rendered close action necessary.

On the receipt of the intelligence of Barclay's movements, Perry sailed from Sandusky, and, on September 6th, reconnoitred the enemy off Malden, and seeing him still at his moorings, returned to Put-in Bay, which place afforded every facility for observing his movements. Here the last preparations for battle were made, and the

last instructions given; the officers being summoned on board the Lawrence for that purpose.

Perry had had a battle flag prepared, a blue field, bearing, in large white letters, "Don't give up the ship," the dying words of the hero whose name the flag-ship bore. The hoisting of this at the main-truck was to be the signal for battle.

The young Commander had made every preparation he could, and his men had become thoroughly familiar with the guns; but a large sick-list was a great drawback. On the morning of the battle there were one hundred and sixteen sick; but many of these went to their quarters. All the medical officers were ill except Assistant Surgeon Usher Parsons, who had to attend to all the vessels.

At sunrise, on September 10th, the British squadron was discovered from the mast-head, bearing northwest, and standing for Put-in Bay.

Barclay had a clear passage to Long Point, and he could have avoided Perry, but he came out to fight, and bore down to engage, with a long day before him in which to fight a battle; coming, indeed, more than half-way to meet his enemy on his own coast. This sets at rest any pretence that the English really felt themselves inferior in force—as has been alleged by British and other writers. The gallant Barclay made no such statement in his Court, after his return to England.

As soon as the British squadron was reported, the Americans got under way, and beat out of the harbor, against a light breeze from southwest; sometimes towing with the boats. Some islands of the Bass group interposed between our squadron and that of the enemy, and some hours passed in this work—the wind being light and baffling. About 10 A. M. Perry determined to wear

ship, and run to leeward of the islands. His Sailing Master remarked that this would force them to engage the enemy from to leeward. Perry exclaimed, "I don't care! To windward or to leeward, they shall fight to-day!"

The wind shifted suddenly, just then, to southeast, and enabled Perry to clear the islands, and retain the weather-gage. If he had surrendered this he would have enabled the enemy to choose his distance for his long guns, and rendered his own carronades less effective. But the lee-gage had some advantages also; and Perry was a seaman, understood the situation, and was determined to fight. At 10 A. M. the Lawrence cleared for action. The shot racks were filled, as were the rope grummets; the men buckled on their cutlasses and pistols; matches were lit; preventer braces rove; the decks were wet and sanded, to prevent explosion of scattered powder, and to afford secure footing when the planks should become slippery with blood.

The enemy hove to, in line of battle, on the port tack, with their vessels' heads to the southward and westward.

The Americans approached at the rate of not more than three miles an hour, with fine weather and smooth water. There had been an early shower, after which it was a beautiful day.

The British vessels were all fresh painted, and their rigging tarred down; and being hove to in close order, with the morning sun shining upon their broadsides, and the red ensigns floating above them, they had a warlike and imposing appearance.

Our squadron bore down to engage, with the wind upon the port quarter, and it was seen that the Chippewa was in the enemy's van; then the Detroit; the Hunter third; Queen Charlotte fourth; Lady Prevost fifth; and Little Belt in the rear.

Upon discovering this arrangement of the enemy's vessels, Perry re-modelled his line-of-battle, so as to bring his heaviest vessels opposite their designated antagonists. When the line was reformed he bore up again, the interval between the squadrons being then about six miles.

He now produced his battle flag, and, mounting a gun-slide, asked, "My brave lads! This flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence! Shall I hoist it?" "Ay, ay, Sir!"—and it was at once sent aloft.

The other vessels welcomed its appearance with three cheers; and at this time many of the sick came up and volunteered for duty, stimulated, by their patriotic feelings, to temporary ability. As the ordinary dinner-time (always held as sacred to the men of the navy as possible) would find them engaged, the noon-day grog and bread was now served out, and after that was disposed of, every one went quietly to his quarters. Perry carefully inspected each gun, and spoke to the gun's crew. Seeing some of the Constitution's old crew, he said, "Well, boys, are you ready?" The veterans simply touched their hats, and replied, "All ready, your honor!" This was at that time the customary mode of address to a commanding officer. Many of the men (as was the fashion then, in their "hammer and tongs" kind of fighting) stripped to the belt, retaining only their trowsers, and tying handkerchiefs round their heads. Perry smiled, and said, "I need not say anything to you. You know how to beat these fellows." And then he spoke a few words to his "Newport boys," who had come with him from his own home—the sons of neighbors. The words were quiet, few, and earnest.

Now ensued a weary waiting, and silence, for a long hour and a half, as the squadron slowly approached the

British line, under a light air; the silence being only broken by an order, now and then, in a subdued voice, or the ripple of the waters, as the ship divided them. This inactivity before the crash of battle is always trying, and especially so on board ship; and messages are then given to friends, and last instructions of many kinds. Perry wrapped his public papers in lead, to be thrown overboard in case of capture. He destroyed his private papers.

The long suspense was at last broken by the blast of a bugle, on board the Detroit, and three cheers from the British line; and at a quarter-before twelve the British flag-ship fired the first gun. It was aimed at the Lawrence, and fell short. The Lawrence was in advance, for some of the American vessels were dull sailers, and by this time much out of line. The second shot from the Detroit's long gun was fired five minutes later, and took effect upon the Lawrence, as she slowly bore down, in the lead. The English fire now began to be felt, and at this time the distribution of our guns in small vessels gave advantage to the heavy, concentrated broadsides of the enemy.

Owing to the English superiority in long guns (the entire armament of the Detroit, with two exceptions, being of this description), their fire soon became very destructive to the Lawrence, and there were no other American vessels near enough to draw a part of it.

To hasten the moment when his carronades would take effect, and enable him to return successfully the enemy's fire, Perry made all sail again, and passed the word, by trumpet, from vessel to vessel, along his line, to close up and take station. They did not all do so at once, however, and there was much trouble and recrimination afterwards, in regard to the conduct of the Com-

mander of one of them. Meanwhile the Lawrence was suffering terribly, as she approached the enemy slowly. At noon Perry luffed up, and fired his starboard guns; but finding they would not reach, bore away again, and continued to draw nearer, very slowly, until a quarter-past twelve, when he opened again with his whole starboard broadside, continuing to approach until within about three hundred and fifty yards, when he hauled up on a course parallel to that of the enemy, and opened a most rapid and destructive fire upon the Detroit. So steady had been the approach of the Lawrence, in bearing down, and so unwavering the purpose of her Commander, that Barclay had apprehended an intention to board. Perry's object was only to get within effective reach of his carronades. It required great coolness and determination to effect this, under the fire of the English long guns, as Perry was obliged to see his men killed, and his vessel cut up, without being able to answer until within distance for close action. Half an hour's exposure of the Lawrence to the fire of twenty long guns had caused great carnage and destruction on board of her. Nevertheless, she now commenced to fire with spirit and effect; and, notwithstanding great odds, from want of support—having thirty-four guns almost entirely directed against her—she continued to reply, with steady and unwavering effort. In this unequal contest she was soon nobly sustained by the Scorpion and Ariel, which were on her weather bow. These vessels, being small, and but slightly noticed by the enemy, or injured by his shot, were enabled to direct their fire with sure aim, and almost without interruption.

The Commander of the Caledonia, with the same sense of duty and gallant spirit which animated Perry, followed the Lawrence into close action as soon as possible, and closed with her designated antagonist, the

Hunter; but for some reason, which afterwards caused serious imputations against her Commander, the Niagara, which, when the action commenced had been within hail of the Lawrence, did not follow her down towards the enemy's line, so as to engage her proper antagonist, the Queen Charlotte. This was a great interference with the order of battle laid down by Perry, as the Captain of the Niagara failed to engage, at short distance, the adversary his orders required him to meet. The Queen Charlotte was thus enabled to contribute to a concentrated fire upon the Lawrence; and the latter was forced to struggle against unexpected odds.

Her first division of starboard guns was directed against the Detroit, and the second against the Queen Charlotte—with an occasional shot from her after gun at the Hunter, which lay on her quarter, and with which the Caledonia continued to sustain a hot but unequal engagement.

The Scorpion and Ariel, from their station on the weather bow of the Lawrence, were making every effort that their small force permitted.

The Niagara was by this time in a position which prevented her from firing, except with her long gun, and at the sternmost English vessel. The rest of the American vessels, all small, were then too far off for their fire to have much effect.

With a force of thirty-four guns against her ten in battery, the Lawrence kept up the battle—with the aid of the Scorpion, Ariel, and Caledonia—for two hours. She fired with great spirit, and showed the good training of the men at the guns, until, one by one, these guns were disabled, and their crews killed or wounded. Her surgeon, in speaking of the action, says they fired all this time as deliberately as if at their ordinary exercise.

By this time the Lawrence's rigging was almost completely shot away, sails torn to pieces, spars wounded and falling, and the braces and bowlines cut, so as to render it impossible to trim the yards and keep the vessel under control. If the destruction was great aloft, on deck it was terrible. Some of the best trained veteran English seamen had been firing at the Lawrence for two hours, at close quarters, until only one gun remained on board of her that could be fired. Her bulwarks were beaten in until round and grape-shot passed through unopposed. The slaughter was almost unexampled in naval battles. Of one hundred well men who had gone into action, twenty-two were killed, and sixty-two wounded.

The killed were hastily removed out of the way of the guns, and the wounded crowded together upon the berth-deck. It was impossible for Dr. Parsons, the only medical officer fit for duty, to attend to such a press of wounded. Bleeding arteries were hastily secured; shattered limbs supported by splints, and those which were nearly severed by cannon balls hastily removed.

Owing to the shallowness of the vessels necessary for lake navigation, the wounded were all above the water line, and liable to be struck again by balls passing through the vessel's sides.

Midshipman Laub, while leaving the Surgeon, after having a tourniquet put upon his arm, was struck by a cannon ball, which passed through his chest.

A Narragansett Indian, named Charles Poughigh, was killed in like manner, after his leg had been taken off.

Perry had a favorite dog on board, a spaniel, which had been put into a state-room, below, to be out of the way. The confinement, the noise, and the groans of the wounded, terrified the animal, and at each broadside he

howled fearfully. During the action a shot made a large hole in the bulkhead of the room, and the dog thrust his head out, yelping for release, in such a ludicrous manner that the wounded lying about burst out laughing, in the midst of their suffering.

Perry kept up the fire from his single remaining carronade, although he had to send down to the Surgeon for the men employed in moving the wounded, to enable him to man this single gun.

At last the Captain himself, Purser Hambleton, and the Chaplain, Mr. Breese, helped to serve that gun, until it too was disabled.

"Perry never seemed to lose heart, and kept up the courage and enthusiasm of those about him by his undaunted bearing. Calm and cool, his orders were issued with precision, and obeyed with steady alacrity, in the midst of the surrounding carnage. Sometimes a single ball, or a round of grape or canister, would kill or disable a whole gun's crew; but the survivors would exchange a glance with Perry, and then coolly step into their shipmate's stations. As long as he was spared they seemed to think that triumph was secure; and they died cheerfully in that belief."

In the heat of the fight Yarnall, the First Lieutenant, came to Perry, and told him that all the officers of the first division were either killed or wounded. Yarnall was himself wounded in the forehead and in the neck, and covered with blood, while his nose was dreadfully swollen by a blow from a splinter. Perry good-humoredly expressed some astonishment at his appearance, and sent him the desired aid. Soon Yarnall returned, with the same story, and Perry then told him, "You must make out by yourself; I have no more to furnish you." Perry, even at this critical time, could not help smiling at

Yarnall's appearance, for, in addition to his disfigured nose, he was covered with down of "cat-tails," from the hammock mattresses which had been struck, and which had adhered to the blood upon his face. Dr. Parsons describes him as looking like a huge owl.

When he went below, after the action, even the wounded men laughed at his hideous appearance, and one of them exclaimed, "The Devil has come for his own."

Another incident is characteristic of the calm cheerfulness of Perry and his officers. Dulany Forrest, the Second Lieutenant (who died a Commodore), was standing immediately beside Perry, fighting his division, when a grape-shot struck him in the breast, and he fell. Perry raised him, and seeing no wound, for it was a spent shot, told him to rally, for he could not be hurt.

The Lieutenant, who was only stunned, soon recovered consciousness, and pulling out the shot, which had lodged in his waistcoat, said, "No, Sir! I'm not hurt, but this is my shot."

More than one man was shot down while actually speaking to Perry. One of these was the Captain of a gun, whose tackle had been shot away. Perry advanced to see what was the matter. The sailor, an "old Constitution," said, "I can fire, Sir," and was in the act of doing so, when a twenty-four pound shot passed through his body, and he fell at Perry's feet.

Another incident illustrates the carnage on board the Lawrence. An excellent young officer, Lieutenant John Brooks, commanded the marines. He was remarkable for his good looks and amiable disposition. While speaking to Perry, he was struck on the thigh by a cannon ball, and carried some distance. He shrieked with pain, and implored Perry to shoot him—so great

were his sufferings. Perry ordered him to be taken below, and as this was being done, his servant, a mulatto boy, rolled upon the deck, crying out that his master was killed, but at an order returned to his duty as powder boy, the tears running down his face all the time, at the thought of his master's suffering.

Perry's brother, a mere youth, had several shots through his clothes and hat, and was knocked down by a hammock torn from the nettings by a ball, but escaped unscratched.

At 2.30 P. M. the last gun of the Lawrence had been disabled, and only eighteen persons of those on board remained unwounded, beside Perry himself and his young brother.

It now became necessary for him to go on board some other vessel. The Niagara, as we have said, had kept well to windward, and had remained out of reach of her proper opponent, the Queen Charlotte, while the Caledonia had borne down to the relief of the Lawrence, and had suffered much. The Lawrence's men had bitterly commented upon the manner in which the Niagara had kept aloof, when they were suffering so severely. As the last gun of the Lawrence became disabled, and the vessel, now an unmanageable wreck, was dropping astern, the Niagara was seen to be upon her port beam, while the Caledonia was passing the Lawrence's starboard beam, between that disabled ship and the enemy.

Perry at once ordered his boat, saying that he would bring the Niagara up; and adding that she did not seem much injured, and that the American flag should not be hauled down that day, over *his* head. He left the command of the Lawrence to Mr. Yarnall, and stepped

down into the boat, calling to Yarnall, as he shoved off, "If a victory is to be gained, I'll gain it."

When he left the Lawrence the Niagara was passing her weather, or port beam, "at a distance of nearly half a mile." The breeze had freshened, her main-top-sail filled, and she was passing the British squadron rapidly. Standing erect in his boat, Perry pulled for the Niagara, anxious to get a fresh battery in action; being conscious that he had already much damaged the enemy.

The latter, seeing his movements, soon penetrated his design; and, apprehending the consequences of Perry's getting on board a fresh vessel—after the proof he had given them of his tenacity and fighting powers—immediately opened on the boat a fire of great guns and musketry, trying to destroy the boat and crew. Several oars were splintered, the boat traversed by musket balls, and the crew wet through with the spray thrown up by round shot and grape, that tore up the water on every side.

Perry, unmindful of danger, continued to stand erect, although his boat's crew besought him to sit down. At last he did so, and the crew pulled with a will; but the breeze was now quite fresh, and it took him fifteen minutes to reach the Niagara.

His passage was, of course, watched with breathless interest by both sides, as so much depended upon it. As they saw him cross the gangway of the Niagara, the little group of unwounded men left on board the Lawrence gave three hearty cheers. These survivors now took heart, and felt that they had not sustained the long and bloody contest in vain.

As the Lawrence's colors were still flying, she remained a mark for the enemy's shot, although unable to reply. To save further loss of life, Lieutenant Yarnall, after

consultation with others, determined to surrender, and the colors were hauled down, amid cheers from the British vessels, which manned their bulwarks, while the men waved a triumphant defiance. But their triumph was short-lived. The first act of the play was over, with partial success remaining to the British; the second was now to begin, and to terminate less favorably for them.

On the berth-deck of the Lawrence the scene was at this time deplorable. Great despondency prevailed among the wounded, who shouted to those on deck to sink the ship rather than she should become a prize. Brooks was dying. Purser Hambleton lay with a shattered shoulder, received in working the last gun with his Commander. The single medical officer was hard at work, among the cries and groans of the wounded.

But there was the reaction of hope and joy when the word was passed that Perry had safely reached the Niagara; and he soon gave the enemy something else to do besides taking possession of the Lawrence.

Elliott, the Captain of the Niagara, met Perry with an inquiry as to how the day was going. Perry said, "badly." He had lost all his men, and his ship was a wreck. He then asked Elliott what the gun-boats were doing so far astern. Elliott offered to bring them up, and at once left in a boat to do so, with Perry's consent. Perry afterwards stated that he found the Niagara uninjured in crew and hull; and that from the moment he boarded her he felt confident of victory.

His first order, on boarding the Niagara, was to back the main-top-sail, as she was running out of action. His next was to brail up the main-try-sail, put the helm up, and bear down before the wind, with squared yards, straight for the enemy; or, in other words, at a right

angle with the course he found her upon. At the same time he set top-gallant-sails, and made signal for close action. The answering signals were promptly displayed along the line, and greeted with hearty cheers; as the bold manœuvre of the Niagara renewed the hopes of the squadron.

At this time the Trippe, which had been the sternmost of the line, had closed up to the assistance of the Caledonia; and the other vessels, under the freshening breeze, now approached rapidly, to take a more active part in the battle—the second stage of which had now begun.

It was then about forty-five minutes past two.

Seven or eight minutes, with the freshened breeze, brought the Niagara down upon the enemy. They raked her once or twice, but she reserved her fire; and the Detroit, of the British squadron, made an effort to wear ship, to present her starboard broadside to the Niagara, seven of the English vessel's port guns having been disabled already by the Lawrence's fire.

In this manœuvre the Detroit fouled the Queen Charlotte; and the Niagara, having shortened sail, passed slowly under the bows of the Detroit, at pistol-shot distance, and poured into both English vessels, as they lay entangled, a deadly and destructive fire of grape and canister.

The Niagara's port guns at the same time were directed, with equally fatal effect, into the sterns of the Lady Prevost and the Little Belt; and her marines cleared the decks of their adversaries by their musketry. Passing under the lee of the two English ships, which by this time had got clear of each other, Perry brought by the wind, on the starboard tack, with his head to the northward and eastward, and backed the Niagara's main-top-sail, to deaden her headway. In this position

he continued to pour his starboard broadside into the Queen Charlotte and the Hunter, which was astern of the Queen Charlotte. Some of his shot passed through the Charlotte's ports into the Detroit.

At this time the small American vessels succeeded in coming up to windward into close action, and poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister. Unfortunately their shot, when they missed the English ships, took effect upon the Niagara.

All resistance on the part of the British now ceased, and an officer appeared on the taffrail of the Queen Charlotte, to signify that she had struck, and her example was at once followed by the Detroit. Both vessels surrendered in about seven minutes after the Niagara opened her fire, and in about fifteen minutes after Perry had assumed the command of her.

The Hunter struck at the same time; as did the Lady Prevost, which lay to leeward, under the guns of the Niagara.

The battle had begun, on the part of the enemy, at about a quarter before noon; and at three P. M. the Queen Charlotte and Detroit had surrendered, and all resistance had ceased.

As the smoke blew away, the two squadrons were found to be completely mingled. The shattered Lawrence, which had borne the brunt of the hard fighting, lay to windward, a helpless wreck; but with her flag once more hoisted over her. The Niagara, with the signal for close action still flying, lay close under the lee of the Queen Charlotte, Detroit, and Hunter.

The Caledonia, Scorpion, and Trippe, which had gallantly followed the Niagara through the enemy's line, had taken a position to leeward, favorable for preventing the enemy's escape.

The smoke cloud still passing away to leeward, the English vessels Chippewa and Little Belt were discovered bearing up towards Malden, under a press of sail. The Scorpion and Trippe were at once sent in pursuit, and, after a few shots, compelled them to surrender.

And now began the taking possession of the enemy's ships, a proud, and yet a melancholy duty, for some of them were in a pitiable condition; though not worse than that of the Lawrence when Perry left her.

The Detroit was a perfect wreck. Her gaff and mizzen-top-mast hung over her quarter; all the other masts and yards were badly wounded; all her braces were shot away; not a single stay was standing, forward; and her heavy oak bulwarks were much shattered. Many 32-pound shot were sticking in her port side, which had been fired from Perry's carronades before the Lawrence got to close quarters. On the deck of the Detroit the carnage had been terrible. Many of her guns were dismounted, and the deck was strewn with killed and wounded, and slippery with blood, in spite of the "sanding down" preliminary to naval battles of the period. The deck was found nearly deserted, and in charge of the Second Lieutenant, the First Lieutenant having been killed about the middle of the action, and Commodore Barclay having been most dangerously wounded, somewhat earlier, by a grape-shot in the thigh. After being carried below, and placed in the hands of the Surgeon, and his wound temporarily dressed, he insisted upon being again carried on deck. When the Niagara bore down and delivered her raking fire, Barclay received a second grape-shot in the right shoulder, which, entering just below the joint, broke the shoulder blade to pieces, and made a large and dreadful wound. It will be remembered that he had already lost an arm, in action

with the French. It is said that when, about the close of the action, a messenger was sent down to tell this unfortunate and heroic officer that the day was lost, he had himself carried once more on deck, to convince himself that further resistance would be unavailing.

The other British vessels were also much cut up, especially the Queen Charlotte, which ship had lost, early in the action, her Commander, Captain Finnis, R. N., a brave and accomplished seaman. Her First Lieutenant was soon after mortally wounded; and the loss of life among her crew was very severe. Her hull and spars were also very much damaged.

The other British vessels suffered in like proportion. The Lady Prevost had both her Commander and her First Lieutenant wounded; and, beside other injury, had become unmanageable, from the loss of her rudder. The Commanders of the Hunter and the Chippewa were both wounded; and this left only the Commander of the Little Belt fit for duty at the close of the action.

In his official report, Commodore Barclay states that every Commander and every officer second in command was disabled. He reports his total of killed and wounded as, for the first, forty-one, including three officers, and ninety-four wounded, nine of whom were officers. These returns were probably not very complete, from the inability of the reporting officer to obtain information; and the British loss was supposed to be much greater; especially as the bodies of the British killed (with the exception of those of the officers) were thrown overboard as they fell.

The shattered condition of the English squadron, which three hours before had presented a proud and warlike array, and had begun the battle with cheers, as if certain of victory—hurling death and defiance at those

who had dared to brave the flag of England—was a most impressive contrast. When the Americans stood as victors on those blood-stained decks, human feelings at once took the place of the angry passions raised by the war, and by the immediate conflict. The prisoners were promptly and humanely cared for.

Our own vessels had suffered severely, as well as those of the enemy. The Lawrence's loss has been already given, and it showed an aggregate much higher than any previously known in modern naval combat, unless in cases where the conquered vessel has sunk, with her whole crew. The Niagara lost two killed and twenty-three wounded; all but two of the latter having been wounded after Perry took command. This is stated by the Surgeon who received them. The Caledonia had three wounded; and the Somers two wounded. On board the Ariel one was killed, and three wounded; while two were killed on board the Scorpion, and two wounded on board the Trippe. Aggregate, twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded; being more than one in every four.

Two of the schooners, the Tigress and Porcupine, had no casualties whatever; and this, taken with the small loss of the Trippe and Somers, shows that, notwithstanding their efforts to close, they were unable to take any important part in the action until just before the enemy struck. The Trippe, although originally the last in the line, from her superior sailing, and the great exertions of her Commander, Lieutenant Holdup Stevens, was the first of the four sternmost small vessels to get into close action.

From the fact that the enemy awaited the attack in close line of battle, his vessels were all equally available

from the first, and only a part of our squadron fought the concentrated British fire.

The victory was a splendid one, and was pre-eminently due to the exertions of one person—a young man of twenty-seven, who had never before borne a part in a naval engagement.

He dashed into action in the Lawrence, with youthful ardor, trusting that his rear would get up in time. The want of support of the Niagara caused the fearful loss sustained by the Lawrence, more than the tardiness of the smaller vessels. We have seen that there was no thought of submission, even at the darkest moment, and Perry's act in passing, at great risk, to the Niagara, cannot be sufficiently extolled. It was a combination of genius and hardihood, which snatched victory from the grasp of an enemy whose exultant cheers had already claimed it.

Labor does not end with victory. After the enemy's colors had been hauled down, and the prizes officered and manned, the prisoners were confined, wounded masts secured, and shot-holes stopped, when all the vessels were hauled by the wind, on the starboard tack.

Perry then retired to his cabin, to communicate to General Harrison the intelligence of the event which was to admit of the immediate advance of his army, and the rescue of our territory from the savage warfare which the surrender of Hull's army and subsequent disasters had entailed upon it.

As far as the immediate seat of war was concerned, the British naval power was utterly destroyed, and a great and threatening danger removed.

Perry's letter was short, but covered the whole ground. It was as follows:—

"DEAR GENERAL,

We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships; two brigs; one schooner; and one sloop.

Yours with very great respect and esteem,

O. H. PERRY."

He also wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, by the same express:—

"U. S. BRIG NIAGARA,
OFF THE WESTERNMOST SISTER,
Head of Lake Erie,
Sept. 10, 1813—4 P. M.

SIR:—

It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemy on this lake.

The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict.

I have the honor to be, &c., &c.,

O. H. PERRY."

This letter, written without deliberation, in the moment of victory, is modest in describing his battle as a "sharp conflict;" and his allusion to the Almighty power was sincere, for Perry was a religious man.

After sending off his despatches, he made signal to anchor, to enable him to provide for the comfort of the wounded, the better security of his prisoners, and the reorganization of his squadron.

Seventy prisoners were placed on board the Somers, under Mr. Brownell. Forty were confined below; and the rest seated upon deck, the crew remaining under

arms all night, in spite of the fatigues of the day. After distributing the remaining prisoners, Perry returned to the Lawrence, to do what he could for his brave shipmates. It was also proper that he should receive on board his own ship the surrender of the English officers, and that the men who had done most to gain the victory should see the last act of it.

Dr. Parsons writes, "He had returned, and was safe; but to a deck slippery with blood and brains, and strewn with the bodies of officers and men, some of whom had sat at table with us at our last meal; and the ship resounded with the groans of the wounded. Those who could walk received Perry as he came over the side; but the meeting was a silent and mournful one.

"At the request of his officers he had, during the action, worn a uniform round-jacket, and he now resumed his uniform, and standing aft, received the officers of the different captured vessels, as they came to surrender. At the head of them was an officer of the 41st British Regiment, who acted as Marine Officer on board the Detroit, and who appeared in full dress, charged by the wounded Commodore Barclay with the delivery of his sword.

"When they approached, picking their way among the wreck and dead bodies on deck, they held their swords with the hilts towards Perry, and tendered them for his acceptance.

"With a dignified and solemn air, and in a low voice, he requested them to retain their side arms, and inquired with deep interest for Commodore Barclay and the other wounded officers, offering them any comforts his squadron afforded."

As it was impossible to reserve all the killed of the Lawrence for burial on shore, the seamen were buried

alongside, at nightfall; the few survivors attending the ceremony, and the burial service being read by the Chaplain.

It was a melancholy night on board the Lawrence, sleep being prevented by the groans of the wounded. Perry said he believed his wife's prayers had saved him, for he escaped untouched, as did his young brother, only twelve years of age, although the latter had several bullets through his clothing.

On the day after the battle Perry removed to the Ariel, and sent the Lawrence to Erie, as a hospital ship; but not before he had once more returned to her, to inquire after the wounded, and to encourage them under the operations which Dr. Parsons had to perform. Beside the wounded, there were many ill with fever and diarrhœa.

In the course of the day Perry visited Barclay, on board the Detroit; and a warm and enduring friendship sprang up, at once, between them. Perry placed every comfort he could command at Barclay's disposal; and became responsible for a considerable sum of money required by the British officers. He also, at Barclay's request, advanced money to the army officers serving in the British squadron.

At the very time he was doing this, cruelties were being exercised towards our countrymen who were prisoners to the English, so great as to lead to formal remonstrances and threats of retaliation. Just now it is the fashion to admire the English, and these things are forgotten, or ignored.

To relieve Barclay's mind while suffering from his severe wounds, and with the hope that restoration to his friends and country would restore him, Perry pledged himself that he should be paroled; and he made such

urgent representations to the Commissioner of Prisoners, and to the Secretary of the Navy (making the favor personal to himself, and the only one he had to ask), that he eventually succeeded.

While Perry was on board the Detroit, on his visit to Barclay, two strange beings were brought before him, who had been found in that vessel's hold, where they had been, without food, since the action. They proved to be Indian chiefs, ludicrously clad in sailors' clothes. With others, they had been taken on board to act as sharp-shooters, in the tops.

Although probably brave enough in their own manner of fighting, these savages became entirely unnerved by the crash and destruction around them, and they fled to the hold, nearly frightened to death.

The English, in both their wars with us, had a great *penchant* for the use of the Indians they could hire; and their barbarous allies frequently led them into consequences they had not foreseen.

When these two Indians were brought before Perry, they expected to be at once shot and scalped; and they were astonished at his kind treatment. Soon after he sent them on shore, with a note to General Harrison, asking protection for them from our own friendly Indians.

At nine A. M., on the morning of September 11th, the two squadrons weighed anchor, and soon arrived at Put-in Bay. The burial of the officers who had fallen in battle took place on the twelfth.

The day was a serene and beautiful one, and the lake's surface was as smooth as glass. The boats, with colors half-masted, conveyed the bodies to the shore; keeping time, with their measured stroke, to the funeral march.

As usual on such ceremonies, when the procession reached the shore, they formed in reversed order. The

youngest of the killed was borne first; then the lowest in rank of the killed of the British squadron, and so on, alternately, an American and an English corpse—the body of Captain Finnis coming last.

The officers fell in, two American and two English, according to reversed rank; Perry himself closing the procession. The drums and fifes of both squadrons played the dead march, and minute guns were fired alternately from the captured vessels, as well as from the American squadron. The bodies were buried near the shore of the lake, and after the burial service they were, with due ceremony, lowered to their rest, and volleys of musketry closed the obsequies.

It was a remarkable scene. Conquerors and conquered were of the same stock; with the same traits, and the same language; the burial service of the Church of England sounding in their ears with equal familiarity.

Some of the results of Perry's success have been already given; but we may say that his defeat would have given the enemy command of all the lakes; enabling him to concentrate his forces, in succession, upon different important points, and would thus have laid our whole northern frontier open to his incursions.

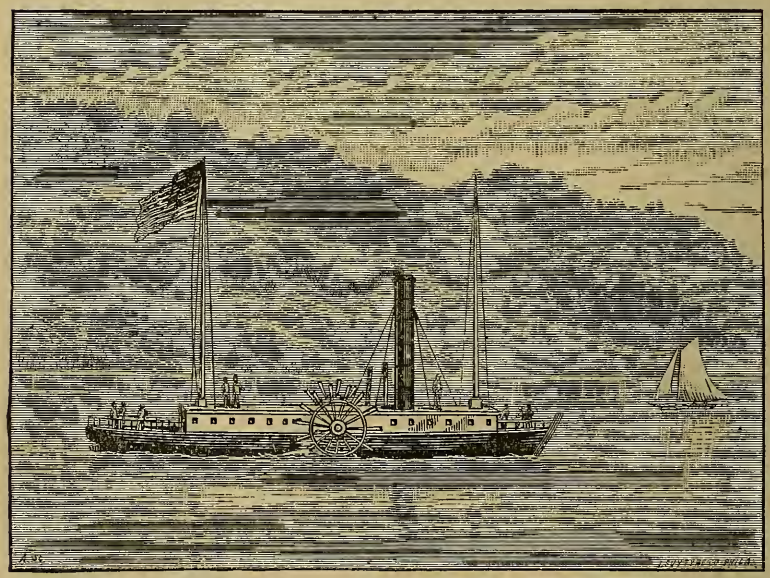
His victory led to the immediate evacuation of Detroit, and the release of the whole Territory of Michigan from the horrors of fire, murder, and scalping, which the Indian allies of the British had carried there.

Perry's victory also wiped away the stigma incurred in the inglorious surrender of General Hull; strengthening the hands of the Government, and giving encouragement to those who were fighting, both on land and by sea. General Harrison's army now invaded Canada in turn; the squadron assisting to convey his forces.

This is not the place to recount Perry's subsequent

exploits as aid to General Harrison, or his participation in the battle of Tippecanoe, when he served with Cass, Shelby, Richard Johnson, and Gaines, who was then a Colonel; nor of the consequences of Perry's endeavor to shield Elliott's conduct, in the battle with the English squadron.

For this, and for Perry's subsequent service, and premature death, after distinguished services in Venezuela, we must refer the reader to the pages of our general history.



THE CLERMONT—FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT—1807.

XXXIII.

ESSEX, PHŒBE AND CHERUB.—VALPARAISO. MARCH 28TH, A. D. 1814.

THIS naval action, fought in the vicinity of Valparaiso, during our last war with Great Britain, is so remarkable for the circumstances attending it, and for the pertinacity of the American defence against superior force, that, although not a decisive battle, we have thought it right to insert it here.

Few Englishmen would now attempt to uphold the breach of neutrality committed by the two English ships upon the Essex, with her anchor down upon Chilian soil, and with the Spanish flag flying upon forts and batteries within sight. But, as it was not the first, so it is not the last time that England has infringed such laws, where she has been able to do so with impunity.

The United States frigate Essex, 32, sailed from the Capes of the Delaware October, 6th, 1812, upon a cruise, the object and destination of which were kept profoundly secret. Her destination was the Pacific—still called the "South Seas"—the navigation of which was still comparatively unknown; new islands being constantly discovered, the inhabitants of which had never seen any other men than their fellow islanders.

The object of the cruise was to destroy the "South-sea-men," or whalers, of Great Britain; as well as the

traders of the same nation, and thus inflict a heavy blow upon a sensitive part of an Englishman—his pocket.

The story of the cruise, by Captain Porter, the Commander of the Essex; with his passage to the Cape Verde Islands, the Coast of Brazil, around Cape Horn into the Pacific, and his operations there; together with the incidents of his stay at the Gallapagos and Washington groups, and his numerous captures, read like a romance of the sea. Yet it is all true; and the account is written in a circumstantial manner, with day and date, by a genuine and successful sailor.

This cruise is memorable for another reason—that Farragut, afterwards the greatest naval commander of his day, made his first cruise then, and witnessed his first naval action, while still a child, deporting himself with the coolness and gallantry which ever afterwards distinguished him.

David Porter, the Commander of the Essex, was born in Boston, in 1780, and was at this time thirty-three years of age—that glorious period of life which combines the fire and ability of youth with the experience and self-control derived from contact with the world. He entered the navy in 1798, and was a midshipman in the Constellation, in her action with the French frigate Insurgente, in February, 1799. He afterwards served on the West India station, as a Lieutenant, and had many conflicts, in the schooner Experiment, with the pirates and privateers which, at that time, and long after, infested those waters. In 1801 he was in the schooner Enterprize, and, off Malta, he captured, after an engagement of three hours, a Tripolitan cruiser of fourteen guns.

Soon after, in a boat expedition, at Tripoli, he was wounded for the second time; and in October, 1803, he

was captured in the frigate Philadelphia, and remained a prisoner until the war closed.

He was made a captain in 1812, and appointed to the Essex.

After the war with England, Porter became a member of the Board of Navy Commissioners, but resigned that post to take command of an expedition against the West Indian pirates. He was court-martialed for exceeding his powers during this cruise, and sentenced to be suspended for six months.

Upon this he resigned his commission and entered the Mexican service as Naval Commander-in-chief. After serving there for some years he returned to the United States in 1829, and was made United States Consul General for the Barbary States. He was afterwards transferred to Constantinople as *Charge d'Affaires*, and soon became Minister Resident.

He died in Constantinople, in March, 1843, and his remains were brought home in a man-of-war, and interred in the Naval Asylum grounds.

And now, to return to the Essex and her cruise. All Americans should read Porter's account, which vies in interest with those of Anson or La Peyrouse, the difference being that their sole object was discovery, while Porter had principally in view the crippling of his enemy's resources. His attack upon British interests in that part of the globe was entirely unexpected, and the unbounded rage of the English was excited when they learned, from prisoners sent in cartels, that such wholesale destruction was going on, and their trade being completely annihilated; and they hastened to take means to stop Porter's career.

The latter, in the meantime, was living off the enemy, showing the greatest activity and resource, maintaining

discipline under exceptional circumstances, and keeping his crew in good humor, with much tact and knowledge of sailor character.

In those days no docks or dockyards were to be found anywhere south of the line. Ports were few and not much frequented, for fear of blockade. Necessary food, sea-stores, rigging and material for repairs were, indeed, as far as Porter was concerned, only to be obtained by capture, and it required a man not only of pluck and nautical ability, but of resources in many other directions, to make such a cruise as he did. At the last, through no fault of his, he was overwhelmed in a harbor which should have afforded him security, and the career of the Essex brought to an end by a shameful violation of neutrality.

In the course of his cruise, Porter had seized and disarmed a Peruvian corvette, which had been preying upon American whalers, and then sent her away with a caution. He had also seized and disposed of, in different ways, English "South-sea-men," aggregating 3369 tons, with 302 men and 107 guns; had provisioned his own crew and partly paid his men, from the prizes. One of the latter, the Atlantic, he had fitted out for cruising, under his first lieutenant, Mr. Downes, re-naming her Essex Junior. This ship mounted 20 guns and was efficient as a cruiser against merchantmen and whalers, but was not expected to stand an engagement.

Porter had sent Downes, with some prizes, to Valparaiso, and upon his return the latter reported that Commodore James Hillyar, an English officer of experience, ability and courage, had been sent out in the frigate Phœbe, of 36 guns, to look for the American frigate, her work having caused great consternation when the news of it reached England. The English sloops

Raccoon and Cherub were also despatched to the Pacific, under Hillyar's orders.

The Essex being in much need of repairs after her long and stirring cruise, Porter determined to put her in as good condition as his resources permitted, and then seek to bring the enemy to action, if he could meet him on anything like equal terms.

He, therefore, went to Nukahivah, or Madison's Island, in the Washington group, which had been discovered by Captain Ingraham, of Boston. Here he caulked his ship and overhauled the rigging, made new water casks, and took from his prizes provisions and stores for four months.

On the 12th of December, 1813, he sailed for the coast of Chili, and arrived on January 12th, 1814. He could hear nothing of the British squadron reported to be looking for him. Some persons even supposed that they had been lost in trying to double Cape Horn. At this period Porter had completely broken up British navigation in the Pacific, as those vessels which had not been captured by him were laid up, and dared not venture out of port.

He had, in the meantime, afforded ample protection and assistance to our own ships. The English whale fishery was entirely destroyed, and now a squadron was coming out to look for him, involving very great expense. As has been said, he had lived upon the enemy, and had been obliged to draw no bills, but, on the contrary, had been able to advance pay to both officers and crew.

Considering how much they had been at sea, his crew was very healthy, and he had had but one case of scurvy, then the curse of cruising ships. Two officers only had been lost: the Surgeon, from disease, and a Lieutenant, killed in a duel; while eight seamen and marines had been lost from sickness and ordinary casualties.

Porter believed that Hillyar would try to keep his arrival in the Pacific secret, and seek him at Valparaiso, and he, therefore, cruised in that neighborhood, where he hoped also to capture some merchant vessels expected from England.

On the 3d of February the Essex anchored in Valparaiso bay, and exchanged the usual salutes and civilities with the Spanish authorities.

These appeared civil, and even cordial, and the governor duly returned Captain Porter's visit.

The Essex Junior was directed to cruise off the port, for the twofold purpose of intercepting the enemy's merchant vessels, and of informing Porter immediately of the appearance of any of their men-of-war. Then work began, to put the Essex in order, after which liberty was given to the crew. The people of Valparaiso showed great civility, and this was returned by an entertainment on board the Essex, in which the Essex Junior participated, but kept a sharp lookout at the same time. They danced until midnight, and the Essex Junior then went outside.

Next morning they had not had time to take down the awnings, flags and decorations spread for the party, when the Essex Junior signalized two English ships in sight. At this time half the Essex' crew were on shore, on liberty. A gun was fired as a signal for their return, and the ship restored to her usual condition as soon as possible. Porter went out in the Essex Junior to reconnoitre, and found that both the English vessels appeared to be frigates; returning at once, he anchored the tender near the Essex, and prepared for mutual defence. When he returned to his own ship, at about 7.30 A.M., he had the gratification of not only finding the ship prepared for action, but *every man* on board. He felt great doubts

about the English respecting the neutrality of the port, but resolved to act upon the defensive entirely.

At 8 A. M. the two English ships, a frigate and sloop of war, came into the harbor. The frigate, which proved to be the Phœbe, ranged alongside the Essex, within a few yards, and between her and the Essex Junior. The Phœbe was seen to be all ready for action.

Captain Hillyar hailed, and politely inquired after Captain Porter's health, and the usual compliments were exchanged between them.

Captains Hillyar and Porter had been acquainted in the Mediterranean. Among the American officers at that time on the station, no British officer was so much liked as Hillyar, and his family was visited, at Gibraltar, by Porter and many others. On one occasion Hillyar's family had gone, as passengers, with Commodore Rodgers, from Malta to Gibraltar. The relations between the two Captains, thus brought face to face, with tompions out and matches lighted, were rather peculiar.

Finding the Phœbe approaching nearer the Essex than either prudence or the neutrality of the port would permit, Porter called to Hillyar that the Essex was all ready for action, and that he should act on the defensive.

Hillyar replied, in an off-hand way, "Oh, I have no intention of getting on board of you."

Porter replied that if he did fall on board of him there would be much blood shed. Hillyar merely called out again that he had no intention of falling on board the Essex. Porter, finding that he was luffing up so much as to cause his ship to be taken aback, and her jib-boom coming over the Essex' forecastle, called, "All hands to board the enemy;" directing them, if the ships touched, to spring on board the Phœbe. The latter vessel was

now in a precarious condition, for not a gun of hers could be brought to bear upon either of the American vessels, while her bow was exposed to the raking fire of one, and her stern to that of the other. The Phœbe's consort, the Cherub, of 28 guns, was too far off to leeward to afford any assistance. The Phœbe had been informed, by a boat which had pulled out from an English merchant ship, that the Essex was in great confusion, from the entertainment of the night before, and that half her crew were on shore, on liberty.

Great was the surprise of the Englishmen, then, when they saw a full crew ready to board them, and kedge-anchors triced up to the yard-arms, ready to drop and grapple them.

Captain Hillyar at once sang out that he had no intention of boarding; that it was an accident that his ship was taken aback, and that he was sorry to be put in an equivocal situation, and had no hostile intention.

The Phœbe was, at this moment, entirely at the mercy of the Essex; and Porter could have destroyed her. The temptation was great to do so. Porter would have been justified, upon the plea of self-defence; but Captain Hillyar's assurances disarmed him, and Porter at once hailed the Essex Junior, and ordered Captain Downes not to begin firing without orders. Captain Hillyar was then allowed to extricate his ship from her disagreeable position; the Phœbe separating from the Essex, and drifting by the American vessels, constantly exposed to their raking fire, to finally anchor on the east side of the harbor, just within shot of the Essex' 18-pounders, but beyond the reach of her carronades. The Cherub anchored quite close upon the port bow of the Essex; whereupon Porter ordered the Essex Junior to so place herself that the Cherub would be between two fires; an

arrangement which seems to have excited the ineffectual anger of Captain Tucker, the Commander of the smaller English vessel.

Porter tells us that, on going on shore, great astonishment was expressed by the officials and people of Valparaiso, that he had not taken advantage of the opportunity, and destroyed his enemy. Porter replied that he respected the neutrality of the port, and should continue to do so. He had reason, not very long after, to regret his moderation.

When on shore in Valparaiso Porter generally staid at Senor Blanco's, and the two British Captains paid him a visit there, on the day after their arrival. This visit was returned, and a rather friendly intercourse was soon established, not only between the Commanders, but the officers of the respective ships, whenever they met on shore—their conduct being such that no one could have supposed that they belonged to nations at war with each other.

At the first meeting on shore, Porter told Hillyar that it was important to know whether he (Hillyar) intended to respect the neutrality of the port. Hillyar replied, very emphatically, "*You* have paid so much respect to the neutrality of the port that I feel myself bound in honor to respect it."

Porter rejoined that his assurance was sufficient, and that he should henceforth feel at his ease, and not always prepared for action.

The English frigate had hoisted a flag (motto flags were then the fashion), bearing the words, "God and country; British sailors' best rights; traitors offend both." Porter asked Hillyar what the flag meant, and was informed that it was a reply to Porter's motto, "Free trade and sailors' rights," which was particularly offensive

to the British navy; and that he should always hoist it when Porter hoisted his. The next time the English motto was hoisted Porter replied with a flag having, "God, our Country, and Liberty—tyrants offend them;" and each ship gave three cheers for their flag.

In spite of all this, personal intercourse and apparent good feeling continued between the two Captains. They discussed the objects of the British squadron; their long hunt for Porter, and the present status.

This intercourse between public enemies was, in fact, a very curious thing.

Hillyar asked Porter what he intended to do with his prizes; when he was going to sea; and other pertinent and delicate questions of a like nature.

Porter told him that whenever he sent away the Cherub the Essex would go to sea, and that his sailing day would be fixed by Captain Hillyar. Once met, Porter said he would test the force of the two ships, but as the Essex was smaller than the Phœbe, he would not be justified to his country in losing his ship, and so would not challenge him. If, however, the Captain of the Phœbe would send away the Cherub and then challenge the Essex, he (Porter) would be willing to fight. No doubt all this was discussed over a cigar and a glass of wine, but this we can only conjecture.

Hillyar said that success in naval actions depended upon so many accidents, and that the loss of a spar or mast sometimes determined the fate of the day, so he should trust to chance to bring the two ships together; that he was not disposed to yield the advantage of superior force, and should blockade Porter until other English men-of-war arrived, and at all events prevent him from doing further mischief to British commerce.

Porter told Hillyar that his prizes were only an encum-

brance to him under the circumstances, and that some time he should take them out to sea and destroy them. To this Hillyar rejoined that he dare not do so with him in sight. Porter merely answered, "We shall see."

As Hillyar was determined to lose none of the advantage of superior force, and it was known that other ships were soon coming to join him, Porter endeavored still to provoke the English Commodore to challenge him to a single contest.

The Cherub lying near the Essex, the crews sang original songs directed at each other. It is said that the Yankee songs had the most point, which is likely, for the average English nautical mind is not very brilliant. The officers encouraged this amusement, which took place in the fine, calm first watches, to the frequent annoyance of the English and the great amusement of neutrals. Captain Hillyar requested Porter to put a stop to it, but the latter refused to do so unless the Cherub ceased first.

At length the quasi-friendly relations between the Commanders became very much "strained," as the diplomatists say, by the harboring of an escaped prisoner from the Essex on board the Cherub. This led to an exchange of strongly-worded letters. Porter and Hillyar continued to meet on shore quite frequently, and at this time Porter proposed an exchange of prisoners by sending one of the prizes to England as a cartel, to bring thence to the United States an equal number. This proposition came to nothing, but Porter liberated his English prisoners on condition that they should not serve until exchanged; and Hillyar undertook to write to England and have as many Americans liberated.

In the meantime the Essex Junior had gone outside to

reconnoitre a strange sail, and was very nearly cut off by the English vessels both going out, but the Essex manned her boats, sent them out and towed her in in safety.

The English ships then continued to cruise outside, and Porter, to try his rate of sailing with them, chose an opportunity, when they were well to leeward, to get under way and let them chase him. He found he could outsail them both, and could escape at almost any time, but he was led to remain in Valparaiso by the hope of bringing the Phœbe to single action. This resolution, though chivalric, was not exactly prudent.

One day Porter towed the ship Hector, a prize, to sea. The two British ships were then far in the offing, and Porter had the prize set on fire. He then returned to his anchorage, unmolested, although the English made every exertion to come up with him. This insult seemed to have the desired effect, and on the afternoon of the 22d of February, 1814, the Cherub was seen to be about three miles to leeward of the harbor, while the Phœbe was standing in alone. At 5 P.M. she hove about, a short distance from the Essex, with head off shore, shortened sail, fired a gun to windward (a nautical challenge), and hoisted her motto flag.

Porter instantly accepted the challenge, hoisted his motto, fired a gun and got under way.

The Phœbe made sail and stood off shore, while Porter followed, under all sail. He was nearing the English frigate fast, when to his astonishment, she bore off before the wind, and ran down for her consort. Porter fired two shots across her fore-foot, but they did not bring her to, and the Essex hauled her wind and returned to port, where she anchored before the two British vessels could reach her.

Porter did not spare some caustic remarks upon this affair, and they reached Hillyar, through British residents on shore.

Defiant letters were interchanged between the ships' companies. Porter wrote to Hillyar, and Hillyar to Porter, and, as was natural, angry feelings increased.

About the middle of March the First Lieutenant of the Phœbe (who was afterwards killed in the action) came on board the Essex, under a flag of truce, with a message from Captain Hillyar.

Presuming it was a challenge, Porter required the presence of some of his officers, and then asked the English officer the purport of his message.

The Englishman said that Captain Hillyar had heard that Captain Porter had publicly stated that Hillyar had acted in a cowardly manner, by running away from the Essex after challenging her, but that he could not believe the report, and had sent his first Lieutenant to ascertain the truth.

Porter at once told him that he had said so, and still thought so.

The English Lieutenant then stated that he was instructed to tell Captain Porter that the hoisting the flag and firing the gun, by the Phœbe, was not intended as a challenge, but as a signal to her consort.

Porter replied that Captain Hillyar had informed him that the flag was intended for the Essex, and there "was not a man, woman nor child in Valparaiso who did not think it a challenge." The Lieutenant repeated that Captain Hillyar desired him to assure Captain Porter that it was not intended for a challenge.

Porter said he was bound to believe Captain Hillyar, if he said so; but that he should always consider such a proceeding a challenge; and that, whenever he chose to

send away the Cherub, and repeat the manœuvre, he should act as he had before done. The Lieutenant once more assured Porter that it was not a challenge, and that Captain Hillyar did not approve of challenges, as he was a religious man.

Such a state of things as we have been describing could not, of course, last very long.

Exasperation was fast taking the place of self-control, on both sides; and as more British vessels were expected, it was necessary for Porter to take some decided step. A crisis was evidently approaching.

The relative strength of the two nations, in Valparaiso, was then as follows:—

The Phœbe carried thirty long eighteens; sixteen thirty-two pound carronades; one howitzer, and six three-pounders in the tops; in all, fifty-three guns. Her crew consisted of three hundred and twenty men.

The Cherub carried eighteen thirty-two pound carronades; eight twenty-fours; two long nines; and had a crew of one hundred and eighty men.

On the American side, the Essex mounted forty-six guns. Forty of these were thirty-two pound carronades, and six were long twelves. Her crew, reduced by those in prizes, was only two hundred and fifty-five men.

The Essex Junior, built for whaling, was principally a store-ship, or tender. She mounted twenty guns, taken from captured whalers. Ten of these were eighteen-pound carronades, and ten were short sixes. She had a crew of sixty men.

For six weeks the English ships had been mostly under way, and cruising off the port; and Porter was finally induced to put to sea by the certain intelligence that the Tagus, 38, and two other English frigates, were on their way to the Pacific. The Raccoon was also expected;

which sloop had been sent up to the northwest Coast of America for the purpose of destroying the American Fur Company's establishment, on the Columbia river.

Having agreed upon a rendezvous where he could meet the Essex Junior, Porter determined to allow the two British vessels to chase him off the coast, and thereby to permit his tender to escape.

On March 28th the wind came out fresh from the southward, and the Essex parted one of her cables, and dragged the other anchor directly out to sea; so that it was necessary to get sail on the ship instantly. The enemy were, at the time, close in with the western point of the bay; but when Porter had made sail, and opened them, he saw a chance of passing them to windward; and, taking in top-gallant-sails, which had been set over single-reefed top-sails, he braced up for that purpose.

Unfortunately, as the Essex came up with the point, and was passing it, it happened (as it often does in such localities) that a heavy squall struck the ship, and carried away her main-top-mast; and all the men aloft, furling the top-gallant-sail, were lost.

Admiral Farragut said, in after years, that the reason why they lost the main-top-mast was, that the yard jammed, and would not come down when the halliards were let go—the top-gallant-sail being clewed down.

The loss of this spar was most disastrous. Both the English ships at once gave chase, and the crippled Essex endeavored to regain the port. Finding he could not reach the usual anchorage, Porter ran into a small bay, about three-quarters of a mile to leeward of a small Chilian battery, on the east side of the harbor, and anchored within pistol-shot of the shore; intent upon repairing damages as soon as possible. The enemy's vessels continued to approach, and showed every inten-

tion of attacking him, regardless of the fact that the Essex was anchored close to neutral shores. They bore down with caution, however, hoisting a number of motto flags and jacks.

Porter went to quarters and got his ship clear of the wreck and ready for action as soon as possible, but he had not time to get a spring upon his cable, for at about 4 P. M. the attack was made, the Phœbe assuming a position under the Essex' stern, and the Cherub one on her starboard bow. Their fire was promptly returned, and the Cherub soon found her position a hot one, and she bore up to join the Phœbe under the Essex' stern, whence they delivered a severe raking fire. The Essex could not get her broadside to bear, but fought three long twelve-pounders out of the stern ports, which were worked with such bravery, skill and rapidity, that in half an hour both English ships were obliged to draw off to repair damages.

During the firing, the Essex succeeded, by dint of great exertion, in getting a spring upon the cable no less than three times, but the fire of the enemy was so heavy that it was each time shot away before her broadside could be brought to bear.

The Essex was already much damaged and had a good many killed and wounded, but the ship's company were in good spirits, and though they were caught at such a disadvantage, resolved to resist to the last.

The gaff, with the motto flag and ensign, had been shot away, but "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights" continued to fly at the fore. The ensign was now made fast in the main rigging, and several jacks displayed at different points. The enemy soon repaired damages and were ready to renew the attack, and both his ships now placed themselves on the Essex' starboard quarter, out of the

reach of her broadside carronades, and where her stern guns would not bear. They then opened and kept up a galling fire, which the Essex could not return at all, and there was no chance for the American ship, unless she could get underway and assail in turn. The Essex' top-sail sheets and halliards were all shot away, as well as the jib and stay-sail halliards. Indeed, the only rope of that kind not cut was the flying-jib halliards. This, the only available sail, was set, the cable cut, and Porter steered down upon the English vessels, intending to lay the Phœbe aboard. The firing on both sides was now incessant. Porter let fall his fore-top-sail and fore-sail, but the want of tacks and sheets rendered them almost useless. Yet he approached his enemy slowly, and although the decks were thickly strewn with dead, and the cockpit filled with wounded, and although the ship had been several times on fire and was almost a wreck, they still had some hopes, for the Cherub was just then compelled to haul off. This ship did not come into close action again, although she kept up a distant fire from her long guns. The disabled state of the Essex enabled the Phœbe, by edging off, to choose her own distance, and use her long guns, with which she kept up a tremendous fire, which mowed down the Essex' crew in a fearful way. Farragut, in his recollections, praises the Surgeons for their coolness and dexterity, although they had, at this time, patients killed under their hands.

Many of the American guns had been rendered useless, and many had their entire crews destroyed by this fire.

The remaining guns were again manned, however, and one gun was three times re-manned—fifteen people having been killed at that one piece during the action.

The captain of this same gun alone escaped, with a slight scratch.

Finding that tne enemy had it in his power to choose his distance, and thus destroy him at leisure, and as the wind at the moment favored, Porter determined to run his ship on shore, land his men, and destroy her. When he was within musket-shot of the beach the wind suddenly shifted right off shore, and paid the Essex off, with her head towards the Phœbe; exposing her again to a deadly raking fire.

The Essex was by this time totally unmanageable, yet as her head was towards the enemy, and the latter was to leeward, Porter still had a faint hope that he might be able to board her.

Just then Lieutenant Downes, the Commander of the Essex Junior, thinking that the Essex would soon be taken, pulled out in his boat, and came on board to receive Porter's orders. In the wretched condition of the ship Downes could be of no use, and finding that the enemy had put his helm up and ran off, so that he could not board her, Porter directed Downes to return to his own ship, prepare for her defence, and if necessary, destroy her. Downes, therefore, took several of the wounded, left three of his own crew, and rejoined the Essex Junior.

The slaughter on board the Essex was now horrible; and the enemy continued to rake her, while she could not bring a gun to bear.

Porter then bent a hawser to his sheet-anchor, and cut the anchor away, thus bringing her head round.

Her broadside was then again brought to bear, and as the Phœbe was much crippled, and unable to hold her own, it is probable he would have drifted out of gunshot before he discovered that the Essex had

anchored again, had not the hawser unfortunately parted. The case of the Essex now seemed hopeless. Several fires had been extinguished during the engagement; but now fire made headway both forward and aft; and flames, supposed to come from near the magazine, were shooting up the hatchways. At this juncture they were about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, and there was a bare chance for those of the crew who could swim well to reach the land. The boats were all destroyed by the enemy's shot, and the fire was now burning fiercely, close to the after magazine.

Orders were given for those who could swim to jump overboard and make for the shore. Many did so, some with clothes already on fire. Some reached the beach, some were captured by the enemy's boats, and some perished. Most of the surviving officers and crew preferred to share, with the Captain, the fate of the ship. These were now wholly employed in endeavors to extinguish the flames; and in this they finally succeeded.

They then once more manned the guns, and renewed the engagement; but the crew were now so weakened that all saw the impossibility of further resistance, and entreated Captain Porter to surrender, as the ship was entirely disabled, and such a step was necessary, to save the wounded. Porter sent for the division officers, to consult them; but found only Lieutenant McKnight remaining. He confirmed the reports of the bad condition of the ship, below, and the disabled state of the guns, and their crews. Lieutenant Wilmer had been knocked overboard by a splinter, while getting the sheet-anchor overboard, and had been drowned, after fighting gallantly through the whole action. Acting Lieutenant Cowell had lost a leg. The Sailing Master, Mr. Barnewell, was badly wounded. Acting Lieutenant

Odenheimer had been knocked overboard, but managed to sustain himself upon some floating wreck, not succeeding, however, in regaining the ship until after her surrender. The cockpit, steerage, wardroom, and berth-deck were full of wounded; some of whom were killed while the Surgeons were operating upon them. More than this, it was evident that unless something was done the ship must soon sink, with all on board, from the numerous shot-holes below the water line.

The Carpenter reported that all his men were either killed or wounded; and he himself had narrowly escaped drowning, as the slings in which he was suspended, while overboard, stopping shot-holes, had been shot away. It was impossible to reach the enemy with the carronades; while they, from the smoothness of the water, and immunity from shot, were enabled to use their long guns upon the Essex, as upon a target.

It is said that, at this time, Lieutenant Ingram, of the Phœbe, wanted Captain Hillyar to bear down and board the Essex—saying it was deliberate murder to lie off and fire in this way. This gallant English officer was killed, among the last, that day.

The American ship continued to be hulled at every shot, and was cut up in a way seldom witnessed. In a word, there was no hope of saving her, and at half-past six in the evening Porter was forced to strike his colors.

Only seventy-five officers and men remained fit for duty; and many of these were wounded, and some afterwards died.

In spite of the colors being down, the enemy continued his deliberate fire, and the survivors continued to fall. Porter ordered an opposite gun to be fired, to intimate his surrender, but the fire continued, and several more men fell.

Porter now believed that they intended to show no quarter; and he was upon the point of hoisting his flag again, when, about ten minutes after the colors had been struck, the enemy ceased firing.

It is only fair to suppose that the smoke prevented them from seeing that the flag was down.

Porter, and his officers and crew, had shown unparalleled bravery, skill, zeal, and patriotism; and nothing but the absolute requirements of humanity caused their surrender—to save the helpless wounded. Had they been disposed of, there is little doubt they would have let the Essex sink under them, and have taken the chance of gaining the shore.

The action had been fought almost entirely with the great guns; musketry being only used during the first half hour. During most of the time the Essex could only use her six long twelves; and it is fair to say that every one did his whole duty. Farragut, then a mere child, was mentioned, among others, for gallantry, but was "too young to recommend for promotion."

The Essex' ship's company were unfortunate, but not disgraced. Out of them fifty-eight were killed, or died subsequently of wounds; thirty-nine were severely wounded; twenty-seven were slightly wounded; and thirty-one were missing—mostly drowned. Lieutenant Cowell, whose leg was shattered, insisted upon waiting his turn, with the other wounded, for amputation, and thereby lost his life.

The enemy's loss, which was comparatively light, from the circumstances under which the battle was fought, included the First Lieutenant of the Phœbe, killed, and Captain Tucker, of the Cherub, severely wounded. Both the Essex and the Phœbe were in a sinking state,

and were with difficulty kept afloat until morning, when they anchored in the port of Valparaiso.

The Essex was afterwards repaired, and sent to England, when she was added to the British navy. The Phœbe had eighteen shot-holes through her, below the water line, and nothing saved both ships but the fact that the water was very smooth.

During the action the American Consul General, Mr. Poinsett, demanded from the Governor of Valparaiso that his batteries should protect the Essex.

This was refused; but he was promised that, if she fought her way in to the usual anchorage, he would send to the British Commander, and request him to desist, but would not use force under any circumstances. This, and other evidences of bias in favor of the British were so strong, that Mr. Poinsett left the country, having no hope that any claim for the restoration of the ship would be entertained.

The change of feeling in the authorities of Valparaiso, Porter attributed to a revolution, which had lately put new people into power; beside the fact that the South American nations always favored the strongest force.

Soon after their capture Captain Hillyar allowed the prisoners to proceed to the United States in the Essex Junior, which ship was disarmed, and furnished with a passport, to prevent recapture.

Porter, in his remarks upon the battle, says that while he could never be reconciled to Hillyar's course in attacking the Essex in neutral waters, he must do the English Captain the justice to say that, after the capture, he did all he could to alleviate the misery of the wounded and prisoners. Their private property was pilfered, to be sure, but it was against Hillyar's positive orders. Porter also very truly remarks that the Essex would almost

certainly have escaped to sea, but for the accident to her mast, and that it was a wonderful thing that the two ships should not have captured or destroyed her in a much shorter time.

The English frigate Tagus arrived a few days after the battle. She, with other English ships, had been sent to look for Porter in the China Seas, Timor and Australia. Porter estimated the cost to the English government of the capture of the Essex as, at least, $6,000,000.

We now pass to the singular termination of the voyage of the Essex Junior, which ship left Valparaiso with the paroled American prisoners. She made a remarkably good passage of 73 days, to Sandy Hook, the prisoners hoping to be in time to be exchanged, fit out a vessel, and intercept the prize on her passage to England. But off Sandy Hook they fell in with the British ship Saturn, the Captain of which at first passed them, but two hours after boarded them again, and revoked the pass. As Captain Hillyar's pass was thus violated, Captain Porter revoked his parole, and declared himself the Saturn's prisoner. The Essex Junior was directed to remain all night under the Saturn's guns. The next morning the ships were some thirty miles off Long Island, within musket-shot of each other, and in a dense fog. Porter determined to escape. A boat was lowered and manned, and Porter entered it, leaving with Lieutenant Downes a message for Captain Nash, of the Saturn, to the effect that he was "satisfied that British officers were destitute of honor, and regardless of the honor of each other. That he was armed and intended to defend himself against boats sent out after him." He got nearly a gunshot off, in the fog, before it was discovered that he had left, and when he was pursued he eluded the enemy's boats and landed at Babylon, Long Island. The English

asserted breach of parole in his case, but the Government took up the matter, and it was finally satisfactorily arranged.

In connection with the homeward passage of the Essex Junior, we must not omit to mention the sad fate of Lieutenant Stephen Decatur McKnight, the only Lieutenant of the Essex who escaped unhurt from the sanguinary engagement with the Phœbe and Cherub.

Lieutenant McKnight and Midshipman Lyman had remained behind, and went to Rio Janeiro in the Phœbe, to make the affidavits necessary to condemn the Essex as a prize. They were then allowed the option of going to England in the Phœbe, or to be allowed to go to Europe in a merchant vessel, and thence home, on parole. They preferred the latter, and sailed from Rio in a Swedish brig called the Adonis. On the passage they met, at sea, the United States ship Wasp, Captain Blakely, on a cruise, and left the Adonis and joined the Wasp, in mid-ocean. The Wasp was never seen again after the Adonis left her.

It may further be of interest to have Admiral Farragut's recollections of this battle, as well as his comments thereon, when ripe in years and experience.

Farragut was only thirteen years old at the time of the battle; but, as we have seen, he was commended for his coolness and conduct.

He said that, when the English ships first came in, and while the Essex and Phœbe were close together, and the Captains talking to each other, a young fellow stationed at a gun-deck gun of the Essex, who had just come off from liberty, rather tipsy, fancied he saw a man on board the Phœbe grinning at him.

"My fine fellow," said he, "I'll soon stop your making faces!" and was about to fire his gun, when Lieutenant

McKnight saw him, and knocked him over. Farragut remarks that, if this gun had been fired, the battle would then have taken place, under such circumstances that the Phœbe would most likely have been taken.

He also mentions (which Captain Porter does not), that one night, while the English ships were outside, the Americans manned all boats, to board and capture them; but finding them prepared, and their men lying at their quarters, they returned.

In his later years the gallant Admiral gave his opinion as follows: "In the first place, I consider our original and greatest error was in attempting to regain the original anchorage, as, being of very fine sailing qualities, the Essex should have borne up and run before the wind. If we had come in contact with the Phœbe, we could have boarded her. If she avoided us—having all her masts, and ability to manœuvre—then we could have taken her fire, and passed on, leaving both vessels behind, until we could have replaced our topmast. By this time they would have separated, or it would have been no chase, as the Cherub was a dull sailer.

"Secondly. When it was apparent to everybody that we had no chance of success, under the circumstances, the ship should have been run on shore, throwing her broadside to the beach, to prevent raking; fought as long as was consistent with humanity, and then set on fire. But, having determined upon anchoring, we should have bent a spring on the ring of the anchor, instead of upon the cable, where it was exposed, and could be shot away as fast as it could be put on. This mode of proceeding would have given us, in my opinion, a better opportunity of injuring our opponents." Farragut further says, "It has been quite common to blame Captain

Hillyar for his conduct in this affair; but when we come to consider the characteristics of the two Commanders, we may be inclined to judge more leniently; although Porter's complaints in the matter will excite no surprise. Porter was then about thirty-one years of age, and the 'pink of chivalry,' and of an ardent and impetuous temperament; while Hillyar was a cool and calculating man, of about fifty; and he himself said, 'had gained his reputation by several single-ship combats; and only expected to retain it on the present occasion by implicit obedience to his orders, viz: to capture the Essex with the least possible risk to his vessel and crew;' and as he had a superior force, he had determined not to leave anything to chance, believing any other course would call down on him the disapprobation of his government."

Among other reminiscences by Farragut, we find that when Lieutenant Ingram visited the Essex, under a flag of truce, he was shown all over her, and made a very good impression by his frank and manly bearing. He said the happiest moment of his life would be to take her to England should she be captured in equal combat. Porter replied that, should such an event occur, he knew no British officer to whom he would more readily yield the honor. Poor Ingram was killed by a splinter, and the American officers who survived attended his funeral, in Valparaiso.

"During the action," says Admiral Farragut, in his later years, "I was, like 'Paddy in the Catharpins,' a man on occasions. I performed the duties of Captain's aid, quarter-gunner, powder-boy, and, in fact, did everything that was required of me. I shall never forget the horrible impression made upon me at the sight of the first man I had ever seen killed. He was a boatswain's mate,

and was fearfully mutilated. It staggered and sickened me at first, but they soon began to fall around me so fast that it all appeared like a dream, and produced no effect upon my nerves. I can remember well, while I was standing near the Captain, just abaft the main-mast, a shot came through the water-ways and glanced upward, killing four men who were standing by the side of a gun, taking the last one in the head, and scattering his brains over both of us. But this awful sight did not affect me half as much as the death of the first poor fellow. I neither thought of nor noticed anything but the working of the guns."

During the action Midshipman Farragut was knocked down a ladder by the body of a heavy man, who was killed. Farragut was only bruised.

The Admiral also tells an amusing story of a fight he had, on board the English frigate, after the action, when they were taken on board, prisoners. He saw an English midshipman who had captured a pet pig, called Murphy, belonging to him, and he stoutly claimed it. The English midshipman refused to surrender it, but his older messmates told Farragut that if he licked the English midshipman he should have his pig. A ring was formed, and, encouraged by shouts, of "Go it! my little Yankee! if you can thrash Shorty you shall have your pig!" he went in and licked the Englishman handsomely.

XXXIV.

BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN. SEPTEMBER 11TH, A. D. 1814.

THE battle of Lake Champlain, or Plattsburg, as it is often called, was one of the most important, in its results, of all fought during the war with Great Britain which began in 1812.

At the same time that the naval battle was fought, the Americans, under General Macomb, obtained a decided victory over the British land forces, which had advanced, on the west side of Lake Champlain, as far as Plattsburg.

Although Lake Champlain had been the scene of so many important events in the previous wars on this continent, two years of the "War of 1812" elapsed before anything of importance occurred there. Nor would it have then been the scene of any stirring event, if English military men had been capable of learning anything from previous operations there.

Towards the end of 1814 large reinforcements had arrived in Canada, from England, and an army of twelve or fifteen thousand men was collected in the vicinity of Montreal.

With this force the enemy intended an invasion of the northern counties of New York; undeterred by the fate of General Burgoyne, whose route, practically, they intended to follow.

McDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

In spite of the obstinacy and stupidity of the English military mind during these operations, many people have supposed that this expedition was not intended to be pushed very far into a country much more capable of resistance than in Burgoyne's time, but that the officers were probably directed to penetrate as far as Crown Point and Ticonderoga, perhaps with a view to attempts at further conquests in the spring.

Some thought that they hoped to reach Albany; a measure that would have involved the loss of their whole force, as double the number of men could hardly have accomplished such a feat in Burgoyne's time, through a sparsely settled country.

It is altogether probable that they intended to occupy a portion of the frontier, in the expectation of turning the occupation to account in the negotiations which were known to be impending; as the English Commissioners soon after advanced a claim which would have the effect of driving the Americans back from their ancient boundaries, with a view to leaving to Great Britain the entire possession of the lakes.

In such an expedition as this, with Canada as a base, the command of Champlain became of great importance, as it flanked the march of the invading army for more than a hundred miles, and offered great facilities for forwarding supplies, as well as for annoyance and defence.

Until the year 1814 neither nation had had a force of any moment on Lake Champlain; but the Americans had built a ship and a schooner, during the previous winter and spring. When it was found that the enemy had serious intentions, both by water and by land, the keel of a brig was laid, and a number of "row-galleys," or gun-boats, were also constructed.

During this period the English were not idle. In addition to several small vessels they already possessed on these waters, they built a brig, and, as soon as she was in frame, laid the keel of a ship. The latter vessel was to be of the greatest force and size possible for those waters, and great care was taken to make her so. The American brig, which was called the Eagle, was launched about the middle of August, and the English ship, which was called the Confiance, on the 25th of the same month. As the English army was already collecting on the frontier, the utmost exertions were made by both sides, and each ship appeared on the lake as she was got ready.

Captain Thomas McDonough, who commanded the American naval force, was an officer who, though young, had repeatedly distinguished himself since he had entered the service, in the year 1800, being appointed from the State of Delaware.

McDonough got out on the lake a few days before his adversary, and as cruising, in the ordinary sense of the term, was impossible upon such a long and narrow body of water, the American Captain advanced as far as Plattsburg, the point selected for the defence against the invaders, and anchored, on the 3d of September, on the flank of the American troops, which occupied entrenchments at that place.

Previously to this the English had made an attempt to sink a vessel in the mouth of the Otter Creek, to prevent the Americans from getting their vessels out, but they were beaten off. Otter Creek is some distance down the lake, on the Vermont side.

About this time Sir George Prevost, the English Commander-in-chief, advanced against Plattsburg, then held by Brigadier General Macomb. The latter had only

fifteen hundred men fit for duty, while Sir Geo. Prevost's army was estimated at twelve thousand.

Prevost s army was divided into four brigades, which were commanded by Lieutenant General De Rottenberg, Major Generals Brisbane, Power and Robinson, and Major General Baynes was Adjutant General.

With this formidably officered force Sir George Prevost advanced slowly down the right shore of the lake, waiting for the flotilla to get ready and to appear on his left flank.

From the 7th to the 11th of August the American skirmishers and scouts kept the English advance well upon the alert, while the latter were engaged in bringing up their battering trains, stores and reinforcements. Some fighting took place amongst detached bodies, on shore, but no move was made upon the water.

Cooper will be chiefly followed in the account of the battle which took place upon the lake, although Roosevelt does even more justice to McDonough than Cooper does. Like Cooper, too, Roosevelt ranks McDonough as much higher in the scale of ability, as a naval commander, than Perry, the commander on Lake Erie, while in regard to courage and conduct under fire, their claims are undoubtedly equal.

The English naval Captain, Downie, late in command of the Montreal, on Lake Ontario, had been sent by Sir James Yeo, the British naval Commander-in-chief, to take the command on Lake Champlain. He came, with the express understanding that he was not to come out until he considered his vessels ready.

In one sense, neither the English nor the American vessels were in a very forward state of preparation. The largest English vessel had been in the water but sixteen days when she was brought into action. The second vessel

in size of the Americans had been launched but thirty days when she was fought in the battle. In point of fact, the American Eagle was ready for service but eight days before the English Confiance. As all these vessels had little need of the stores supplied to a sea-going ship, and as the action between them was fought at anchor, they were, really, not much more than floating batteries.

But to illustrate the difficulties under which naval operations in those parts were carried on, we may say that when Captain McDonough first arrived, to build and fit out a squadron, he was so short of skilled seamen that he was obliged to turn to and strop blocks, and do other seaman's work, with his own hands.

Ready-witted Yankee landsmen soon learned to do a great deal, and after a time, seamen, in small numbers, were procured, such as had seen powder burnt.

On the 6th of September Captain McDonough ordered his galleys to the head of Plattsburg Bay, to annoy the British land forces, which they cannonaded for two hours. The wind then came on to blow a gale, which menaced the galleys with shipwreck, and they were ordered to retire. The boat which carried the order was in charge of a midshipman named Duncan, and it is supposed the enemy thought McDonough himself was in the boat, about to join the galleys, for they concentrated a fire upon it, and Mr. Duncan was severely wounded, losing an arm.

The general direction of Lake Champlain is north and south, but, at a point called Cumberland Head, in coming south, the land bends north again, forming Plattsburg Bay, which is a deep indentation of the shore, that leaves a basin open to the southward, and which, consequently, lies nearly parallel to the main lake. The east side of this bay is protected by the long, narrow neck of land that terminates in Cumberland Head. Its bottom, or northern

end, and its western shore, are encircled by the main land, while to the southward and eastward is the entrance. Near the centre of the western shore the Saranac enters the bay, and on both banks of that river stands the town of Plattsburg.

About a mile and a half from Cumberland Head, in a southwesterly direction, and quite near the western shore, is an extensive shoal and a small, low island, which commands the approach to the bay in that direction.

At this spot, called Crab Island, the naval hospital was established, and a one-gun battery erected.

Captain McDonough had chosen an anchorage a little south of the outlet of the Saranac. His vessels lay in a line parallel to the shore, extending north and south, and distant from the western shore nearly two miles. The last vessel to the southward was so near the shoal as to prevent the English from passing that end of the line, while all the American vessels lay out so much toward Cumberland Head that they brought the enemy within reach of carronades, should he enter the bay on that side.

The Eagle, Captain Henley, lay at the northern extremity of the American line, and what might, during the battle which followed, have been called its head; the wind being to the northward and eastward. The Saratoga, Captain McDonough's own vessel, was second; the Ticonderoga, Lieutenant Commanding Cassin, the third; and the Preble, Lieutenant Budd, last. The Preble lay a little further south than the pitch of Cumberland Head.

The first of the vessels just mentioned was a brig of twenty guns and 150 men, all told; the second, a ship of twenty-six guns, and 212 men; the third, a schooner of seventeen guns, and 110 men; and the last, a sloop of seven guns and 30 men.

The metal of all these vessels, as well as of those of the

enemy, was unusually heavy, there being no swell in the lake to make a heavy armament dangerous.

The Saratoga mounted eight long 24s, six 42s, and twelve 32-pound carronades. The Eagle had eight long 18s, and twelve 32-pound carronades. The Ticonderoga had four long 18s, eight long 12s, and four 32-pound carronades, beside one 18-pound columbiad. The Preble had seven long 9s.

In addition to these four vessels, the Americans had ten galleys or gun-boats—six large and four small. Each of the large ones mounted a long 24 and an eighteen-pound columbiad, while the smaller ones had each a long 12.

The galleys had, on an average, about thirty-five men each.

The total force of the Americans consisted, therefore, of fourteen vessels, of all classes, mounting 102 guns, and containing about eight hundred and fifty men, including officers, and a small detachment of soldiers, who did duty as marines, none of that corps having been sent to Lake Champlain.

To complete his order of battle, Captain McDonough directed two of the galleys to keep in shore, and a little to windward of the Eagle, to sustain the head of the line. One or two more were to lie opposite to the interval between the Eagle and the Saratoga ; a few opposite the interval between the Saratoga and Ticonderoga; and two opposite the interval between the Ticonderoga and the Preble. If any order had been given to cover the rear of the line it was not carried out.

The Americans were, consequently, formed in two lines, distant from each other about forty yards, the large vessels at anchor, and the galleys under their sweeps. Owing to the latter circumstance, the inner line soon got to be very

irregular, "some of the galleys pressing boldly forward, while others were less impelled by the ardor of their commanders," which is certainly a good way of putting it.

The known force of the enemy was materially greater than that of the Americans.

The largest English vessel, the Confiance, commanded by Captain Downie in person, had the gun-deck of a heavy frigate, and mounted on it an armament of thirty long 24s.

She had a spacious top-gallant-forecastle, and a poop which came as far as the mizzen-mast. On her forecastle she mounted one long 24, on a circle, and four heavy carronades; and on the poop, two heavy carronades, making an armament of thirty-seven guns, in all. Her complement of men is supposed to have been more than three hundred.

The next vessel of the enemy was the Linnet, a brig of sixteen long 12s, with a crew of about one hundred men.

They had two sloops; the Chubb and the Finch. The first carried ten 18-pound carronades, and one long 6; the second six 18-pound carronades, one 18-pound columbiad, and four long 6s. Each of these sloops had about forty men.

To these four vessels were added a force of galleys, or gun-boats, in number, either twelve or thirteen; Captain McDonough gives the latter number; Captain Downie, the former. Thus, Downie's whole force consisted of sixteen or seventeen vessels, mounting, in all, one hundred and fifteen or sixteen guns, and manned by about one thousand men.

On the third of September the British gun-boats sailed from Isle aux Noix, to cover the left flank of their army, then marching on Plattsburg. The boats were under the orders of Captain Pring, and on the 4th that officer took

possession of Isle aux Motte, where he constructed a battery, and landed some stores for the troops.

On the 8th, Captain Downie arrived, with the four large English vessels, and remained at anchor until the 11th. At daylight of that day the whole force weighed anchor and proceeded, in a body.

The American guard-boat pulled in, soon after sunrise, and announced the approach of the enemy. As the wind was fair—a good working breeze from the northeast—the English came down the lake rapidly, and Captain McDonough ordered the ships cleared for action, and preparations made to fight at anchor.

Eight bells were struck in the American squadron as the upper sails of the British vessels were seen passing along the neck of land in the main lake, on their way to double Cumberland Head, in order to enter the bay. They had the wind a little on the port quarter, the booms of their small vessels swinging out to starboard. The Finch led, followed by the Confiance, Linnet and Chubb, while the gunboats, which, like those of the Americans, each carried two latine sails, followed without much order; keeping just clear of the shore.

The first vessel which came round the head was a sloop, which is reported to have carried a company of amateurs, and which took no part in the engagement. She kept well to leeward, standing down towards Crab Island, and was soon lost to observation in the events which followed. It is this vessel, undoubtedly, which has made the difference in the numbers of the enemy reported by the two commanders.

The Finch came round next; and soon after the other large vessels of the enemy opened from behind the land, and hauled by the wind, in a line abreast; lying to until their galleys could join. The latter proceeded to leeward

and formed in the same manner as the larger vessels. The two squadrons were now in plain view of each other, and distant about three miles.

As soon as their gun-boats were in their stations, and the different commanders had received their orders, the English filled away, on the starboard tack, and headed in towards the American vessels, in a line abreast—the Chubb to windward and the Finch to leeward—most of their gunboats being to leeward of the Finch. The movements of the latter vessel had been a little singular ever since she led round the Head—for she is said not to have hove to, as the rest did, but to have run off with the wind, halfway to Crab Island, then to have tacked, and got into her station after the other vessels had filled.

This movement was either to reconnoitre, or to menace the American rear.

The enemy were now standing in, close-hauled, the Chubb looking well to windward of the Eagle, the vessel which lay at the head of the American line. The Linnet was laying her course for the head of the same vessel; and the Confiance was intending to fetch far enough ahead of the Saratoga to lay that ship athwart hawse. The Finch, with the gun-boats, was standing for the Ticonderoga and Preble.

Captain McDonough had taken up his anchorage with the eye of a seaman. As has been said, his line could not be doubled, on account of the shoal; there was not room to anchor on his broadside out of reach of his carronades, which formed so large a part of his armament; and in order to close, it was necessary, let the wind blow as it might, to stand in upon his vessels bows on. This was an experiment not rashly to be attempted; yet the English, accustomed to see it succeed in their European contests, did not hesitate to adopt it on this occasion, most

probably presuming upon their knowledge of the large proportion of short guns in their adversaries' vessels.

The Americans were, as a matter of course, anchored with springs. But, not content with this, McDonough had laid a kedge broad off on each bow of the Saratoga, and brought their hawsers in upon the two quarters, letting them hang in bights under the water. This timely precaution really gained him the victory.

As the enemy filled away the American vessels sprung their broadsides to bear, and then, for a few minutes, the solemn silence which always prevails before a naval action, in a well-disciplined ship, was only broken by the footsteps of the vigilant officers.

Suddenly the Eagle fired, in quick succession, the four long eighteens in broadside. In clearing the decks of the Saratoga some hen-coops were thrown overboard, and the poultry turned out, to run at large about the decks. Startled by the reports of these guns, a young cock flew upon a gun-slide, clapped his wings, and crowed.

At this animating sound the men spontaneously gave three cheers. This little incident relieved the solemn time which elapsed between preparation and combat, and had an especially powerful influence over the seamen—so apt to be swayed by signs and omens.

Although the enemy's galleys now opened fire, McDonough refrained from giving the order to reply, for it was evident that the Eagle's guns, which continued to try the range, did not yet reach. As soon, however, as it was seen that her shot told, McDonough himself sighted a long twenty-four, and the gun was fired. The shot struck the Confiance near her hawse-hole, and passed the whole length of her deck, killing and wounding several men, and carrying away her wheel. It was the

signal for the Americans to open with all their long guns, under which the English flag-ship especially suffered.

Still they steadily held their course, in the most gallant manner, confident that if they could once get their ships into the desired position, the great weight of metal of the Confiance would decide the fortune of the day.

But he had over-estimated his own powers of endurance, and, probably, under-estimated the force of the Americans. The anchors of the Confiance were hanging by the stoppers, in readiness to let go, and her port bower was soon cut away by shot, as well as a spare anchor in the port fore-chains. In short, after a long endurance of a galling fire from the Americans, the wind began to baffle, and Captain Downie found himself obliged to anchor while still distant a quarter of a mile from the American line. The helm of the Confiance was put a-port; the ship shot into the wind, and a kedge was let go, while the ship took a sheer, and brought up with her starboard bower. In doing this her kedge was fouled, and became of no use. In coming to, her halliards were let run, and she hauled up her courses.

At this time the Linnet and the Chubb were still standing in, further to the westward, and the former, when her guns bore, fired a broadside at the Saratoga. The Linnet soon after anchored somewhat nearer than the Confiance; getting an excellent position, forward of the Eagle's beam.

The Chubb kept under way, intending, if possible, to rake the American line. The Finch, by means of her sweeps, got abreast of the Ticonderoga, and was supported by the gun-boats.

The English vessels came to in very handsome style, and, although the whole American line was now firing, the Confiance did not discharge a single gun until she

was secured. As soon as this was done her battery was manned, and her side appeared one sheet of flame, as she fired her whole broadside at once, mostly at the Saratoga. The effect of this broadside, from sixteen long 24s, double-shotted, in perfectly smooth water, at point blank range, and coolly sighted, was terrible for the little ship which received it. Half her crew were prostrated, although many were knocked down who had received no real injury, but about forty men, or near one fifth of her complement were either killed or wounded, on board the Saratoga, by this one broadside. The hatches had been covered, as usual, but the decks were so encumbered by the bodies that it was found necessary to take off the gratings, and pass them below. For a moment the men seemed appalled, but then they resumed their fire as gallantly as ever. Among the killed by this broadside was Mr. Gamble, her First Lieutenant. He was on his knees, sighting the bow-gun, when a shot entered the port, split the quoin, drove a portion of it against his chest, and laid him dead, without breaking the skin.

Captain Downie was, a few moments later, killed by an American shot, without breaking the skin, as a dismounted gun struck him in the groin.

By the loss of Mr. Gamble but one lieutenant, and he an acting one, was left in the Saratoga. On the part of the principal vessels the battle now settled into a steady, animated, but, as guns were injured, a gradually decreasing cannonade. The Chubb, while manœuvring near the head of the American line, received a broadside from the Eagle, which crippled her, and she drifted down between the opposing vessels, until near the Saratoga, which ship fired a shot into her, and she immediately struck. A midshipman was sent in a boat, to take possession. The young officer hove the prize a line, and

towed her down astern and inshore of the Saratoga; anchoring her near the mouth of the Saranac.

This first success occurred within a quarter of an hour after the enemy had anchored, and afforded great encouragement to our people; although they well knew that on the heavily armed Confiance depended the fate of the day. The Chubb had suffered much, and nearly half her ship's company had been killed or wounded.

After about an hour's fighting, the Finch was also driven out of her station by the Ticonderoga, and, being crippled, she drifted down upon Crab Island Shoal, where, after receiving a shot or two from the gun mounted in battery, she struck, and was taken possession of by the invalids from the hospital.

At the end of the line the British galleys early made every effort to come to close action, and soon after the Finch had drifted away they forced the Preble out of the American line, that vessel cutting her cable, and shifting her anchorage to a station considerably inshore, where she rendered no more service that day.

The rear of the American line was certainly its weakest point; and having compelled the little Preble to retreat, the enemy's galleys immediately attacked the vessel which was next ahead in the line, the Ticonderoga.

This schooner was not only more powerful than the Preble, but she was nobly fought by Lieutenant Cassin, her commander, who coolly walked the taffrail, where he could watch the movements of the enemy's galleys, amidst showers of canister and grape.

He fired, in return, bags of musket balls, and other light missiles, which kept the British gun-boats at a respectful distance. Many of the latter were very gallantly fought, and several times approached quite near, with the evident intention of boarding, but the steadiness of the Ticon-

deroga's fire beat them back, and completely covered the rear of the line for the rest of the day. So desperate were some of the attacks that the galleys got up within boat-hook's length of the schooner.

While the fight was thus progressing in the rear of the American line, the other extremity was suffering severely. The English vessel, the Linnet, had a capital position, and was most admirably fought, while the Eagle (which received all her fire and part of that of the Confiance), having had her springs shot away, found herself so situated as to be unable to bring her guns fairly to bear upon either of her opponents. Captain Henley had, previous to the engagement, hoisted his top-sail yards, with the sails stoppered, to the mast-heads. He now cut his cable, sheeted home his top-sails, cast the brig, and ran down and anchored by the stern, between the Saratoga and Ticonderoga, necessarily a little inshore of both. Here he used his port battery, which was fresh, upon the Confiance and the gun-boats. But this movement left the Saratoga exposed to nearly the whole fire of the Linnet, which brig now sprung her broadside so as to partially rake the American ship.

Soon after this important change at the head of the line the fire of the two ships began to materially diminish, as gun after gun became disabled. The Saratoga, in particular, had all her long guns disabled by shot; while most of her carronades were dismounted, either from the enemy's fire, or from a disposition in the men to overcharge them, which the paucity of officers rendered it difficult to prevent. At length, but a single carronade remained in the starboard battery, and on firing it, the navel-bolt broke, and the over-heated and over-charged gun not only flew off the carriage, but down the main hatch.

This left the ship of the American commanding officer, in the middle of the action, without an available gun. The only thing to be done was to immediatcly attempt to wind the ship.

A stream anchor which was suspended astern was let go. The men then clapped on the hawser that led to the starboard quarter, and brought the ship's stern up over the kedge ; but here she hung, there not being sufficient wind or current to force her bows round. A line had been bent to the bight in the stream cable, with a view to help wind the ship, and she now rode by the kedge, and this line, with her stern exposed to the steady and well directed fire of the Linnet. The port battery having been manned, Captain McDonough ordered all the men from the guns, where they were uselessly suffering, and sent them forward. By rowsing on the line, the ship was at length got so far round that the port aftermost gun would bear upon the Confiance, and it was instantly manned, and began to fire. The next gun was used in the same manner ; but it was soon apparent that the ship could be got no further round, for she was nearly end on to the wind. At this critical moment Mr. Brum, the Master, thought of the hawser which had been led to the port quarter before the action commenced. It was got forward, under the bows, and passed aft to the starboard quarter, when the ship's stern was immediately sprung to the westward, so as to bring all her port guns to bear on the English ship with immense effect.

As soon as the preparations to wind the Saratoga were made, the Confiance attempted to perform the same evolution. Her springs were hauled on, but they merely forced the ship ahead ; and, having borne the fresh broadside of the American until she had scarcely a gun with which to return the fire, and failing in all her efforts to get

round, her commanding officer lowered his flag, about two hours and a quarter after the commencement of the action.

By hauling again upon the starboard hawser, the Saratoga's broadside was immediately sprung to bear upon the Linnet, which brig struck, in about fifteen minutes after her consort.

At this moment, the enemy's galleys had been driven back nearly or quite half a mile. They were irregularly scattered, and setting fast to leeward, while they kept up only a desultory firing. As soon as they found the large vessels had submitted, they ceased firing, and lowered their colors; and not a single British ensign was left flying in the bay, out of the sixteen or seventeen which had entered it so gallantly less than three hours before.

Although this action was fought at anchor, it may be truly said that it was won as much by seamanship as by downright hard fighting.

The foregoing account, as has been said, is taken principally from Cooper, whose account of this action is acknowledged, on all sides, to be entirely impartial; while many capable persons have found fault with his account of Perry's victory on Lake Erie.

In the long and bloody conflict of Plattsburg the Saratoga had twenty-eight killed and twenty-nine wounded; or more than one-fourth of all on board. The Eagle had thirteen killed and twenty wounded; about the same proportionate loss. The Ticonderoga had six killed and six wounded. The Preble had two killed. The Saratoga was hulled fifty-five times, and the Eagle thirty-nine times.

After the first destructive fire of the broadside of the Confiance, her fire became less formidable, the shot passing higher at each discharge. By her second broadside nearly all the hammocks in the Saratoga's nettings

were cut to pieces; and it was seen, as the battle advanced, that the English shot cut the standing rigging further and further from the deck.

Few men were hurt, after the first fire, by anything but grape, or by the shot of the well-fought Linnet. This was a curious fact, considering the smooth water, and the ships being always at the same distance. The American officers came to the conclusion that the enemy had levelled his guns to point blank range, and that the quoins were not properly replaced, after each discharge had loosened them.

When the Confiance made her abortive attempt to wind, her decks were in great confusion, and after the battle, when the charges of her guns were drawn, one gun was found with a canvas bag, holding two round-shot, rammed home and wadded, without any powder; another with two cartridges and no shot; and a third with a wad below the cartridge.

According to the report of the Captain of the Linnet, dated September 12th, the Confiance lost forty-one killed and forty wounded. At a later date the English themselves stated the number of her wounded at 83. This included the slightly hurt, no doubt; and would make her total loss one hundred and twenty-four; and that number was thought to be short of the truth.

The Linnet is reported to have had ten killed and fourteen wounded; the Chubb six killed and ten wounded; while the Finch was reported by the English to have had but two men wounded. No American official report of the casualties on board the English vessels was ever given, or at least published, nor was any report, of any kind, given, of the loss in the English galleys, which were well up, during the action, and must have suffered severely.

As soon as the Linnet struck a Lieutenant was sent to

take possession of the Confiance. She was found to be in a much worse condition than her special opponent, the Saratoga. The Confiance had been hulled one hundred and five times, had nearly if not quite half her people killed and wounded, and her battery entirely disabled.

As the boarding officer was passing along the deck of the prize he accidentally ran against a lock-string, and thereby fired one of the Confiance's starboard guns, which sent its shot towards Cumberland Head. Up to this moment the English galleys had been slowly drifting to leeward, with their colors down, apparently waiting to be taken possession of; but at the discharge of the gun, which they appear to have understood as a signal, one or two of them began to move slowly off, and were soon after followed by the others, each pulling very few sweeps. It appears that they did not hoist their colors again.

Captain McDonough made signal for the American galleys to follow; but it was found that their men were needed at the pumps of the larger vessels, to keep them from sinking, the water being found over the berth-deck of the Linnet. The signal to chase was then revoked.

As there was not a mast among the larger vessels which would bear any canvas, the English galleys escaped, going off, at first, slowly and irregularly, as if distrusting their own liberty.

The turning point in the action just described was the winding of the Saratoga, so successfully accomplished, and next in importance was the defence of the rear of the line by the Ticonderoga, under Lieutenant Cassin. Once or twice the nearest vessels thought his vessel in flames, in consequence of the awful rapidity of her fire.

The Saratoga was twice on fire, from hot shot thrown from the Confiance, and her spanker was nearly con-

sumed. The English flag-ship had a party of artillerists on board and a furnace for heating hot shot.

Captain McDonough, whose reputation as an accomplished officer was before high, gained a great accession of reputation from this day's proceedings. His disposition for receiving the attack was highly judicious and seamanlike. By the manner in which he anchored his vessels, with the shoals so near the rear of his line as to cover that extremity, and the land of Cumberland Head so near his broadside as necessarily to bring the enemy within reach of his carronades, he made all his force completely available. The English were not quite near enough to give to carronades their full effect, but this disadvantage was unavoidable, the assailing party having, of course, the choice of the distance.

"The personal deportment of Captain McDonough in this engagement was the subject of general admiration in his little squadron. His coolness was undisturbed, throughout all the trying scenes on board his own ship, and, although lying against a vessel of double the force and nearly double the tonnage of the Saratoga, he met and resisted her attack with a constancy that seemed to set defeat at defiance." The winding of the Saratoga, under such circumstances, exposed, as she was, to the raking fire of the Confiance and Linnet, especially the latter, was a bold, seamanlike, and masterly measure, that required unusual decision and fortitude to imagine and execute.

Most men would have believed that, without a single gun on the side engaged, a fourth of their people cut down, and their ship a wreck, enough injury had been received to justify submission; but McDonough found the means to secure a victory, even in the desperate situation of the Saratoga.

Captain Downie's personal conduct and gallantry were beyond censure, yet the prudence and the nautical merits of his mode of attack have been much censured.

The Confiance had been built in so short a time, and by exertions so great, as to put it out of the power of the Americans to construct a vessel of her size in sufficient season to meet her, and it would be accusing the enemy of imbecility to suppose that, after the known result of many combats, he had not made his vessel of ample force to ensure victory.

Few naval men will deny that a ship with the gun-deck dimensions, metal and battery of a 44, ought to have been fully equal, at least, to contend with two such vessels as the Saratoga and Eagle. This admitted, it follows that Downie had much the superior force.

The plan of the campaign that was destroyed by this defeat; the high objects in view; the fact that the English were the assailants, and that they could not but know the force they were to attack, together with all the attendant circumstances, were so many assurances that the battle of Plattsburg Bay was fought, on the part of the enemy, with a confidence of victory only justified by this known advantage. The very name given to their largest ship was a pledge to this effect.

Sir James Yeo, whose command extended to Lake Champlain, complained that Captain Downie had been hurried into action by the Governor General, before he was prepared; but he did not complain of an insufficiency of force. That Downie went into action before his own crew and vessel had been long subject to drill and preparation, is true; but McDonough was laboring under precisely the same disadvantage.

These are the incidents and drawbacks peculiar to

sudden enterprises, and they must be met by the resources of true seamen.

The Constitution took the Guerrière with a crew that had been acting together but little more than a month; and she was manœuvring before the English squadron, off New York—a much more delicate business—within five days of the time that a large proportion of her crew had joined her.

Captain Downie's professional character, as well as his published declarations, prove that he considered the Confiance ready to meet an enemy. Sir James Yeo, with greater reason than he had for his former complaint, said that Captain Downie stood square into the bay to make his attack—and by this exposed himself to a raking fire, which, no doubt, contributed to the loss of the day.

The leading into a hostile squadron bows on had frequently been practiced by the English in European waters, with comparative impunity. But it was an eminently hazardous experiment to make under the guns of an American man-of-war. Still, Downie's bearing was highly gallant, and assuring to his ships' companies. The weatherly position he attained was much in his favor; and, judging from the force of his own vessel, could he have got the berth he aimed at, there is great reason to think he would have been successful. That he was foiled, must be attributed to the immovable steadiness, cool deliberation, and admirable fire of the people he assailed.

Although many of the American officers were wounded, but two commissioned officers were killed. These were Mr. Gamble, whose death has already been alluded to; and Mr. Stansbury, the first lieutenant of the Ticonderoga.

Mr. Stansbury suddenly disappeared from the bulwarks, forward, while superintending some duty with the springs.

Two days after the action his body rose to the surface, near his own ship, and it was found to have been cut in two by a round shot.

Many officers were knocked down, during the engagement, without having blood drawn. At one moment there was a cry on board the Saratoga, that Captain McDonough was killed. He was lying on his face, on the quarter-deck, nearly senseless, and it was two or three minutes before he recovered. During most of the action he sighted a favorite gun, and, while bending his body to sight it, a shot cut the spanker boom in two, letting the spar fall upon his back, a blow which might easily have proved fatal.

In a few minutes the cry that "the Commodore" was killed was again heard. This time McDonough was lying on the deck, between two guns, covered with blood, and again nearly senseless. A shot had driven the head of the captain of his favorite gun in upon him, and knocked him into the scuppers. He soon recovered, as the blood turned out to be that of the unfortunate man.

Mr. Brum, the Master, a venerable old seaman, while engaged in winding the ship, had a large splinter driven so near his body that it actually stripped off his clothing. He was thought to be dead, but soon recovered, regained his feet, and, making an apron of his pocket-handkerchief, coolly went to work again at the springs.

A few months after the battle this veteran died; as it was thought, from the injury.

Lieutenant Vallette had a shot-box on which he was standing knocked from under his feet; and he, also, was once knocked down by the head of a seaman, and at about the same time received a severe splinter wound.

In short, very few escaped altogether; and in this desperate fight it appears to have been agreed, on both

sides, to call no man wounded who could keep out of the hospital. Mr. Smith, the First Lieutenant of the Eagle, was severely wounded; but returned to his quarters, after his wound was dressed.

On the part of the enemy, beside Captain Downie, several officers were killed, and three or four were wounded.

Beside the usual medal from Congress for a successful engagement, Captain McDonough received compliments and gifts from several States, and was promoted.

The Legislature of New York presented him with a small estate on Cumberland Head, which overlooked the scene of his triumphs.

His officers and crews met with the customary acknowledgments, and the country generally rated the victory by the side of that of Lake Erie.

The Navy, best able to judge of all the circumstances, has always placed the battle of Plattsburg Bay among the very highest of its claims to glory.

The consequences of the victory were immediate, and very important.

During the naval action, Sir Geo. Prevost had skirmished in front of the American entrenchments, and was evidently upon the point of bringing up his overwhelming force for a more serious attack. As soon, however, as he ascertained the fate of the British squadron, he made a precipitate and most unmilitary retreat; abandoning much of his heavy artillery, stores, and supplies; and from that moment, till the end of the war, the northern frontier was cleared of the enemy.

Commodore McDonough died, in 1825, of consumption, at the age of 42, while in command of the Mediterranean squadron, with his flag in the Constitution.

XXXV.

CONSTITUTION IN ACTION WITH CYANE AND LEVANT. 1815.

THIS remarkable action has always excited great interest among naval men, on account of the nautical ability displayed by Captain Stewart, and the very capital manner in which his officers and men seconded him, not only during the action itself, but in his subsequent escape from a superior force.

In the year 1813, during the war with Great Britain, the frigate Constitution (that favorite and most useful ship, already celebrated for her capture of the Guerrière, and for her remarkable escape from the pursuit of an English squadron) was found to be so decayed as to require extensive repairs. Her crew was therefore transferred to the Lakes, and when she was again ready for sea, a new one was shipped for her, and Captain Stewart was ordered to her command.

Charles Stewart was born in Philadelphia, in July, 1778. Going to sea in the merchant service at the age of thirteen, he rose to the command of an East Indiaman while still a youth. Upon the organization of the Navy, in 1798, he was appointed a Lieutenant. After seeing considerable active service in the West Indies, during which, in command of the schooner Experiment, he captured three French privateers, he went to the Mediterranean, in 1802,

CAPTURE OF THE CYANE AND LEVANT BY THE CONSTITUTION.

as first lieutenant of the Constellation. Here he saw service against Tripoli. The next year he had command of the brig Syren, and convoyed the party, in the ketch Intrepid, which destroyed the frigate Philadelphia. After continued service against the Tripolitans he was named the Senior Master Commandant, in 1804. Returning home, he was promoted to Captain, and for some time employed in New York in superintending the construction of gun-boats, after which he returned to the merchant service for several years. During the war of 1812 he commanded the Constellation and the Constitution.

After the war he was long and honorably employed, both at sea and on shore, and was retired as Senior Commodore, in 1856, at the age of 78. In 1862 he was made a Rear Admiral, on the Retired List. He died at Bordentown, New Jersey, November 6th, 1869, aged 91, having been the senior officer of the Navy for 17 years, and having been 71 years in the service.

The repairs of the Constitution occupied so much time that Stewart was not able to put to sea until the winter of 1814, when he made a cruise down our Southern coast and through the West Indies.

On her way from the Caribbean Sea she fell in with and chased the Pique, an English 32, which escaped her in the night; but she soon after captured the English man-of-war schooner Pictou, 14, and several merchantmen. When the frigate arrived on the American coast she was seen by two British frigates which were cruising in company, and chased into Marblehead; but shortly after managed to get out again and reach Boston.

About the middle of December she left Boston on another cruise and ran off to Bermuda, and thence to the neighborhood of Lisbon. Not finding either an armed

enemy or a valuable prize, she next went into the Bay of Biscay, but with a like want of success.

Again she returned to the vicinity of Lisbon, and cruised for some time in the very high road of commerce, but only took one or two prizes, of very moderate value. During this time she was in sight of the British ship Elizabeth, 74, yet the state of wind and weather prevented them from coming in collision.

Finding nothing to reward a further stay off Lisbon, Captain Stewart, on the 20th of February, 1815, ordered the helm put up, and ran off, south-west, about sixty miles. At one P. M. of that day a strange sail was seen on the port bow, and the Constitution was hauled up two or three points, and sail made, in chase. The stranger was soon made out to be a ship; and, half an hour later, a second vessel was seen, further to leeward, which was soon ascertained to be another ship.

The Constitution held her course, all three vessels being upon a bowline, or close hauled, until 4 P. M., when the nearest of the strange ships made a signal to the one to leeward, and shortly after kept away and ran down toward her consort, who was about eight miles to leeward.

No doubt was now entertained, on board the Constitution, that the strange sails were enemies. The nearest ship had the appearance of a small frigate, and the vessel to leeward that of a large sloop-of-war.

The first was seen to be carrying studding-sails on both sides, while the second was running off under short canvas, evidently waiting for her consort to close.

Captain Stewart came to the conclusion that they were going to try to escape, and were keeping away on their best point of sailing until nightfall, when it would be comparatively easy to dodge him. He, therefore, crowded upon the Constitution every sail that would draw, with a

view to getting the nearest vessel under his guns. In the course of the afternoon the Constitution carried away her main-royal-mast, a defective spar, and the chase began to gain. Stewart now fired a few times from his chase guns, but finding that the shot fell short, soon ceased.

By half-past five it was seen that it was impossible to prevent the strange sails from forming a junction, and the Constitution, then a little more than three miles distant from the furthest ship, cleared for action. Ten minutes later the two strange sails passed within hail of each other, and, coming by the wind, with their heads to the northward, hauled up their courses, and were evidently clearing to engage. Soon they both suddenly made sail, close by the wind, evidently in order to weather upon the American frigate. But perceiving that the latter was closing very fast, they again hauled up their courses and formed upon the wind, the smallest ship ahead.

By six in the evening the Constitution had them within gun-shot, and she then showed her ensign. The other ships at once set the English colors. Five minutes later the American ship ranged up abeam of the sternmost and largest English vessel, at about a cable's length distance, passing ahead with her sails lifting, until the three ships formed nearly an equilateral triangle, the Constitution being to windward. In this favorable and masterly position the action began, the three keeping up a hot and unceasing fire for about fifteen minutes, when that of the English sensibly slackened.

The sea was now covered with a dense cloud of smoke, and Stewart ceased firing. Soon the smoke cleared away, and the moon having risen, the leading ship of the enemy was seen under the Constitution's lee beam, while the sternmost was luffing up, evidently intending to tack, and cross the American frigate's stern. Delivering a

broadside at the ship abreast of her, the Constitution threw her main and mizzen top-sails, with the top-gallant-sails set, flat back, shook everything forward, and let fly her jib-sheets, so that she backed swiftly astern, compelling the English vessel to fill away, in order to avoid being raked. This ship now attempted to tack, to cross the Constitution's fore-foot, when the latter filled, boarded her fore-tack, shot ahead, and forced her antagonist to wear under a raking broadside, and to run off to leeward to escape the weight of the American fire. The Constitution, perceiving that the largest ship was wearing also, wore in her turn, and crossing her stern, raked her with effect, although the Englishman came by the wind immediately, and delivered her port broadside. As the Constitution then ranged up close on her weather quarter, she struck. A lieutenant was at once sent to take possession, the prize proving to be the British ship Cyane, Capt. Falcon.

The other ship, which had run off to leeward, had no intention of abandoning her consort, but had been forced out of the fight by the crippled condition of her running rigging, as well as by the weight of the Constitution's fire. She was ignorant of the capture of the Cyane, and, at the end of about an hour, having repaired damages, she hauled up to look for her consort, and met the American frigate coming down in quest of her. It was nearly nine o'clock before the two ships crossed each other, on opposite tacks, the Constitution to windward; and the English sloop pluckily exchanged broadsides with her, as they passed. She very naturally found the Constitution's fire too heavy for her, and immediately bore up, in doing which she got a raking broadside.

The Constitution then boarded her fore-tack, and made sail after her, keeping up a very effective chasing fire from her two bow guns, nearly every shot of which told.

The two ships were, indeed, so near each other that the ripping of the enemy's planks, as the shot struck, was heard on board the American ship. There was no chance for the English sloop, which was unable to stand this treatment very long, and at 10 P. M. he came by the wind, fired a lee gun, and hauled down his ensign. When taken possession of she was found to be the Levant, 18, the Hon. Capt. Douglas.

During this cruise the Constitution mounted fifty-two guns; and she had a complement of about four hundred and seventy officers and men, a few of whom were absent in a prize. The Cyane was a frigate-built ship, that properly rated wenty-four guns, although in Steele's list she appeared as only a twenty. But she mounted twenty-two 32-pound carronades on her gun deck, and ten 18-pound carronades and two chase guns on her quarter deck and forecastle; making thirty-four guns in all.

The Levant was a new ship, rated as an eighteen. She mounted eighteen 32-pound carronades; a shifting 18 on her top-gallant forecastle, and two chase guns; making twenty-one in all.

There were taken from the Cyane 168 prisoners, of whom 26 were wounded. The precise number of killed on board of her was never ascertained. Captain Stewart, probably judging from an examination of her muster-roll, computed it at twelve; while the English accounts differ, some putting the killed at only four, and others at six. Probably it was between the highest and lowest estimates. Her regular crew was about one hundred and eighty-five, all told; and there is no reason to believe that it was not nearly full. Captain Stewart supposed that she had about one hundred and eighty on board during the action.

The Levant's regular complement is said to have been one hundred and thirty, all told; but a statement was

published in Barbadoes, where some of her officers shortly after went, that there were a good many supernumeraries in both the English vessels, who were going to the Western Islands, to bring away a ship that was building there.

Stewart supposed the Levant to have had one hundred and fifty-six men in the action, of whom he believed twenty-three to have been killed and sixteen wounded. This estimate may have been too high, but the exact truth was never known.

It is believed that no English official account of this action was ever published, but the Barbadoes statement makes the joint loss of the two ships ten killed and twenty-eighty wounded. Other English accounts make it forty-one in all. Captain Stewart's account of the wounded must certainly have been correct, whatever may have been the other estimates he made. Their loss, when exposed to the heavy and destructive fire of the Constitution, handled with the skill that that frigate was, could not fail to be very considerable.

The Constitution had three men killed and twelve wounded.

By midnight of the 20th the frigate was ready for another engagement. She was not very much cut up, for, although it was nearly four hours from the time the action began until the Levant struck, the actual fighting did not occupy three-quarters of an hour.

Considering that it was a night action the execution, on both sides, was remarkable; the English firing much better than usual.

The Constitution was hulled oftener in this action, than in both her previous battles, although she suffered less in crew than in the combat she had with the Java. She had not an officer hurt.

The manner in which Captain Stewart handled his ship on this occasion was the subject of praise among nautical men, of all nations, as it was an unusual thing for a single ship to engage two opponents and avoid being raked. So far from this occurring to the Constitution, however, she actually raked both her opponents, and the manner in which she backed and filled, in the smoke, forcing her two antagonists down to leeward, when they were endeavoring to cross her stern, or her fore-foot, is as brilliant manœuvring as any recorded in naval annals.

It is due to a gallant enemy to say that Captain Douglas commanded the entire respect of the Americans by his intrepidity and perseverance in standing by his consort. The necessity of securing possession of the Cyane employed the Constitution for some time, and gave the Levant an opportunity of making off; but of this he nobly refused to avail himself.

Captain Stewart proceeded, with his two prizes, to Porto Praya, in Saint Jago, Cape de Verdes, where he arrived on the 10th of March. At this place a vessel was chartered for a cartel, and more than a hundred of the prisoners were landed, to assist in fitting her for sea.

On the 11th of March, at a little after noon, while a party from the Constitution was absent in a cutter, to bring the cartel close down to the frigate, Mr. Shubrick, who was acting as First Lieutenant, was walking the quarter-deck, when his attention was attracted by a hurried exclamation from one of the English midshipmen, that a large ship was in the offing. A severe reprimand, in a low tone, followed from one of the English Captains. On looking over the quarter Mr. Shubrick ascertained the cause. The sea, outside the roads, was covered with a heavy fog, which did not, however, rise very high, so that above it the upper sails of a large vessel were visible.

She was close hauled, on the wind, standing in shore, and evidently coming into the roads.

After examining the strange sail the Lieutenant went below and reported to Captain Stewart. The latter at once remarked that, from the Lieutenant's description, she must be either an English frigate or a large India-man; and he directed all hands to be called, so as to get ready and go out to attack her.

The officer had no sooner given the order to call all hands than he turned to take another look at the stranger, when he discovered the canvas of two other vessels rising over the fog bank, in the same direction.

They were evidently men-of-war, and heavy ships; and were at once reported to the Captain. That prompt, cool, and decided officer did not hesitate an instant as to the course he was to take. He knew very well that the ships were probably English; and that they would disregard the neutrality of any port that had not force enough to resist them, or which did not belong to a nation they were bound to respect.

He immediately ordered the Constitution's cable cut, and got underway, at the same time making signal for his prizes to follow his motions.

In ten minutes after the order had been given, and in fourteen minutes after the first ship had been seen, the American frigate was standing out of the road, under her three top-sails. The cool and officer-like manner in which sail was made and the ship cast has been much extolled; not an instant having been lost by hurry or confusion. Her prizes followed her with like promptitude.

The harbor is to leeward of the island, and the north-east trades prevail there, and the three vessels passed out to sea hugging the easterly point; and being then about a gunshot to windward of the strange squadron. As

soon as she was clear of the east point the Constitution crossed top-gallant-yards, boarded her tacks, and set all light sail that would draw. The English prisoners who had been sent on shore at once took possession of a Portugese battery, and fired at the frigate as she passed out, thus drawing the attention of the incoming ships.

As soon as the Constitution and her prizes had gained the weather beam of the enemy, the latter tacked, and the six ships stood off to the southward and eastward, with a ten-knot breeze, and carrying everything that would draw.

The fog bank still lay so thick upon the water as to conceal the hulls of the strange ships; but they were supposed to be two line of battle-ships and a large frigate; the vessel most astern and to leeward being the Commodore. The strange frigate weathered upon all the American ships, and gained upon the Cyane and Levant, but fell astern of the Constitution; while the larger vessels on that frigate's lee quarter held way with her. As soon as she was clear of the land the Constitution cut adrift two of her boats, which were towing astern, the enemy pressing her too hard to allow of their being hoisted in.

The Cyane gradually dropped astern and to leeward, rendering it certain that, if she stood on, the most weatherly of the pursuing vessels would soon be alongside of her; so, at about one P. M. Captain Stewart made signal for her to tack. This order the Prize Master, Lieutenant Hoffman, at once obeyed, and it was expected that one of the chasing vessels would go about, and follow her, but this hope was disappointed.

The Cyane, finding that she was not pursued, stood on until she was lost in the fog, when Mr. Hoffman tacked again, supposing that the enemy might chase him to lee-

ward. This officer very prudently improved his advantage by keeping long enough on that tack to allow the enemy to pass ahead, should they pursue him, and then he squared away for America, and arrived safely, in New York, on the 10th of April.

The three ships still continued to chase the Constitution and the Levant; and although, as they left the land the fog lessened, it still lay so low and dense as to put in doubt the exact force of the strange vessels.

The English officers who were prisoners on board the Constitution affirmed that the ship which was getting into her wake was the Acasta, 40, Captain Kerr, a ship which carried 24-pounders; and it was thought that the three composed a squadron that was known to be cruising for the American ships President, Peacock, and Hornet; consisting of the Leander, 50, Sir George Collier; Newcastle, 50, Lord George Stuart; and the Acasta. They subsequently proved to be those very ships.

The vessel on the lee quarter of the Constitution was the Newcastle, and by half-past two the fog had got so low that her officers were seen standing on the hammock cloths, though the line of her ports was not visible.

She now began to fire by divisions, and some opinion of her armament could be formed as her guns flashed through the fog. Her shot struck the water quite close to the American ship, but did not rise again.

By three in the afternoon the Levant had fallen so far astern that she was in the same danger as the Cyane had been, and Captain Stewart made her signal to tack.

Mr. Ballard, her prize-master, immediately did so, and a few minutes later the three English ships tacked, by signal, and chased the prize, leaving the Constitution steering in an opposite direction, and going eleven knots.

Lieutenant Ballard, finding the enemy bent upon

following the Levant, and that the Acasta was to windward of her wake, ran back into Porto Praya, where he anchored at about four in the afternoon, within one hundred and fifty yards of the shore, and under a strong battery. The enemy's ships followed her in, having commenced firing as soon as it was seen that she would gain the anchorage, and, after bearing their fire for some time, her colors were hauled down. The English prisoners who had seized the shore battery also fired upon her; but little injury was done, as Mr. Ballard caused his men to lie down on deck as soon as the anchor was let go.

Sir George Collier was much criticised for the course he pursued on this occasion. It was certainly a mistake on his part to call off more than one ship to chase the Levant, although it may be said that the position of the Leander, in the fog, and so far to leeward and astern, did not give the senior officer the best opportunity for observing the true condition of affairs. There was certainly every prospect of the Acasta's bringing the Constitution to action in the course of the night, if she had kept up the pursuit.

The result would, of course, have been very doubtful, as her consorts would have been far astern by that time; but she could probably have sufficiently disabled the American frigate as to render her ultimate capture certain.

Whatever may be thought of the conduct of the enemy, there could be but one opinion in regard to that of Captain Stewart.

His promptitude in deciding upon his course when the enemy were first sighted, the good judgment with which he ordered the prizes to vary their courses, and the general steadiness of conduct on board the Constitution, advanced

to an exalted position a professional reputation which was already very high.

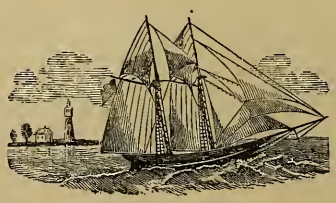
This action and the subsequent chase terminated the exploits of the favorite ship which he commanded—as far as that war was concerned.

Stewart, after landing his prisoners at Maranham, went to Porto Rico, where he learned that peace was proclaimed; and he at once carried the ship to New York.

In the course of two years and nine months the Constitution had been in three actions; had been twice critically chased, and had captured five vessels of war, two of which were frigates, and one frigate built.

In all her service, as well before Tripoli as in this war, her good fortune was remarkable. She was never dismasted; never got on shore; and suffered scarcely any of the usual accidents of the sea.

Though so often in action, no serious slaughter ever took place on board of her. One of her Commanders was wounded, and four of her Lieutenants had been killed, two on her decks, and two in the Intrepid. But, on the whole, she was what is usually called a "lucky ship." This was probably due to the fact that she had always been ably commanded; and in her last two cruises had as fine a crew as ever manned a ship. They were mostly New England men, and it has been said that they were almost qualified to fight the ship without her officers.



XXXVI.

LORD EXMOUTH AT ALGIERS. A. D. 1816.

VISCOUNT Exmouth (Sir Edward Pellew), a celebrated English Admiral, was born at Dover, in 1757. His family was Norman, but had been settled in Cornwall for many centuries. Entering the English navy at the age of thirteen, he soon distinguished himself for his daring, activity, intelligence, and all other qualities which go to make up a good officer.

His first war service was at the battle of Lake Champlain, in our own country, when he succeeded to the command of the schooner Carleton, and won a Lieutenant's commission. The next year he served in Burgoyne's unfortunate campaign, in command of a detachment of seamen, whose tremendous labor in the lakes and rivers was entirely thrown away by Burgoyne's capture.

After this he was employed actively against the French, and was knighted for a very gallant action, when, in command of the Nymphe frigate, he captured the Cleopatra, a much heavier ship. In 1794, in command of the Arethusa frigate, he captured the French frigate Pomone; and in consequence was given the command of a division, when he again distinguished himself.

Always noted for deeds of daring, one of the most remarkable of these was his boarding the wrecked

transport Sutton, shipwrecked on the coast of England. He took charge, and by his personal influence and great exertions, saved the lives of all on board.

In 1798, in command of the Impetueux, of the Channel fleet, he participated in several actions. He then entered Parliament, and was known as a strenuous supporter of the policy of William Pitt.

In 1804 he was made a Rear-Admiral, and appointed Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, when he succeeded in nearly clearing those seas of the French cruisers, which had done so much damage to English commerce.

He returned to England in 1809, and was immediately appointed to the Command in the North Sea. After this he served as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and in 1814 was raised to the peerage.

The atrocities committed by the Algerines, and the barbarous massacre of the crews of more than three hundred small vessels, at Bona, on the 23d of May, 1816, induced the British Government to prepare an expedition to act against the forts and shipping of Algiers. This piratical city had often been attacked and bombarded before, notably by the celebrated French Admiral Duquesne, in the latter part of the 17th century; but it was reserved for Lord Exmouth and an English fleet to give it a final blow.

On the 28th of July, 1816, Lord Exmouth sailed from Plymouth Sound, in command of a fleet bound to Algiers. His flag-ship was the Queen Charlotte, of 100 guns, and Rear-Admiral Milne, his second in command, was in the Impregnable, 98. There were also three 74s, one 50, two 40s, two 36s, five brigs, and four bomb-vessels.

Upon reaching Gibraltar, on the 9th of August, Lord Exmouth was joined by the Minden, 74, and also received offers of co-operation from Vice-Admiral Baron Van de

Cappellen, of the Dutch navy, which Exmouth very cordially received. The Dutch had four forty-gun ships, a thirty, and a sloop of eighteen guns.

On the 13th of August each captain received a plan of the fortifications they were to attack, and definite instructions, and the whole fleet, amounting to twenty-three sail, with five gun-boats, and a sloop, fitted as an explosion vessel, weighed anchor, and proceeded for their destination.

On the passage they were joined by a sloop-of-war, which had taken off the wife and children of the British Consul at Algiers. But the Consul himself had been most arbitrarily detained by the Dey, together with the Surgeon, three Midshipmen, and eighteen men belonging to the sloop-of-war. (Any one curious in regard to these remarkable transactions cannot do better than read the book upon Algiers, by Mr. Shaler, American Consul there at the time of the bombardment. Mr. Shaler, in his work, points out the true way to take Algiers, and his advice was afterwards followed by the French, when they took the place.)

The fortifications of Algiers were deemed almost impregnable, especially by the artillery of that time; upon the various batteries on the north side of the bay eighty pieces of cannon and eight heavy mortars were mounted; but the water was so shoal that a large ship could not come within their reach. Between the north wall of the city and the commencement of the mole (which was about 800 feet long, and which connected the town with the lighthouse) were about twenty guns; and a semi-circular battery, mounting two tiers of guns, about forty-four in all, stood on the northern projection of the mole.

To the southward of that, and nearly in a line with the pier, was the lighthouse battery, of three tiers, mounting

forty-eight guns, next to which was the eastern battery, mounting sixty-six guns in three tiers, flanked by four other batteries, of two tiers, mounting altogether sixty guns, and on the mole-head were two long 68-pounders, described as being twenty feet in length. The total number of guns on the mole and pier was at least 220, composed of 32, 24, and 18-pounders.

The "fish-market" battery, about 300 yards west from the south mole-head, mounted fifteen guns, in three tiers. Between that and the southern extremity of the city were two batteries of five guns each. Beyond the city, in this direction, was a castle and three other batteries, mounting altogether about seventy guns. In the rear of the city, and on the heights, were several other batteries; so that the total number of guns mounted for the defence of this fastness of robbery, oppression, and cruelty, exceeded 1000.

On the 27th of August, at daybreak, the city of Algiers was in sight, but the ships were lying nearly becalmed. A boat in charge of a Lieutenant was despatched to the Dey, to demand compliance with the following conditions: the abolition of Christian slavery; the release of all Christian slaves; the repayment of the money recently exacted for the redemption of Neapolitan and Sardinian slaves; peace with the King of the Netherlands; and the immediate liberation of the English Consul and the officers and boats' crews of the Prometheus.

The boat with the flag of truce was towed in shore, and was met, at 11 A. M., near the mole, by an Algerine boat, in which was the Captain of the Port, who promised a reply in two hours. In the meantime the sea breeze sprang up, and the whole fleet stood into the bay, and hove to about a mile from the batteries. At 2 P. M., no answer having been received, the boat sent with the

message made signal to that effect, and returned to her own ship.

Lord Exmouth at once demanded, by signal, if all the ships were ready, and being answered in the affirmative, the fleet bore up for the attack, in the order precisely laid down.

About half-past two in the afternoon the flag-ship, Queen Charlotte, anchored, with springs, about fifty yards from the mole-head; and while in the act of making a warp fast to an Algerine brig on shore at the mouth of the harbor, a shot was fired at the ship; and at the same moment two shots from the opposite end of the mole were fired at the Impregnable, and other ships, as they were advancing to take their stations.

Lord Exmouth, unwilling to sacrifice the mass of Algerine townspeople standing on the parapet of the mole, and gazing with astonishment at the strange ships, waved his hand to them to descend, and at once gave orders to commence firing, when the action became general, as soon as the guns would bear.

On the Queen Charlotte's port bow lay the Leander, 50, occupying the place in line of a line-of-battle ship, with her starboard after guns bearing upon the mole, and her forward guns upon the "fish-market" battery.

Ahead of the Leander was the Severn, 40, her starboard broadside bearing full upon the "fish-market" battery. Close to the Severn was the Glasgow, 40, whose port guns bore upon the town batteries. On the port quarter of the Queen Charlotte was the Superb, 74, her starboard broadside bearing on the 60-gun battery next to the one on the mole-head. It was intended that the Impregnable, 98, and Albion, 74, should take their places close astern of the Superb, but the former, not being sufficiently up when the firing began, brought up consider-

ably outside of her appointed station, and beyond the line of bearing within which the attacking force had been ordered to assemble. The Impregnable, in consequence, lay exposed, at the distance of five hundred yards, to the lighthouse battery of three tiers, as well as to the eastern battery of two tiers. The Minden pushed on and dropped her anchor in the space between the Impregnable and Superb, on the port quarter of the latter. The Albion brought up near the Impregnable, but weighed again, and, about three o'clock, anchored close astern of the Minden.

The end of her stream cable was then passed out of the gun-room port of the latter, by which the Albion was hove close to the stern of the Minden.

Thus the line-of-battle ships took their stations in a northerly direction from the mole-head; and the frigates from the "fish-market" battery, in a curved line to the southwest.

The Dutch Admiral intended to have placed his flag-ship, a frigate called the Melampus, in the centre of his squadron, and against the batteries to the southward of the city; but not being able to take this station, in consequence of the Diana being too far to the southward, he ran past that frigate, and anchored the Melampus with her jib-boom over the Glasgow's taffrail.

The Diana and Dageraad anchored astern of the Melampus, and the other two Dutch frigates further out; the corvette remaining under way. The Hebrus, 36, being becalmed, anchored a little without the line, on the port quarter of the Queen Charlotte. The Granicus, 36, hove to, in order to allow the large ships to take their places; after which she steered for the Admiral's flag, which alone could be seen over the clouds of smoke already formed, and anchored in a space scarcely exceed-

ing her own length, between the Superb and Queen Charlotte.

The skill with which Captain Wise, her commander, took up this position elicited the admiration of all who witnessed it. The brigs of the fleet either anchored or kept under way, as most convenient. The bomb vessels anchored about two thousand yards from the Algerine batteries; except one, which took up an inside berth; and the gun-boats and mortar-boats placed themselves where they could most annoy the enemy.

The Leander was especially charged with the Algerine gun-boats and row-galleys, which she was not long in destroying by her fire; and at about four P. M. she ceased firing, that the barge of the Queen Charlotte might set fire to an Algerine frigate which was lying across the mole. This service was gallantly performed, and the frigate was soon in flames; the boat returning with the loss of only two men killed. Lord Exmouth particularly complimented those employed in this service. A young Midshipman, in command of a rocket-boat, followed the barge, but, owing to the slowness of his boat, was much exposed to a heavy fire from the batteries, and was wounded, with nine of his boat's crew; while another Midshipman who was with him was killed.

About half-past four Rear Admiral Milne sent a message to Lord Exmouth, stating that the Impregnable had sustained a loss of one hundred and fifty in killed and wounded, and requesting that a frigate might be sent to divert some of the fire from that ship.

The Glasgow attempted to perform that service, but, it being perfectly calm, the frigate was unable, after an hour's exertion, to reach the intended position, and was obliged to anchor just ahead of the Severn, with her

stern towards that ship, and thus become exposed to a severe fire from the "fish market" and contiguous batteries. Somewhat later the Leander, having also suffered severely from these batteries, ran out a hawser to the Severn, and sprang her broadside round upon them.

The mortar and rocket-boats had by this time set all the vessels within the harbor on fire, and the flames soon reached the arsenal and storehouses on the mole. The city was also on fire in several places, from the shells thrown by the bomb-vessels. The sloop fitted for an explosion vessel was now run on shore, close under a semi-circular battery, to the northward of the light-house, and about nine at night this vessel, charged with about 150 barrels of powder, was exploded. The effect of it is not recorded, and was probably not much, as similar explosions have since failed to produce any great result.

The fleet continued a tremendous cannonade until ten P. M., when, the upper tiers of the batteries on the mole being nearly destroyed, and the lower tiers almost silenced, the Queen Charlotte cut her cables and stood off, with a light breeze from the land, directing the rest of the ships to follow her. The breeze was so light that the Superb and Impregnable, in standing off, suffered much from the raking fire of a fort at the upper angle of the city, which rises up the side of a hill, the walls coming to an angle at the top. When the Leander's cable was slipped she was found to have sustained so much damage aloft that she was unmanageable, and fast drifting down on the mole, where the enemy's ships were burning. Fortunately she got a hawser to the Severn, and was towed off. Had she taken the ground, she must have been destroyed, with the greater part of her crew.

Two or three times the hawser parted, but was as often reconveyed by the boats, under sharp musketry fire from the mole. At length the Severn got a good breeze, and the Leander was saved from her perilous situation.

Before two o'clock in the morning the whole fleet was beyond the reach of the enemy's shot, being greatly assisted in taking up an anchorage by the blaze of the burning Algerine fleet, which illuminated the whole bay, and lighted up the terraced town, with its white houses rising one above the other to the fort, which dominated the whole.

As if to add to the grandeur and wildness of the scene, a storm of thunder and lightning came on, and lasted till daybreak.

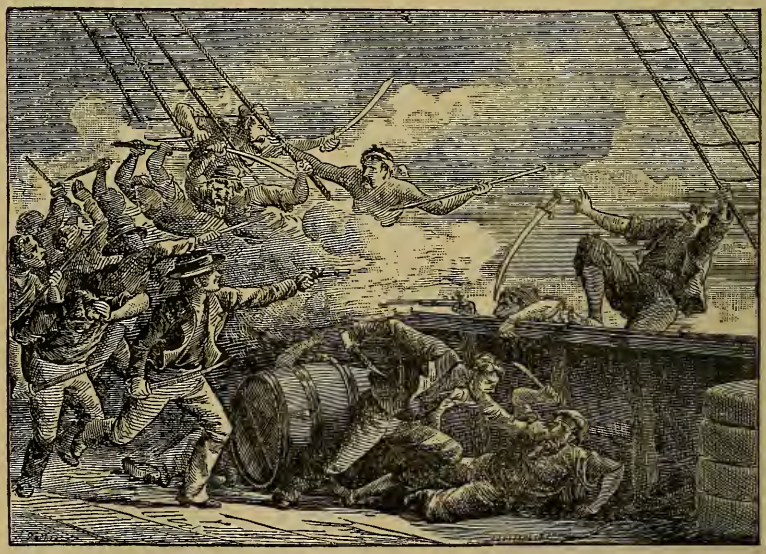
At daybreak in the morning the bomb vessels were ordered to again take up their stations, in readiness to resume the bombardment of the city; while Lord Exmouth's Flag-Lieutenant was despatched with a flag of truce, to repeat the demands made on the preceding day. The Algerine officer who came out to meet the flag of truce declared that an answer had been sent the day before, but that no boat could be found to receive it.

On the 29th the Captain of the Port came off, accompanied by the British Consul, who had been imprisoned by the Dey; and the same afternoon an English Captain landed, and had a conference with the Dey, at his palace; which resulted in the delivery to the British of more than twelve hundred Christian slaves, the restoration of nearly $400,000 for slaves redeemed by Naples and Sicily, peace between Algiers and the Netherlands, and $30,000 paid to the British Consul, as compensation for the loss of his property, which had been plundered. The Dey, moreover, made an apology for his detention.

The loss of the attacking party in this successful bombardment was one hundred and forty-one killed and seven hundred and forty-two wounded. The Dutch squadron, which was highly complimented by Lord Exmouth for gallant conduct, lost, of the above, thirteen killed and fifty-two wounded.

This bombardment broke the Algerine power completely, and put an end, almost altogether, to her piratical exploits.

Fourteen years afterwards the country was captured by France, and has ever since remained in the possession of that country.



FIGHT WITH ALGERINE PIRATES.

XXXVII.

NAVARINO, 1827.

IN the summer of 1827, an English squadron, under Vice Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, acting in concert with a division of French ships, under Rear-Admiral De Rigny, and a Russian squadron, under Rear-Admiral Count Heiden, assembled in the Mediterranean.

The object this allied fleet had in view was the enforcement of a protocol, signed at St. Petersburg, on April 4th, 1826, for the protection of the inhabitants of the Morea from the cruelties practiced upon them by the Turks, under Ibrahim Pacha. Russia would probably have interfered alone, and England and France were, no doubt, fearful of the possible consequences of allowing Russia to do so, in the war then being carried on between the Greeks and their Turkish oppressors.

A further agreement between the three powers was come to in London, July 6th, 1827, and they insisted, in the first place, upon an armistice between Turkey and Greece. This was agreed to by the belligerents, but was violated by Turkey almost as soon as her assent was given. This conduct on the part of the Porte led directly to the short but very terrible naval battle of Navarino, on the 20th of October, in the same year.

On the 3d of September an Egyptian fleet, with troops, entered the harbor of Navarino, where they were closely

watched by the combined squadrons. On the 19th, finding that the British squadron alone remained off the port, Ibrahim Pacha, wishing to send relief to Patras, ordered out a division of his fleet, but finding their movements watched, they returned to Navarino.

Rear-Admiral De Rigny having rejoined the blockading squadron, a conference took place on the 25th, in the tent of Ibrahim, who then agreed to suspend hostilities against the Greeks until an answer could be obtained from Constantinople, and that, in the meantime, his fleet should not quit the harbor. Upon the faith of this assurance, nearly all the Allied ships were withdrawn from before Navarino. Part of the squadron was sent to Malta, to refit; the British Admiral went to Zante, and the French to Milo, for provisions. The Dartmouth and Armide, frigates, alone remained off the port.

Scarcely had the English Admiral anchored at Zante when the Dartmouth hove in sight, with the signal flying that the Turks had put to sea; and the Armide, proceeding towards Milo, overtook the French Admiral before he reached that place. Sir Edward Codrington, having with him a frigate and two corvettes only, intercepted the Turkish squadron, consisting of seven frigates, nine corvettes, two brigs, and nineteen transports; which, on his firm remonstrance, all put back. A second division, of six Egyptian frigates and eight brigs, had likewise put to sea, but they also returned, and the whole re-entered Navarino on the 4th of October. By the 15th the different Allied squadrons were again assembled off Navarino; and Ibrahim, thus blocked up, continued his tyrannical proceedings inland. Various attempts were made to communicate with him, but without success; and a final conference was called, on the 18th of October, on board Codrington's flag-ship, the Asia; at which it was

decided to enter the harbor of Navarino, and from thence renew the negotiations. On the evening of the 19th Vice Admiral Codrington issued full instructions to the whole force, pointing out the position for anchoring each division, but concluding with the well known advice of Lord Nelson, "If a general action should take place, no Captain can be better placed than when his vessel is alongside one of the enemy."

The harbor of Navarino was the scene, four hundred and twenty-five years before Christ, of a great naval battle between Athens and Sparta, in which the latter suffered an overwhelming defeat.

The harbor is about six miles in circumference. The mainland bends round three sides of it, almost in a horse-shoe, and the island of Sphacteria, two miles in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth, stretches across from one headland to the other. The only available passage into Navarino is at the southern end of the island, and is about six hundred yards in width. On entering the passage there appears at the right a bold promontory dominated by a fort, originally built by the Venetians, and under the fort the small walled town of Navarino, near which Ibrahim's army was encamped.

On the southern extremity of the island, almost opposite to the fortress on the promontory, another fort was placed. The first fortress was very formidable, mounting 125 guns, and, with that on the island, was well placed to defend the entrance of the harbor, as well as to command the anchorage within. At the northern end of the island was a third battery, which also commanded the harbor.

At about half-past one P. M., on the 20th of October, the signal was made by the Asia to prepare for action, and the combined fleet weighed anchor, and stood into

the harbor. The British and French formed the weather or starboard column, and the Russians the lee line.

The following were the vessels composing the allied fleet; The Asia, of 80 guns, Vice-Admiral Codrington's flag-ship; two 74s, the Genoa and Albion; four frigates of various force, from 50 to 28 guns; and one corvette, three brigs, and a cutter.

The French had two 80-gun ships, the Trident and Breslau; one 78, the Scipion; one 60, the Sirène, flag-ship; the Armide frigate, 46 guns, and two corvettes.

The Russian squadron consisted of the Azoff, 80; the Gargoute, Ezekiel, and Newsky, 76; three 46-gun frigates, and one 48.

The Turco-Egyptian fleet consisted of three ships-of-the-line, one razee, sixteen frigates, twenty-seven corvettes, and twenty-seven brigs, with six fire-ships. To these must be added the guns in the forts, on shore, in number about 200, and some armed transports, which brought the number of Turkish guns up to about 2000.

About 2 P. M. the Asia, leading, arrived at the mouth of the harbor, and passed unmolested within pistol-shot of the heavy battery on the starboard hand. The Turks and Egyptians were moored in the form of a crescent, the larger ones presenting their broadsides towards the centre, and the smaller ones inside, filling up the intervals. The Asia anchored close alongside a ship-of-the-line bearing the flag of the Capitan Bey, and on the port or inner quarter of a large double-banked frigate with the flag of Moharem Bey, Commander-in-chief of the Egyptian squadron. The Genoa followed within one hundred yards of her leader, and brought up abreast of a large frigate astern of the Admiral; the Albion, in turn, anchored astern of the Genoa. The Russian Admiral was to look out for four ships which were to windward,

part of the Egyptian squadron, and those to leeward, in the bight of the crescent, were to mark the stations of the whole Russian squadron, the ships of their line closing with the English.

The French frigate Armide was to take her station alongside the outermost frigate on the left, in entering the harbor, and three English frigates next to her. The smaller English vessels were to watch the movements of the fire-ships.

Strict orders were given by Admiral Codrington that not a gun should be fired unless the Allied squadrons were first attacked by the Turks, and these orders were rigidly observed.

The entry of the Allied fleets was silently permitted by the Turks, who did not call to quarters, either with drum or trumpet, and an ominous silence was preserved throughout their line; so it was difficult to suppose that a most bloody battle was about to take place.

The Turkish fleet and batteries were prepared for action, however; and it so proved when the Dartmouth frigate, which had anchored close to the fire-ships, and whose Captain, perceiving certain movements on board of them which induced him to believe that the Turks were about to act on the offensive, sent a boat, under command of a lieutenant, to request that the fire-ships should quit the anchorage occupied by the Allies. Upon the boat's proceeding alongside the fire-ship, a fire of musketry was opened upon her, and the lieutenant and several of the crew were killed. The fire was replied to from the boat, and the sharp report of small arms, echoing from the surrounding rocky eminences, seemed to awake the Turks from a torpor.

Just at this critical moment the French flag-ship, the Sirène, which was close alongside the Egyptian frigate

Esnina, hailed, to say that she should not fire if the Esnina did not. The words had hardly passed the French Captain's lips when the Egyptain fired her broadside slap into the Sirène. So quickly that it seemed an echo, the formidable broadside of the Sirène was heard in reply, delivered point blank into the Esnina. At the same moment the Turkish Admiral fired a shot, and upon this the whole Allied fleet in a position to do so opened fire upon the Turks.

The Asia, though abreast of the ship of the Capitan Bey, was nearer to that of Moharem Bey; and as the latter did not fire at the Asia, the English flag-ship did not fire at her. A messenger was sent to the Asia by Moharem Bey, to say that he did not intend to fire, and Admiral Codrington, still unwilling to believe a serious engagement possible, sent a boat with a Mr. Mitchell, who was acting as pilot and interpreter, to assure Moharem of his desire to avoid bloodshed.

But Mitchell was treacherously shot dead when descending the side of the Egyptian ship. Soon after the Egyptian opened fire, and as Admiral Codrington says, in his dispatch, "was consequently effectually destroyed by the Asia's fire, sharing the same fate as his brother Admiral on the starboard side, and falling to leeward, a complete wreck." The action then became general; and the ships were soon enveloped in dense clouds of powder smoke, only lighted by the rapid flashes of the guns; and very soon these lurid flashes became the only guides by which the gunners could sight their pieces. In this dreadful turmoil the drill, discipline and experience of the Europeans gave them the advantage. As their shot told more truly than those of the Turks, each broadside of the Allies tore through the hulls, swept the decks, and wrecked the masts and rigging of the Ottoman fleet.

The Turks, raging, furious and desperate, fought with blind and ill-directed courage. In working their guns they seemed only anxious to fire rapidly, without taking time to point their pieces. Less carried away by rage, and a little more skillful, they should have overwhelmed the Allies, for they had treble the number of guns. In the meantime the Allies kept up a close, cool and accurate fire, and the Turkish losses soon became frightful.

Two fire-ships were soon in flames, and a third blew up, while a fourth was sunk by shot. The forts opened upon the Allies, and that of Navarino, especially, committed much havoc; but almost as much among friends as foes.

The Russian ships did not reach their assigned positions until about three o'clock, when the fire was at its height. The Asia's fire having disposed of her two opponents, that ship became exposed to a severe raking fire from the Turkish inner lines, by which her mizzen-mast was shot away, several guns disabled, and many of her crew killed and wounded. The Master of the Asia was killed in the early part of the action, while bringing both broadsides to bear upon the Turkish and Egyptian Admirals. Captain Bell, of the marines, was also killed, and Sir Edward Codrington was struck by a musket-ball, which knocked his watch out of his pocket, and battered it to pieces. The Genoa, next astern the English Admiral, suffered very severely, being engaged from first to last, and doing excellent service. As the Turks fired high, the carnage among the marines on the poops of the large vessels was so great that it was thought best to remove them to the quarter deck, and their loss was especially great in the Genoa. Commodore Bathurst, of that ship, was wounded three times; the last time mortally, by a grape-shot which passed through his body

and lodged in the opposite bulwark. The French frigate Armide sustained for a long time, and without being disabled, the fire of five Egyptian frigates. The French line-of-battle ship Scipion was on fire no less than four times, from a fire-ship which lay in flames across her fore-foot. Each time the flames were extinguished; and that without any perceptible want of regularity in her fire. The English ship Albion, next astern of the Genoa, was exposed to the united fire of a cluster of ships, including one 74, and two 64-gun ships About half an hour after the action commenced one of the Turkish ships fell foul of the Albion, and her crew made an attempt to board, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The Turkish ship was in turn boarded and taken. The English were in the act of releasing a number of Greek prisoners secured in the hold of this ship, when she was discovered to be on fire. The English, therefore, left her, having cut her cables, and the Turk, enveloped in flames, drifted clear of the Albion, and, shortly after, blew up, with a tremendous explosion.

The two remaining large Turkish ships again opened upon the Albion; but she returned the fire so vigorously that the largest of the two was soon in flames. The Albion was all the afternoon surrounded by blazing ships; but at dusk she got under way, and stood clear of them.

The ships of all three of the Allies seem to have behaved with equal gallantry; but the performance of the little cutter, the Hind, tender to the Asia, deserves especial mention. She was of one hundred and sixty tons, mounted eight light guns, and had a crew of thirty men. She had been to Zante, and only returned as the Allied squadrons were entering Navarino, and her gallant Commander determined, notwithstanding his trifling force,

to have his share in the glories of the day. He accordingly entered with the rest, and, taking up a raking position astern of a large frigate, at only a few yards distance, opened upon her a sharp fire. The cutter was exposed to the fire of several small vessels, and in about three quarters of an hour they cut her cables, and she drifted away between a large corvette and a brig, which she engaged until the brig caught fire and blew up. The Hind then continued to fire into the corvette, until her remaining cable was cut, and she drifted clear of her adversary. Still drifting, in the hottest of the fire, the little Hind fouled a Turkish frigate; her main-boom entering one of the main-deck ports; and the Turks were about to board her. In this they were repeatedly repulsed; and at last the Turks manned a large boat, to try to carry her in that way. The Hind's crew knocked this boat to pieces with her carronades, crammed to the muzzle with grape and canister; and the cutter soon after drifted clear of the frigate, just as a general cessation of fire took place.

Her loss, in all this fighting, only amounted to a Mate and three men killed, and a Midshipman and nine men wounded.

As we have said, the French ships behaved admirably, as did the Russians. In fact, the position of the contending ships was such that the mutual and perfect co-operation of each ship of the Allied squadron was absolutely necessary to bring about a favorable termination. Had the Russians or French not taken their full share in the day's work, the British must have been annihilated.

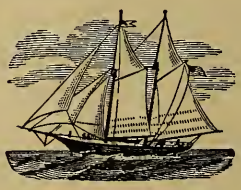
The close and continued cannonade caused complete and dreadful destruction to the Turks. About forty of their vessels, of different rates, fell a prey to the flames,

exploding their magazines in succession, as the fire reached them, and covering the waters of the bay with their fragments and the burned and mutilated bodies of their crews. By five P. M. the entire first line of the Turks was destroyed, and by seven there remained afloat, of all their formidable armament, only a few small vessels which had been furthest in shore. These were mostly abandoned by their crews, who had made their escape to the neighboring hills.

Sir Edward Codrington reported that, on the morning after the battle, "out of a fleet composed of eighty-one vessels, only one frigate and fifteen smaller vessels are in a state ever again to put to sea."

The allied fleets lost 177 killed and 480 wounded. The Turks were estimated to have lost at least six thousand killed.

This action created a great sensation throughout Europe; not only because no great naval action had been fought for some years, but because the friends of Grecian independence saw in the battle the probable freedom of that oppressed State. But politicians were alarmed at what they feared would be the deplorable consequences of leaving Turkey disarmed, in the presence of ambitious and menacing Russia, as the battle had already, it was said, "turned the Black Sea into a Russian lake," and that great opportunity for Greece was lost through the fears and vacillation of diplomatists.



SINOPE, 1853.

(The Russians under Admiral Nachimoff Annihilating the Turkish Fleet, in the harbor of Sinope.)

XXXVIII.

SINOPE, 1853.

SINOPE is a very ancient town, situated mostly upon a peninsula, which juts out from the coast of Anatolia into the Black Sea.

It was once far-famed as the capital city of Mithridates, King of Pontus, as well as the birth place of Diogenes, of whom, perhaps, more people have heard, although he was not a King.

After frequent and honorable mention in very ancient history, we, later on, find it, when it fell into the all-conquering Romans' power, the seat of the government of the celebrated Pliny, and the remains of the aqueduct then built by him are still to be traced in the neighborhood.

In 1470 Mohamet II included it in the Turkish Empire, of which it has ever since remained a part.

The modern town has about ten thousand people, and presents to the view of one arriving before it by sea the peculiar, shabby, picturesque and dilapidated appearance of most third-rate Turkish places, where red-tiled roofs overhang mouldy, moss-covered, wooden buildings. Here and there among the dull red of the roofs rises the bright and graceful minaret of a mosque; while in the background clumps of the funereal cypress show the spots where the faithful lie at rest. Portions of a ruinous, turreted wall are to be seen here and there; but there

are no forts or other defences worthy of the name, although for years it had been a Turkish "military" port, where men-of-war were occasionally built or repaired.

Perhaps Sinope would never have been heard of in modern times, but for a naval action which created an unusual sensation throughout both the Christian and Moslem worlds, and which alienated from the Russians, at the very beginning of the Crimean War, the sympathy of many who would otherwise have been favorable to their designs.

The affair about to be narrated was an abuse of superior force, at a time when war was inevitable, but had not been proclaimed, between Russia and the Ottoman Porte.

On November 30th, 1853, a Turkish squadron, consisting of seven frigates, three corvettes, and two steamers, were driven, by stress of bad weather, into the anchorage of Sinope. In this, their own port of refuge, they were surprised by the arrival of the Russian Vice Admiral Nachimoff, with a fleet of two three-decked ships, four 74s, three frigates, one transport, and three steam-vessels.

Admiral Nachimoff at once summoned the Turkish squadron to surrender to him. But, in spite of the immense disproportion in force, the Turkish Admiral resolved to resist his demands to the last extremity, and to destroy his squadron rather than strike his flag. So about midday, in response to a formal summons, he opened fire upon the Russians. It seemed almost like an act of madness, to which he was goaded by the outrageousness of such a demand made upon him before war was declared; but we cannot help admiring his desperate courage and determination, even if it was that of despair; for he could have had no hope of success against such a force as the Russians had.

This remarkable action, thus begun, was maintained until a full hour after sunset; the termination of the bloody fight being lighted up by the flames of the town itself, which had been set on fire by the Russian shells.

At last the Ottoman squadron was blotted out of existence; and not till then did the reports of the guns cease, and silence fall upon the waters of the harbor.

Of the twelve Turkish vessels, eight were sunk outright, at their anchors, by shot. The Captain of the Mizamiéh, of sixty guns, fought his ship to the last, with terrible energy, and at last fired his own magazine, and blew the vessel, and most of those who had survived the action, to fragments.

The Captain of the Navik, of 52 guns, followed his example, and immediately blew up his vessel.

The Russian fleet, in spite of their superiority, suffered terribly from the desperate defence of the Turks. Several of their vessels, completely dismasted, were obliged to leave Sinope in tow of steamers; and none of them ever did any more service, for after being for a long time blockaded in Sebastopol, by the French and English fleets, they were sunk in that harbor by the Russians themselves.

Although so much of the town was injured by shot and fire, and at least one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants were killed or burned, strange to say, a fine fifty-gun steam-frigate, upon the stocks, escaped destruction. A visitor, soon after the battle, describes the scene as most heart-rending and depressing, and expresses wonder that more of the towns-people were not killed, as the fields, inland, were covered with fragments of the blown up ships, exploded shells, bolts, chains, spars and planks. An anchor weighing fifteen hundred pounds was blown inland more than a quarter of a mile.

XXXIX.

LISSA, 1866.

ISSA is an island of the Adriatic, thirty-three miles southwest of Spalatro, in Dalmatia. In ancient times, four centuries before Christ, it was settled by Greeks from Lesbos, who named it Issa, from one of the names of their own island, in the Ægean.

During the first Punic war the Isseans, already expert seamen, helped the Roman Duilius with their beaked ships, and the Great Republic of antiquity in return assisted them in resisting aggression. They were again allies against Philip of Macedon.

In the year 966 the Venetians were in possession of the island, but the Ragusans, from the mainland, drove them out, only to return, and to establish firmly the reign of the Doges. The principal town was twice entirely destroyed, once by the Neapolitans, and once by the Turks, and the present city, which rises in an amphitheatrical form from the shores of the principal harbor, only dates from the year 1571. During the Napoleonic wars the island was occupied by the French, and near it, in 1810, an important naval action was fought, in which an English squadron defeated the French. The English then seized and kept possession of the island until the grand settlement and apportionment, after the peace of 1815, when it became the property of Austria. The

BATTLE OF LISSA (1866).

fortifications erected by the British were only dismantled in 1870. The island is fertile, quite mountainous, and a conspicuous landmark in the navigation of the Adriatic.

In the course of the war between Austria and Italy, which terminated in the entire liberation of the latter country from the dominion of the hated "Tedeschi," who had occupied Venice and the fairest parts of Lombardy for so many years, Italy suffered two great defeats. One was on land, at Custozza, where their army, though unsuccessful, came out with honor, after proofs of courage and conduct.

The navy of Italy, then comparatively small and untried, was anxious to redeem the Italian honor and arms, by meeting the Austrian fleet. Under the auspices of the navy a descent was therefore made upon the Austrian island of Lissa.

On the 18th of July, 1866, the island was attacked and taken by the fleet under Admiral Persano. But their success was short-lived, for the Austrians came down the next day, and inflicted the terrible defeat which, for the time, completely disorganized the Italian navy.

This fleet was composed of eleven armored vessels (including large and small, and the ram L'Affondatore), two frigates, one corvette and three gun-boats, each mounting two guns, five despatch vessels, and a few smaller craft, hardly fit to enter into action.

Among the Italian vessels was the large ironclad frigate Ré d'Italia, built during our civil war, for the Italian Government, by Webb, of New York. This fleet was commanded by Admiral Persano, and was in three divisions. The first, under the direct orders of Persano himself, consisted of eight armored vessels, and some other lighter steamers; the second division, under Vice-Admiral Albini, consisted of six screw frigates, un-

armored; the third division, under Rear-Admiral Vacca, consisted of three ironclad vessels.

The Austrian fleet, which came down to seek the Italians, and to offer battle, as soon as the news of the capture of Lissa was received, consisted of twenty-two vessels. Seven of them were armored; one was a screw ship-of-the-line, called the Kaiser, of 90 guns; four screw frigates; four gun-boats; one corvette; and a few small craft.

In spite of the fact that the Austrian fleet would, undoubtedly, come to dispute their conquest, the Italians seem to have been taken rather by surprise, especially as Admiral Tegethoff approached rapidly, and engaged very promptly. The engagement, being under steam, commenced as soon as the guns of the opposing fleets would bear, and was, at first, carried on with great resolution on both sides. Very soon after the fight commenced the Ré d'Italia, one of the best ships of the Italian fleet, was rammed by two Austrian ships, also armored, and received fatal injuries, from which she soon sank, carrying down many of her crew.

She had been the flag-ship; but just before she went into action Admiral Persano had quitted her, and gone on board the iron-clad ram, the Affondatore, without notifying the commanding officers of the change, either by signal, or otherwise. The action was then really fought, on the part of the Italians, without a Commander; for they received no signals from the ship from which they had a right to look for them; and, as the Ré d'Italia was soon sunk, many thought that Admiral Persano had perished in her.

The Italian fleet was thus without united action; and their manœuvres were undecided and weak; while the Austrian fleet concentrated all its efforts under the

strong impulse of a skillful and very zealous Commander, whose only thought seemed to be to win or perish. In spite of this the Italian ships were most bravely fought, and the victory was not either an easy or bloodless one.

Many have thought that, had there been a capable Commander, and unity of action, they would have probably gained the battle.

The Italian iron-clad Ré di Portogallo, a sister ship of the Ré d'Italia, especially distinguished herself by the audacity of her movements and the ability with which she was handled. She sank two Austrian vessels; having a long engagement with the Kaiser, sinking this huge ship by a broadside poured into her, at a distance of only a few yards. The Kaiser is said to have carried down with her twelve hundred men; several hundred of whom were Tyrolese sharp-shooters.

At half-past four in the afternoon the battle ceased; having lasted for six hours.

The Italians retired to Ancona, a safe and strongly fortified harbor on their coast, nearly opposite to Lissa. The Austrian fleet had received such damage and loss that they not only were unable to pursue the Italians, but were soon obliged to desert the waters of Lissa, and return to their naval port, Pola.

Although this was not a victory for the Austrians, in the sense of large captures, they were most distinctly the victors, in that the Italians deserted the field. That has always been the test of victory, both by land and by sea. Before the end of the battle the Italians lost a second iron-clad, the Palestro, which blew up, and all on board were lost. On the 6th of August, following, the Affondatore, which had been anchored outside of Ancona, on the lookout for the Austrian fleet, was swamped by the heavy

sea caused by a sudden storm. She endeavored to take refuge inside the mole, but too late. All her crew were saved. The whole affair was a dreadful blow to the Italian navy, and to their cause; and was equally instrumental in advancing the *morale* and reputation of the Austrian navy.

A good deal of light may be thrown upon this event by a slight account of the officer responsible for it.

Admiral Count Charles Persano was born at Vercelli, in 1806. He entered the Sardinian navy, and rose rapidly to high rank; serving under Admiral Bruat, at the bombardment of Odessa, during the Crimean war; and, for the remainder of that struggle, having charge of the transportation and provisionment of the Sardinian troops which joined the Allies; a most responsible post.

In the year 1859, as a Rear-Admiral, he had command of the Adriatic squadron of observation, and of the blockade of Venice. The next year he commanded the fleet at Naples, when Garibaldi seized and turned over to him the Neapolitan fleet. Here he acted with great judgment, and to the satisfaction of all, in distributing the Neapolitan officers among the vessels of the national fleet, and in composing difficulties and overcoming obstacles incident to so sudden and great a change in government. The reputation of no one stood higher than that of Persano, for tact, ability, and firmness of purpose.

In September, 1860, upon the invasion of the Marches and Umbria, the Admiral was sent off Ancona, where he distinguished himself, first in the blockade, and then in forcing an entrance and taking possession of that fine port. General Lamoricière declared that he was discomfited not by the land force opposed to him, but by the work of the fleet; and it was with Persano that he held a parley, and to him he surrendered his sword. During

this siege Persano gained great popularity, on account of his consideration for the sufferings of the inhabitants.

For these actions he was made a Vice-Admiral, and was elected a deputy, from the city of Spezia, to the first Italian Parliament, which was convened in 1861. When the Italian navy was constituted he became the Admiral; there being three Vice-Admirals and ten Rear-Admirals also appointed. Soon after he became a Senator, and Minister of Marine, under Ratazzi.

No man in Italy was more trusted and honored, and few could be said to have had a more successful career.

In expectation of the approaching struggle with Austria for the possession of the Venetian provinces, the Italian government had, at immense sacrifices, devoted some years to the development of its navy; which, much superior to that of Austria, was to secure to the Italian flag the dominion of the Adriatic. In the event of war the command of the fleet fell naturally to the naval officer of highest rank, and so, in March, 1866, Admiral Persano was named to the command of the strong fleet collected at Tarento. But the results accomplished by this naval force fell far below the hopes of those who had conceived and formed it.

Persano began by delaying for a long time the departure of his fleet from Tarento. Then, when he did enter the Adriatic, he refused, although far superior in numbers, and with crews filled with enthusiasm for the cause, to accept the battle offered him by the Austrian fleet, composed of fourteen ships only; and he remained idle, at Ancona, until July 8th.

Only upon repeated and decided orders of the Minister of Marine did he finally leave port, but then only for a few days' cruise in the Adriatic, during which he avoided the Austrian fleet and coast. Another formal order was

needed, from the highest authority, to force him to leave Ancona again, and to proceed to the Island of Lissa. Upon the taking of this island partly depended the success of the naval operations in the Adriatic.

After a rather feeble bombardment of the Austrian works, Persano, although he had certain information that Admiral Tegethoff was hastening to the relief of Lissa, gave the order for landing, and pursuing operations on shore. This ill-conceived proceeding of landing a portion of his men, at a time when he was liable at any moment to be attacked by sea, has been attributed to various motives; none of them worthy ones. At any rate, when the Austrians did appear, coming down from the north, the Italian ships were not ready to meet them, and those of the crews who had been landed had to re-embark, in haste and confusion. Moreover, in presence of the enemy, and while dispositions for battle were actually going on, Persano left the Ré d'Italia, his flag-ship, and went on board the Affondatore, an inconspicuous and untried vessel, built for a ram. His motive in doing so was never explained satisfactorily by him, and is left to conjecture. By his action he delayed the formation of the line-of-battle, and deprived himself of the ability to direct the movements of the fleet, as the officers had not been informed of the change; and, moreover, by his presence, prevented the ram from taking the part in the battle for which she was designed especially. Such being the state of things, it is no wonder that the action, in spite of individual exertions and gallantry, resulted disastrously for the Italians.

This defeat, or disaster, was so mortifying, and so confounded the designs of the Italian government, that a storm of public indignation was aroused against Persano, and the King was forced to order a court of

inquiry upon his actions. It is said that the Admiral himself demanded one, but this does not clearly appear.

The court examined very many witnesses, and the proceedings were very much protracted; so that it was the end of 1867 before their proceedings were reported to the Italian Senate. The Senate then proceeded to give judgment. Persano was acquitted of the charge of cowardice by a small majority, but he was found guilty of disobedience of orders, and negligence in the performance of duty, by a large majority. The Ministry had intended to prosecute him for high treason; but, for some reason, this was abandoned, and he was released from arrest, and suffered to slink into retirement and obscurity, a disgraced man.

By a vote of the Senate, he was required to pay the expenses of the court of inquiry, which had been very heavy, and was dismissed from the navy, and from all his other offices. It was generally thought, in Italy, that the Senate had been very lenient in thus dealing with him; and that he should have suffered death.

The whole of the facts of the case are not accessible in this country, and perhaps would not be, even in Italy.

William, Baron Tegethoff, the Austrian Commander at the battle of Lissa, was a native of Styria, being born in 1827. After passing through the Venetian Naval College, he entered the Imperial Navy, in 1845, and in twelve years became a Commander, serving on the coast of Egypt, the Red Sea, the east coast of Africa, and in the Mediterranean. After this he accompanied the Archduke Maximilian, as Aid-de-Camp, in his voyage to Brazil. In 1861 he had command of the Austrian squadron in Greece, during the unsettled and exciting

period which terminated in Otho's leaving the Greek throne.

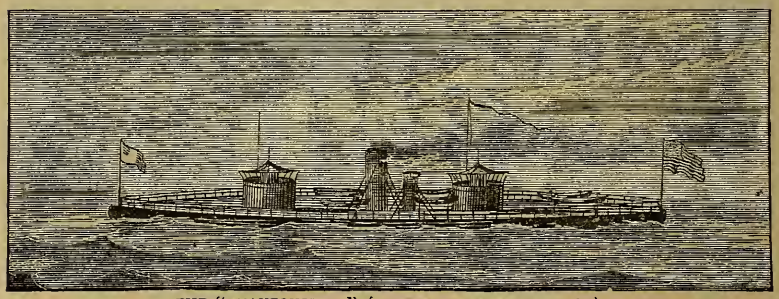
During the Schleswig-Holstein War he commanded the Austrian squadron in the North Sea; and, in conjunction with some Prussian vessels, fought, with the Danish fleet, the spirited and bloody, but inconclusive, action of Heligoland.

For this he was made a Rear-Admiral, from May 9th, 1864, and two years later, was made Vice-Admiral, for the action of Lissa.

After Maximilian's death, in Mexico, he was deputed to proceed to Vera Cruz and obtain the remains of that Prince. After three months' delay and considerable diplomacy he obtained them, and returned to Trieste, in January 1868. In March of that year he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Navy, being then only forty-one years of age.

Tegethoff is looked upon as the creator of the effective Austrian Navy, which, before his time, was undisciplined and inefficient. At his death, which occurred in 1871, from chronic dysentery, contracted in Mexico, the Austrian Navy numbered sixteen efficient iron-clad ships, besides wooden vessels.

The Austrian Government has ordered that a ship of their Navy shall always bear his name.



THE "MIANTONOMOH" (DOUBLE-TURRETED MONITOR).

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC, IN HAMPTON ROADS.

XL.

MERRIMAC AND MONITOR. MARCH 9TH, 1862.

THE United States Navy Department had been informed that the Confederate authorities had raised the hull of the fine frigate Merrimac, which had been burned at the Navy Yard at Norfolk, at the breaking out of the civil war, and had erected a huge iron casemate upon her.

With her engines in good working order, it was confidently expected by the Confederates that this novel and formidable craft would be able to capture or destroy the Union fleet, in Hampton Roads, raise the blockade at the Capes of Virginia, and proceed to Washington, when the Capitol would be at the mercy of her powerful battery. This battery consisted of ten heavy rifled guns.

In those days nothing was known about ironclads, and as week after week passed, and the monster, so often spoken of by the Norfolk papers, which was to clear out Hampton Roads, and to brush away the "insolent frigates" which were blockading the James River at Newport News did not appear, people began to regard her as a bugbear. At any rate, the Union frigates were very sure that, if they could once get her under their broadsides, they would soon send her to the bottom.

About the 1st of March, 1862, a Norfolk newspaper contained a violent attack upon the Confederate authori-

ties for their bad management in regard to the Merrimac, or "Virginia," as they had re-christened her. The paper declared that her plating was a failure, that her machinery was defective, and that she very nearly sank when brought out of dock. This was all a ruse, for she was then making trials of machinery, and had her officers and crew on board and under drill.

The Navy Department was better informed than those in the immediate vicinity, and hurried up the means it had created to meet the ironclad.

In Hampton Roads, at that time, were the Minnesota, a fine steam-frigate, the Roanoke, of the same size, but crippled in machinery, and several other vessels of much less power, together with numerous transports, coal-ships, and others.

A few miles above, at Newport News, lay the Congress, a sailing frigate of 50 guns, and the Cumberland, a heavy sloop of 24 guns. These were the "insolent frigates" which, during many preceding months, had entirely prevented the Confederates from using the water communication between Richmond and Norfolk. The danger in leaving these vessels, without steam, in such a position, was fully recognized, and they were to be replaced by others about the middle of March.

On shore, at Newport News, was a camp of about four thousand men; and the Congress and Cumberland lay just off this camp, in the fair way of the channel, and about a quarter of a mile apart; the Cumberland being the furthest up the James river.

On Saturday, the 8th of March, the Merrimac at last appeared, accompanied by two or three tugs armed with rifled guns, and joined, eventually, by two armed merchant steamers from up the James. The Merrimac moved with great deliberation, and was seen from the vessels at

Newport News, coming down the channel from Norfolk, towards Sewell's point, at about half-past twelve. She could not then be seen from Hampton Roads, but when she did at last show herself clear of the point, there was great commotion there. But she turned up, at a right angle, and came up the channel toward Newport News. It is said by some that she came by a channel not generally known, or, at least, not commonly used.

The tide had just turned ebb, and the time selected was the best for the iron-clad, and the worst for the vessels at Newport News, for their sterns were down stream, and they could not be sprung round.

The Merrimac approached these ships with ominous silence and deliberation. The officers were gathered on the poops of the vessels, hazarding all sorts of conjectures in regard to the strange craft, and, when it was plain she was coming to attack them, or to force the passage, the drum beat to quarters. By about two o'clock the strange monster was close enough to make out her ports and plating, and the Congress fired at her from a stern gun. The projectile, a 32-pound shot, bounced off the casemate as a pebble would.

The ironclad threw open her forward ports, and answered with grape, killing and wounding quite a number on board the Congress. Then she steamed up past that frigate, at a distance of less than two hundred yards, receiving a broadside, and giving one in return. The shot of the Congress had no effect upon the Merrimac; but the broadside of the latter, upon the wooden frigate, had created great destruction. One of her shells dismounted an 8-inch gun, and either killed or wounded every one of the gun's crew. The slaughter at other guns was fearful. There were comparatively few wounded, the shells killing, as a general rule.

After this broadside the Merrimac passed up the stream, and the Congress' men, supposing she had had enough of it, began to cheer; and for many of them it was the last cheer they were ever to give. The iron-clad went up stream far enough to turn at right angles, and ran into the Cumberland with her ram. The Cumberland began to fill, at once, and in a few minutes sank, her flag flying, and having kept up her fire as long as her gun-deck was above water. Her mizzen-top remained out of water, but it was deeper under her forward part, and her fore and main top went under. A small freight boat, of the quartermaster's department, and some tugs and row-boats put off from the wharf at the camp, to save the lives of her crew. These were fired at by the Rebel gun-boats, and the boiler of the freight boat was pierced, and the wharf itself damaged, but the greater part of those in the water were saved.

The Cumberland lost one hundred and seventeen out of three hundred on board. Buchanan, the Captain of the Merrimac, hailed Morris, the First Lieutenant of the Cumberland, and temporarily in command, saying, "Do you surrender?" "No, Sir!" shouted back Morris, whose ship was then sinking. The last gun was fired by acting Master Randall, now in the navy, but retired. The ship heeled suddenly as she sank, and the ladders were either thrown down, or became almost perpendicular, so as to render it difficult to get on deck. The Chaplain was drowned, on this account. One of the gunners' mates got up safely, however, all the way from the magazine, and swam to the mizzen-top. The marine drummer boy was pushed and hoisted up by some of the men, holding fast to his drum, which he saved, and creating laughter, even at that terrible moment, by the way in which he clung to it.

When the survivors of the Cumberland reached the shore they were enthusiastically received by the soldiers, and flasks of whisky, plugs of tobacco, and other soldiers' and sailors' luxuries, forced upon them. Captain Radford, of the Cumberland, now Admiral Radford, was at Hampton Roads, sitting on a court-martial, when the Merrimac ran out. He went on shore, got a horse, and rode madly, in hopes of reaching Newport News in time; but he only got there to see his pendant waving from the truck, and sweeping the water which had swallowed up so many of his fine crew.

In ramming the Cumberland the Merrimac had twisted her prow or beak, but the leak it occasioned was not noticed at once. She then turned down stream, to renew her attack upon the Congress. The latter ship had been set on fire by the shell of the first broadside, and one of the seats of fire was aft, near the after magazine; this was never extinguished, and was the eventual cause of her destruction.

Seeing the fate of the Cumberland, which sank in deep water, the Congress slipped her chains, set the top-sails and jib, and with the help of the tug Zouave, ran on the flat which makes off from Newport News point. Here she heeled over, as the tide continued to fall, leaving only two 32-pounders which could be fought, and these were in the stern ports, on the gun-deck.

The Minnesota and one or two other vessels had started up to the relief of the Congress and Cumberland, but they got on shore before they had achieved half the distance. It turned out to be well, for they would otherwise probably have shared the fate of the Cumberland, in which case the lives of their crews would have been uselessly jeopardized.

It was about half-past two when the Merrimac came to attack the Congress once more. She took up a position

about one hundred and fifty yards astern of her, and deliberately raked her with rifled shells, while the small steamers all concentrated their guns upon the same devoted ship. A great many were now killed on board the Congress, including two officers. The ship kept up a fire from her two stern guns, having the crews swept away from them repeatedly. At last they were both dismounted. Nearly all the men in the powder division, below, were killed by this raking fire. This division was in charge of Paymaster Buchanan, who was a brother of the Captain of the Merrimac. Those now fared best whose duty kept them on the spar-deck. Even the wounded in the cockpit were killed, and the shells were momentarily setting fire to new places, rendering it necessary to drench the quarters of the wounded with ice-cold water. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith, was killed by a shell at this time.

The Congress had now borne this fire for nearly an hour, and had no prospect of assistance from any quarter, and was unable to fire a shot in return.

Under these circumstances there was nothing to do but to haul down the flag. A small gun-boat came alongside, the commanding officer of which said he had orders to take the people out, and burn the vessel. But before many could get on board the steamer she was driven off by the sharp-shooters of a regiment on shore. They now all opened on the Congress again, although she had a white flag flying, and could not be responsible for the actions of the soldiers on shore. After about fifteen minutes more, however, they all went down to attack the Minnesota, which ship was hard and fast aground. Fortunately they could not approach very near her, on account of the state of the tide, and night now drawing

on, the whole flotilla withdrew, and proceeded up the Norfolk channel.

It was now necessary for the survivors of the Congress to get on shore as soon as possible, and this was done, by about dark, by means of the two boats which had the fewest shot-holes in them. These made repeated trips, taking the wounded first, and the officers last, and the wearied and exhausted people were hospitably received in the camp.

The poor old ship, deserted by all but the dead, who were left lying just as they fell, burned till about midnight, when she blew up, with a report that was heard for many miles.

The next morning was fine, but hazy, but it soon became clear, as if to afford an uninterrupted view of the first ironclad fight.

The camp was early astir ; the regiments drawn up in line of battle, while the survivors of the two ships' companies manned the howitzers and field pieces in the earthworks to the west of the camp. For it was certain the Merrimac would return that morning, to complete her work, while information had been received that General Magruder, with a large force, was marching over from Yorktown, to take the camp in the rear, and thus, in conjunction with the ironclad, force a surrender.

About six o'clock the Merrimac was seen, through the haze, coming down again, apparently intending to attack the Minnesota, which ship was still aground. Her proceedings were watched with breathless interest by thousands, on all sides of the broad sheet of water, which formed an amphitheatre, so to speak, on the southern side of which the spectators were filled with hope and confidence, while to the north well-grounded apprehension was felt. Passing up the James River channel again, the

Merrimac opened fire upon the Minnesota with her bow guns, hulling her once or twice, when, suddenly, there darted out from under the shadows of the huge frigate a little raft-like vessel, almost flush with the water, and bearing on her deck a round, black turret.

At first no one in the camp seemed to know what it was, or how it came there, but at last it was conceded that it must be the strange, new ironclad, which was said to be building in New York, by Ericsson.

It was indeed the "Monitor," and although too late to prevent a terrible loss, she was in the nick of time to prevent much more serious disaster.

And now for a few words about this remarkable vessel, whose exploits were the cause of a revolution in the building of ships-of-war, throughout the world.

And first, as to her name. Ericsson proposed to call her Monitor, because she would prove a warning to the leaders of the Southern rebellion, as well as to the authorities of other countries who should be inclined to break our blockade, or otherwise interfere in our affairs.

Captain Ericsson was a native of Sweden, and in his youth had served in both the army and navy of that country. Thence he went to England, to pursue his profession as an engineer, and came out to America, to superintend the construction of the United States screw steamer Princeton, in 1839. Here he has remained ever since, being now far advanced in years. In 1854 he planned a shot-proof iron-plated vessel, the drawings for which he forwarded to Louis Napoleon, saying, among other things, that his invention would place an entire fleet of wooden vessels at its mercy, in calms and light winds. Louis Napoleon politely declined to accept his proposition to build such a vessel for the French Navy.

When it became evident that a long and arduous

struggle was before us, at the opening of the Civil War, certain gentlemen entered into a contract to build such a vessel for our Government, on Ericsson's plans, and under his superintendence. The ironclad was contracted for in October, 1861, to be ready in the shortest possible space of time. The contract price paid for her hull was seven and a half cents a pound, and Ericsson and his backers were to forfeit payment for the whole, unless she was found to work in a satisfactory manner.

His plans were only partly drawn, and it is said that he frequently made his drawings, to overcome difficulties, the same day they were to be worked from.

The hull was built by Rowland, at Green Point, Long Island; the turret at the Novelty Works, New York; the machinery and mechanism of the turret at Delamater's, in New York; while the massive port-stoppers, which swung down by machinery, as the guns fired and the turret revolved, were forged in Buffalo.

Wonderful to relate, this entirely novel structure was finished in one hundred days from the time the plates for her keel were laid. She was launched on the 30th of January, 1862, having large wooden tanks under her stern, to prevent her from running under water, as she went off the ways.

She was delivered to the naval authorities, at the New York Navy-yard, on the 19th of February, following. After two trial trips it was found to be necessary to hurry this novel and almost untried piece of complicated machinery down to Hampton Roads, to meet the formidable ironclad whose doings we have just been relating

The officers and crew were in circumstances entirely new to them. "Calmly and terribly heroic," says Dorr,

"was the act of manning this coffin-like ship," in which the crew was, as it were, hermetically sealed.

Lieutenant John L. Worden, of the Navy, having been ordered to the command, proceeded to select a crew from the receiving ships North Carolina and Sabine. He stated fairly to the men the difficulties and dangers which they might expect to encounter, and yet many more volunteered to go than were required. The officers were ordered in the usual way, except the First Lieutenant, S. D. Greene, who was a volunteer. Chief Engineer Stimers, of the navy, who had been employed as an inspector of some of the work, and who was interested in the performance of the vessel, went down in her as a passenger, and took part, as a volunteer, in her first action.

The Monitor's orders to Hampton Roads were issued on the 20th of February, but necessary work detained her; and on March 4th Admiral Paulding, the Commandant at New York, directed Worden to proceed the moment the weather would permit; and informed him that a tug would be sent to tow him, and two small steamers would attend.

On the afternoon of March 6th the Monitor left Sandy Hook, with a moderate westerly wind, and a smooth sea. The "Seth Low" was hired to tug her, and the Currituck and Sachem formed the escort. At midday of the 7th she was off the Capes of the Delaware, with a strong breeze and a rough sea. Water came freely in at the hawse-pipes, around the base of the turret, and in other places. At 4 P. M., the wind still increasing, the water broke over the smoke and blower pipes, which were six and four feet high, respectively. This wet the blower bands, which slipped and broke. A failure in the machinery to supply air must soon be fatal, in such a

craft, to all on board. The blowers being stopped there was no draft for the furnaces, and the fire and engine rooms soon filled with gas.

The engineer in charge, Isaac Newton, U. S. N., met the emergency promptly, but his department was soon prostrated by inhaling the gas, and they had to be taken up into the turret, to be revived.

The water was coming in rapidly, and the hand-pumps could not discharge it fast enough. Matters looked very gloomy, and the tug was hailed, and directed to head for the land. This she did at once, but made slow progress against wind and sea; but by evening she had got the Monitor into much smoother water; repairs were made, the gas had escaped, and at 8 o'clock she was on her course again. At midnight fears of disaster were again aroused by very rough water, in passing over the Chincoteague Shoals; and, to add to their troubles, the wheel-ropes jammed, and the vessel yawed so that the towing hawser was in danger of parting.

These difficulties were in turn overcome by the stout hearts and skillful hands on board; and at four in the afternoon of the 8th of March she passed Cape Henry. Heavy firing was now heard to the westward, which Worden at once conjectured to be the Merrimac fighting the vessels in the Roads. He at once prepared the Monitor for action, and keyed up the turret. A pilot boat which came out to meet them soon put them in possession of the news, and of the damage done to the ships at Newport News, as well as the position of the Minnesota. Reporting to the senior officer in Hampton Roads, Worden's first care was to find a pilot for that place. None being found, acting Master Howard, who had a knowledge of the locality, volunteered to act as pilot.

The Monitor then went up, and anchored near the

Minnesota, at one o'clock on Sunday morning. Worden went to see Captain Van Brunt, and informed himself, as well as he could, of the state of affairs, and then returned to the Monitor, after assuring the Captain that he would develop all the qualities of that vessel, both for offence and defence.

We now return to the moment when the Merrimac came down again, and the Monitor went out to meet her, Worden's object being to draw her away from the Minnesota. The contrast between the opposing ironclads was most striking, the Monitor seeming a veritable pigmy by the side of the Merrimac. The two vessels met on parallel courses, with their bows looking in opposite directions. They then exchanged fire. Worden and the engineers had been very anxious about the effect of heavy shot striking the turret, and causing it to jam. The heavy shot of the Merrimac *did* strike the turret, and, to their great relief, it continued to revolve without difficulty. Thus one great source of anxiety was removed. Moreover, it was plainly to be seen that the 11-inch solid shot of the Monitor made a very considerable impression upon the Merrimac's plating. The Monitor, though slow, steered well, and was much more agile than her long and heavy opponent, and she now ran across the Merrimac's stern, close to her, in the hopes of damaging her propeller or rudder, but in this she did not succeed.

After passing up on her port side, she crossed the Merrimac's bow, to get between her and the Minnesota again. The Merrimac put on steam, and made for the Monitor, to ram her. Finding that she would strike her, Worden put his helm hard-a-port, and gave his vessel a sheer, so that the blow glanced off from the quarter. The Monitor was now obliged to haul off for a few minutes, to do some repair or other, and the Merrimac

turned her attention to the Minnesota, hulling her, and exploding the boiler of a steam-tug lying alongside of her. The Minnesota's battery was brought to bear, and her 8-inch shot must have hit the Merrimac more than fifty times, but glanced from her sloping roof without inflicting damage.

The gallant little Monitor now came up again, and interposed between the two. Her shot soon caused the Merrimac to shift her position, and in doing so she grounded for a few minutes, but was soon afloat again. The fight had now lasted for a long time, and just before noon, when within ten yards of the Merrimac, one of her shells struck the pilot-house, just over the lookout hole or slit. Worden had just withdrawn his face, which had been pressed against it. If he had been touching it he would probably have been killed. As it was, he was stunned, and blinded by the explosion, and bears the indelible marks of powder blast in his face to this day.

The concussion partly lifted the top of the pilot-house, and the helm was put a starboard, and the Monitor sheered off. Greene was sent for, from the turret, to take the command, but just at that time it became evident that the Merrimac had had enough of it; and, after a few more shots on each side she withdrew, and slowly and sullenly went up to an anchorage above Craney Island. Greene did not follow her very far, and was considered to have acted with good judgment; it not being necessary to enter into the reasons for his action here. He returned, and anchored near the Minnesota, where he remained until that vessel was extricated from her unpleasant predicament, on the following night.

It is probable that the Monitor would, in firing at such close quarters, have completely broken up the Merrimac's armor plates, if a knowledge had existed of the endurance

of the Dahlgren gun. The fear of bursting the 11-inch guns, in the small turret, caused the use of the service-charge of fifteen pounds of powder. After that time thirty pounds were often used. Then we must remember that the crew had only been exercised at the guns a few times, and that the gun and turret gear were rusty, from having been kept wet during her late passage from New York.

The Monitor was 124 feet long, and 34 feet wide in the hull. The armor raft was 174 feet long, and 41 feet wide. Her stern overhung 34 feet, and her bow 15 feet. Her side armor was of five one-inch plates, backed by twenty-seven inches of oak. Her deck armor consisted of two half-inch plates, over seven inches of plank. The turret was twenty feet in inside diameter, covered with eight one-inch plates, and was nine feet high. The top of the turret was of railroad bars, with holes for ventilation. The pilot-house was built of bars eight inches square, and built up log-house fashion, with the corners notched. She was very primitive in all her arrangements, compared with the monitors Ericsson afterwards produced.

She carried two 11-inch guns, which threw spherical cast-iron shot, weighing 168 pounds. The charge of powder has been mentioned.

In this engagement she was struck twenty-one times; eight times on the side armor; twice on the pilot-house; seven times on the turret, and four times on deck.

The Merrimac carried ten heavy guns; sixty-eight-pounders, rifled. One of these was broken by a shot from the Cumberland, which shot entered her casemate, and killed seven men. Captain Buchanan was wounded on the first day, by a musket-ball, it is said; and the Merrimac was commanded, in her fight with the Monitor, by Lieutenant Catesby Jones, formerly of the United States Navy, as were, indeed, all her other officers. On the

second day the Monitor injured many of her plates, and crushed in some of her casemate timbers.

From the day she retired before the Monitor to the 11th of May, when she was blown up by her own people, the formidable Merrimac never did anything more of note. There was, indeed, a plan concocted to capture the Monitor, as she lay on guard, in the Roads, by engaging her with the Merrimac, while men from two small steamers boarded her, and wedged her turret. Then the crew were to be driven out, by throwing balls of stinking combustibles below, by her ventilators. But nothing came of it.

The end of the Monitor must be told. After doing good service up the James River, during the eventful summer of 1862, she was sent down to Beaufort, South Carolina. On the night of the 30th of December, when off Hatteras, she suddenly foundered. About half of her officers and crew went down in her; the rest making their escape to her escort. The cause of her sinking was never known; but it was conjectured that the oak timbers which were fitted on the top rim of her iron hull had shrunk under the hot summer sun of the James River, and when she once more got into a rough sea, admitted the water in torrents.

Before we quit the subject of the Merrimac and Monitor, it may be of interest to mention that just about the time the Merrimac retired from the contest the head of Magruder's column appeared on the river bank. But the camp at Newport News was too strong and well entrenched to be attacked without aid from the water. Magruder was just a day too late, and had to march back again. His troops were the same which, a few weeks later, were opposed to McClellan, in the earthworks at Yorktown.

XLI.

FARRAGUT AT NEW ORLEANS.

ABOUT the close of the gloomy and disastrous year 1861, the Government of the United States determined to regain control of the Mississippi, the greater part of which, from Memphis to the Gulf, was held by the Confederates, who were thus enabled to transport immense supplies from the southwest to the seat of war. Moreover, the Rebels, as they were then called, had, at New Orleans, a constantly increasing force of rams and armored vessels, under able officers of the old Navy, with which to defend the approaches from the Gulf, as well as from up the river.

After long consideration, Farragut was chosen as the naval officer to command in the Gulf. The story of his southern birth, and of his steadfast loyalty to his flag, is too well known to be here repeated.

His formal orders put him in command of the "Western Gulf Blockading Squadron," and these were issued in January, 1862. But confidential instructions were also given him, by which he was especially charged with the "reduction of the defences guarding the approaches to New Orleans, and the taking possession of that city."

He was to be assisted by a mortar-fleet of schooners, under Commander D. D. Porter.

Farragut had long before expressed a belief that he

NEW ORLEANS.—FLEET PASSING FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP.

could take New Orleans, and he had little confidence in a mortar-fleet, and would rather have dispensed with it; but since Porter had already been ordered to prepare it, when he was detailed for the command, he acquiesced in the arrangement.

He turned out to be right, as he generally was in such matters.

On February 2d, 1862, Farragut sailed for the Gulf, in the sloop-of-war Hartford, which was so long to bear his flag, successfully, through manifold dangers.

The Hartford was a wooden screw-steamer, full ship-rigged, and of nineteen hundred tons burthen. She was of comparatively light draught, and, therefore, well suited to the service she was called upon to perform.

She then carried a battery of twenty-two nine-inch, smooth-bore guns, two 20-pounder Parrotts, and her fore and main-tops had howitzers, with a protection of boiler iron, a suggestion of Farragut's. This battery was afterwards increased by a rifled gun upon the fore-castle. Like Napoleon, Farragut believed in plenty of guns.

The Hartford arrived at her rendezvous, Ship Island, one hundred miles north-northeast of the mouths of the Mississippi, on February 20th.

A military force, to co-operate with Farragut's fleet, was sent out, under General B. F. Butler, and arrived at Ship Island on March 25th. Butler's plan was to follow Farragut, and secure, by occupation, whatever the guns of the fleet should subdue.

Let us now see a little about the scene of action.

Farragut's son, in the "Life of Farragut," from which we principally quote in this article, says (quoting another person), that the Delta of the Mississippi has been aptly described as "a long, watery arm, gauntleted in swamps

and mud, spread out into a grasping hand," of which the fingers are the five passes, or mouths.

At that time the mud brought down by the great river formed bars at each pass, which bars are always shifting, and require good pilots to keep account of their condition. In peace times the pilots are always at work, sounding and buoying, and the chances are that all the efforts of the "Delta Doctors" will only end in transferring the bars further out into the Gulf.

New Orleans, on the left bank of the river, is about one hundred miles from its mouth, and was by far the wealthiest and most important city of the Confederacy. Loyall Farragut states that, in 1860, it had about 170,000 inhabitants; while Charleston had but about 40,000; Richmond even a smaller population; and Mobile but 29,000 people.

Just before the war New Orleans had the largest export trade of any city in the world; and this fact, together with the importance of its position from a military point of view, made it the most important object for any military expedition.

There is a great bend in the Mississippi, thirty miles above the head of the passes, the lowest favorable locality for defence, where two forts had been erected by the United States Government, St. Philip on the left, or north bank, and a little further down, Fort Jackson, on the right bank. A single fort at this point had held a British fleet in check for nine days, in spite of a vigorous shelling by their guns and mortars. Fort St. Philip was originally built by the Spaniards, but had been completely reconstructed. It was a quadrangular earthwork, with a brick scarp, and powerful batteries exteriorly, above and below. Fort Jackson was more important, and rose twenty-five

feet above the river and swamp, while St. Philip was only nineteen feet above them.

The Confederates had taken possession of these works, and had put them in complete order; Jackson mounted seventy-five powerful guns, and St. Philip forty. Fourteen of Fort Jackson's guns were in bomb-proof casemates. The works were garrisoned by fifteen hundred men, commanded by Brigadier General Duncan; St. Philip being commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Edward Higgins, formerly an officer of the United States Navy.

Above the forts lay a fleet of fifteen vessels, under Commodore J. K. Mitchell, formerly of the United States Navy, which included the ironclad ram Manassas, and a huge floating battery, covered with railroad iron, called the "Louisiana."

Just below Fort Jackson the river was obstructed by a heavy chain, brought from the Pensacola Navy-yard. This chain was supported by cypress logs, at short intervals; the ends made fast to great trees on shore, and the whole kept from sagging down with the current by heavy anchors.

This contrivance was swept away by a spring freshet, and was replaced by smaller chains, passed over eight dismasted hulks, anchored abreast, and partially by logs, as before. There was a battery at the end opposite Fort Jackson.

A number of sharpshooters patrolled the banks below, to give notice of any movements of the United States forces.

Farragut's task was to break through the obstructions, pass the forts, destroy or capture the Rebel fleet, and then to place New Orleans under the guns of his own ships, and demand its surrender.

He had six sloops-of-war, sixteen gun-boats—all steam-

vessels—and twenty-one schooners, each with a 13-inch mortar, and five sailing vessels, which were to act as magazines and store-ships. The fleet carried over two hundred guns, and was the largest that had ever been seen under our flag, up to that time; but was afterwards much exceeded by that which bombarded Fort Fisher.

There was little opportunity for General Butler and his fifteen thousand troops to co-operate in the passage of the forts; so they only held themselves ready to hold what Farragut might capture.

Farragut hoped to have taken the Colorado, a most powerful frigate, up the river, but she drew entirely too much water to be got over the bar. Great difficulty was experienced in getting the Brooklyn, Mississippi, and Pensacola into the river. The Mississippi, although lightened in every possible way, had to be dragged through at least a foot of mud.

When the arduous labor was finished, and the time for action arrived, Butler's troops were embarked on the transports, and Porter's mortar-schooners were placed on each bank, below the forts; being protected from the view of those in the batteries by the forest trees, and by having great branches lashed at their mast-heads, which blended with the foliage on the banks.

The mortars threw shells weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds, and their fire was guided by a careful triangulation, made by Mr. Gerdes, of the Coast Survey. Fort Jackson received most of the shells, of which about a thousand a day were thrown, for six days. The Confederates had a good many killed and wounded by this means, and much damage was done, but the forts were not silenced; and Lieutenant Weitzel reported, after their surrender, that they were as strong as before the first shell was fired.

One schooner was sunk, and one steamer disabled by the return fire from the fort.

In the course of the delay waiting for the result of the bombardment, many of Farragut's ships were damaged by collisions, caused by strong winds and currents, and by efforts to avoid the fire-rafts which the enemy sent down. Only one of the latter put the ships in any danger, and that was at last turned off. These fire-rafts were flatboats piled with dry wood, sprinkled with tar and turpentine. They were towed out of the way by the ships' boats.

Farragut had issued orders to his commanding officers in regard to preparing their ships for this particular service. After providing for the top hamper, and dispensing with many masts and spars, he says, "Make arrangements, if possible, to mount one or two guns on the poop and top-gallant-forecastle; in other words, be prepared to use as many guns as possible, ahead and astern, to protect yourself against the enemy's gun-boats and batteries, bearing in mind that you will always have to ride head to the current, and can only avail yourself of the sheer of the helm to point a broadside gun more than three points forward of the beam.

"Have a kedge in the mizzen-chains (or any convenient place) on the quarter, with a hawser bent and leading through in the stern chock, ready for any emergency; also grapnels in the boats, ready to hook on to and to tow off fire-ships. Trim your vessel a few inches by the head, so that if she touches the bottom she will not swing head down the river. Put your boat howitzers in the fore and main tops, on the boat carriages, and secure them for firing abeam, etc. Should any accident occur to the machinery of the ship, making it necessary to drop down the river, you will back and fill down under sail, or you can

drop your anchor and drift down, but in no case attempt to turn the ship's head down stream. You will have a spare hawser ready, and when ordered to take in tow your next astern, do so, keeping the hawser slack so long as the ship can maintain her own position, having a care not to foul the propeller.

"No vessel must withdraw from battle, under any circumstances, without the consent of the flag-officer. You will see that force and other pumps and engine hose are in good order, and men stationed by them, and your men will be drilled to the extinguishing of fires.

"Have light Jacob-ladders made to throw over the side, for the use of the carpenters in stopping shot-holes, who are to be supplied with pieces of inch board lined with felt, and ordinary nails, and see that the ports are marked, in accordance with the 'ordnance instructions,' on the berth deck, to show the locality of the shot-holes.

"Have many tubs of water about the decks, both for the purpose of extinguishing fire and for drinking. Have a heavy kedge in the port main-chains, and a whip on the main-yard, ready to run it up and let fall on the deck of any vessel you may run alongside of, in order to secure her for boarding.

"You will be careful to have lanyards on the lever of the screw, so as to secure the gun at the proper elevation, and prevent it from running down at each fire. I wish you to understand that the day is at hand when you will be called upon to meet the enemy in the worst form for our profession. You must be prepared to execute all those duties to which you have been so long trained in the Navy without having the opportunity of practicing. I expect every vessel's crew to be well exercised at their guns, because it is required by the regulations of the service, and it is usually the first object of our attention;

but they must be equally well trained for stopping shot-holes and extinguishing fire. Hot and cold shot will, no doubt, be freely dealt to us, and there must be stout hearts and quick hands to extinguish the one and stop the holes of the other.

"I shall expect the most prompt attention to signals and verbal orders, either from myself or the Captain of the fleet, who, it will be understood, in all cases, acts by my authority."

After the bombardment had continued three days Farragut, who had made up his mind to attempt the passage of the forts in any event, called a council of his Captains, to obtain their opinion as to the best manner of doing so.

Immediately after the council Farragut issued the following general order:—

"United States Flag-ship Hartford,
Mississippi River, April 20th, 1862.

"The Flag-Officer, having heard all the opinions expressed by the different commanders, is of the opinion that whatever is to be done will have to be done quickly, or we shall be again reduced to a blockading squadron, without the means of carrying on the bombardment, as we have nearly expended all the shells and fuses and material for making cartridges. He has always entertained the same opinions which are expressed by Commander Porter; that is, there are three modes of attack; and the question is, which is the one to be adopted? his own opinion is, that a combination of two should be made; viz., the forts should be run, and when a force is once above the forts, to protect the troops, they should be landed at quarantine, from the Gulf side, by bringing them through the bayou, and then our forces should move

up the river, mutually aiding each other as it can be done to advantage.

"When, in the opinion of the Flag-Officer, the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to weigh and advance to the conflict. If, in his opinion, at the time of arriving at the respective positions of the different divisions of the fleet, we have the advantage, he will make the signal for close action, number 8, and abide the result, conquer, or be conquered, drop anchor or keep under way, as in his opinion is best.

"Unless the signal above mentioned is made, it will be understood that the first order of sailing will be formed after leaving Fort St. Philip, and we will proceed up the river in accordance with the original opinion expressed.

"The programme of the order of sailing accompanies this general order, and the commanders will hold themselves in readiness for the service as indicated.

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"*Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.*"

Having decided to run by the forts, he confided to Fleet-Captain Bell the dangerous mission of proceeding, with the gunboats Pinola and Itasca, to make a passage for his fleet through the chain obstructions.

Lieutenant Caldwell, of the Itasca, and his party, with great coolness and bravery, boarded one of the hulks, and succeeded in detaching the chains. They were accompanied by the inventor of a new submarine petard, which he placed under one of the hulks. But a movement of the Pinola in the swift current snapped the wires, and it could not be exploded. In spite of a very heavy fire directed upon them, the party at last succeeded in making a sufficient opening for the fleet to pass through.

Farragut wrote, the next day: " * * * Captain

Bell went last night to cut the chain across the river. I never felt such anxiety in my life, as I did until his return. One of his vessels got on shore, and I was fearful she would be captured. They kept up a tremendous fire on him; but Porter diverted their fire with a heavy cannonade. * * * * Bell would have burned the hulks, but the illumination would have given the enemy a chance to destroy his gunboat, which got aground. However, the chain was divided, and it gives us space enough to go through. I was as glad to see Bell, on his return, as if he had been my boy. I was up all night, and could not sleep until he got back to the ship."

Farragut had determined to run by the forts at the end of five days' bombardment; but he was detained for twenty-four hours by the necessity of repairing damages to two of his vessels. At first he had determined to lead, in the Hartford, but was dissuaded from that, and appointed Captain Bailey, whose ship, the Colorado, drew too much water to get up, to lead the column, in the gun-boat Cayuga, Lieutenant Commanding N. B. Harrison.

Long before this—on the 6th of April—Farragut had himself reconnoitred the forts, by daylight, going up in the gun-boat Kennebec in whose cross-trees he sat, glass in hand, until the gunners in the fort began to get his range.

On the night of the passage, April 23–24, the moon would rise about half-past three in the morning, and the fleet was ordered to be ready to start about two.

In this, as in most other important operations during the war, the enemy were mysteriously apprised of what was to be done.

At sunset there was a light southerly breeze, and a haze upon the water. Caldwell was sent up, in the Itasca, to see if the passage made in the obstructions was still

open. At eleven at night he signalled that it was, and just at that time the enemy opened fire upon him, sent down burning rafts, and lighted immense piles of wood which they had prepared on shore, near the ends of the chain.

Soon after midnight the hammocks of the fleet were quietly stowed, and the ships cleared for action.

At five minutes before two, two ordinary red lights were shown at the peak of the flag-ship, the signal to get under way, but it was half-past three before all was ready. This was the time for the moon to rise, but that made little difference, with the light of the blazing rafts and bonfires.

The mortar-boats and the sailing sloop Portsmouth moved further up stream, to engage the water battery, as the ships were going by. This they promptly did, and then Captain Bailey led off, with his division of eight vessels, whose objective point was Fort St. Philip. All of these passed safely through the opening in the cable.

The forts opened on them promptly, but in five minutes they had reached St. Philip, and were pouring grape and canister into that work.

In ten minutes more the Cayuga had passed beyond range of the fort, to find herself surrounded by eleven Rebel gun-boats. Three of these attempted to board her at once. An 11-inch shot was sent through one of them, at a range of about thirty yards, and she was at once run ashore and burned up.

The Parrott gun on the Cayuga's forecastle drove off another; and she was preparing to close with the third, when the Oneida and Varuna, which had run in close to St. Philip, thus avoiding the elevated guns of that fort, while they swept its bastions with grape and shrapnel, came to the assistance of the Cayuga. S. P. Lee, in the Oneida, ran full speed into one of the enemy's vessels,

cut her nearly in two, and left her floating down the current, a helpless wreck.

She fired right and left into two others, and then went to the assistance of the Varuna, which had got ashore on the left bank, hard pressed by two Rebel gun-boats, one of which was said to be the Manassas. The Varuna was rammed by both of them, and fifteen minutes after, she sunk. In that time she had put three 8-inch shells into the Governor Moore, besides so crippling her with solid shot that she surrendered to the Oneida. She also forced another to take to the bank by her 8-inch shell. The Varuna was commanded by Commander (now Admiral) C. S. Boggs. It is said that, before sinking, he also exploded the boiler of another small steamer.

The Pensacola steamed slowly and steadily by, firing her powerful battery with great deliberation, and doing especial execution with her 11-inch pivot gun and her rifled eighty-pounder. In return she received a heavy fire, and lost thirty-seven in killed and wounded; the greatest number of any of the fleet. Her boats were lowered, and sent to assist the sinking Varuna.

The Mississippi came up next in line to the Pensacola, but escaped with light loss of life. She it was that met the ram Manassas, and the latter gave her a severe cut, below the water, on the port-quarter, and disabled her machinery. But the Mississippi riddled her with shot, boarded her, and set her on fire, and she drifted down below the forts and blew up.

The Katahdin ran close to the forts, passed them rapidly, got near the head of the line, and was engaged principally with the ironclad Louisiana. The Kineo ran by, close under St. Philip, and then assisted the Mississippi with the ram Manassas: but she was afterwards attacked by three of the enemy's gun-boats at once, and, having

had her pivot-gun-carriage injured, withdrew, and continued up stream.

The Wissahickon, the last of the eight vessels of the first division, was less fortunate. She got ashore before she reached the forts, got off and passed them, and ran on shore again above.

It must be remembered that these operations were carried on in the darkness and thick smoke, lighted only by the lurid flashes of more than two hundred guns.

The second division of the fleet was led by Farragut himself, in the Hartford, followed by the Brooklyn and Richmond. These were three formidable vessels. The Hartford opened fire on Fort Jackson just before four in the morning, and received a heavy fire from both forts. Soon after, in attempting to avoid a fire-raft, she grounded on a shoal spot, near St. Philip. At the same time the ram Manassas pushed a fire-raft under her port-quarter, and she at once took fire. A portion of her crew went to fire-quarters, and soon subdued the flames, the working of her guns being steadily continued. Soon she backed off, into deep water; but this movement set her head down stream, and it was with difficulty that she was turned round against the current. When, at last, this was accomplished, she proceeded up the river, firing into several of the enemy's vessels as she passed. One of these was a steamer, packed with men, apparently a boarding party. She was making straight for the Hartford, when Captain Broome's gun, manned by marines, planted a shell in her, which exploded, and she disappeared.

During the critical period when she was slowly turning up river, the Admiral stood aft, giving orders, and occasionally consulting a little compass attached to his watch-chain. During most of the engagement, however, he was forward, watching the progress of the fight.

The Brooklyn was also detained by getting entangled with a raft, and running over one of the hulks which held up the chain, during which time she was raked by Fort Jackson, and suffered somewhat from the fire of St. Philip.

Just as she was clear, and headed up stream, she was butted by the Manassas, which had not headway enough to damage her much, and slid off again into the darkness. Then the Brooklyn was attacked by a large steamer, but she gave her her port broadside, at fifty yards, and set her on fire. Feeling her way along, in a dense cloud of smoke from a fire-raft, she came close abreast of St. Philip, into which she poured such tremendous broadsides that by the flashes the gunners were seen running to shelter, and for the time the fort was silenced. The Brooklyn then passed on, and engaged several of the enemy's gun-boats. One of these, the Warrior, came under her port broadside, when eleven five-second shells were planted in her, which set her on fire, and she was run on shore. The Brooklyn was under fire an hour and a half, but did not lose quite so many as the Pensacola.

The Richmond, a slow ship, was the third and last of the centre division. She came on steadily, and without accident, working her battery with the utmost regularity. Her loss was not heavy, which her commander attributed mainly to a complete provision of splinter nettings.

The gun-boat Sciota, carrying Fleet-Captain Bell, led the third division. She steamed by the forts, firing as she passed, and above them burned two steamboats. Then she sent a boat to receive the surrender of an armed steamboat, but the latter was found to be fast ashore.

The Iroquois, Commander John DeCamp, had not such good fortune. She passed so close to Fort Jackson as to escape much injury, but received a terrible raking from

St. Philip, and was also raked by the armed steamer McCrea, with grape. She drove off the McCrea with an eleven-inch shell and a stand of canister, and then went through a group of the enemy's gun-boats, giving them broadsides as she passed. The Iroquois' losses were heavy.

The gun-boat Pinola passed up in line, firing her eleven-inch pivot and Parrott rifles at the flashes of the guns of the forts, which were all that Commander Crosby could see; then she emerged from the smoke cloud, steered towards St. Philip, and by the light of the blazing rafts, received the discharges of its forty guns.

The Pinola was the last vessel which passed the forts, and she got up in time to fire a few shell at the enemy's flotilla.

Of the other three gun-boats of the division, the Kennebec got out of her course, became entangled in the rafts, and did not get free until it was broad daylight, and too late to attempt a passage. The Itasca, upon arriving in front of Fort Jackson, received a shot in her boiler, incapacitating her, and she was obliged to drift down stream.

The Winona got astray among the hulks, and when she came within range of Fort Jackson it was broad daylight, and the fleet had gone on. Fort Jackson opened upon her, and she soon lost all the crew of her rifled gun but one man. Still she kept on, to endeavor to get through, but St. Philip opening upon her, from her lower battery, at less than point blank range, the little Winona was forced to turn and descend the stream.

Thus did Farragut accomplish a feat in naval warfare which had no precedent, and which is still without a parallel, except the one furnished by himself, at Mobile, two years later.

Starting with seventeen wooden vessels, he had passed,

with all but three of them, against the swift current of a river, there but half a mile wide, between two powerful earthworks, which had long been prepared for him, his course impeded by blazing rafts, and immediately thereafter had met the enemy's fleet of fifteen vessels, two of them ironclad, and either captured or destroyed every one of them.

All this was done with the loss of but one vessel from his own squadron. Probably few naval men would have believed that this work could have been done so effectually, even with ironclads.

Captain Wilkinson, who was in this battle as executive officer of the Confederate iron-clad Louisiana, in his "Narrative of a Blockade Runner," says: "Most of us belonging to that little naval fleet knew that Admiral Farragut would dare to attempt what any man would; and, for my part, I had not forgotten that while I was under his command, during the Mexican war, he had proposed to Commodore Perry, then commanding the Gulf Squadron, and urged upon him, the enterprise of capturing the strong fort of San Juan de Ulloa, at Vera Cruz, by *boarding*. Ladders were to be constructed, and triced up along the attacking ships' masts, and the ships to be towed alongside the walls by the steamers of the squadron. Here was a much grander prize to be fought for, and every day of delay was strengthening his adversaries."

The magnitude of Farragut's novel enterprise was scarcely realized at the North when the first news was received. It was simply announced that he "had run by the forts." The Confederates knew too well what resistance and difficulties he had overcome, and what a loss they sustained in New Orleans.

An officer who was in the engagement expressed an

opinion that if the passage had been attempted by daylight the fleet would have sustained a fearful loss.

After the fleet had passed the forts Captain Bailey, in the Cayuga, preceded the flag-ship up the river, and at the quarantine station captured the Chalmette regiment, encamped upon the river bank.

On the morning of the 25th, the Cayuga, still leading, encountered the Chalmette batteries, three miles below New Orleans. The Hartford and Brooklyn, with several others, soon joined her, and silenced these batteries. New Orleans was now fairly under Farragut's guns, and this had been effected at the cost of thirty-seven killed and one hundred and forty-seven wounded.

Farragut appointed eleven o'clock of the morning of the 26th as the hour "for all the officers and crews of the fleet to return thanks to Almighty God for His great goodness and mercy, in permitting us to pass through the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood."

The ships passed up to the city, and anchored immediately in front of it, and Captain Bailey was sent on shore to demand the surrender of it, from the authorities, to which the Mayor replied that the city was under martial law, and that he had no authority. General Lovell, who was present, said he would deliver up nothing, but, in order to free the city from embarrassment, he would restore the city authorities, and retire with his troops, which he did.

Farragut then seized all the steamboats which had not been destroyed, and sent them down to the quarantine station, for Butler's troops. Among them was the Tennessee, which the blockaders had been so long watching for, but which never got out.

The levee at New Orleans was at this time a scene of

perfect desolation, as ships, steamers, and huge piles of cotton and wool had been set on fire by the Confederates, and an immense amount of property was destroyed. A very powerful ironclad, called the Mississippi, was set on fire, and drifted down past the city, in flames. Another was sunk directly in front of the Custom House, and others which had been begun at Algiers were destroyed.

Several miles up the river, about Carrollton, were extensive fortifications—all taken possession of by Commander Lee—and an immense work, supporting chains, to prevent Foote's gun-boats from descending the river.

Farragut had sent a party on shore to hoist the flag on the Custom House and Mint, belonging to the General Government. The party acted with great firmness and discretion, in spite of insults from a large and excited crowd. At noon on the 26th, during the performance of divine service referred to before, the officers and crews of the vessels were startled by the discharge of a howitzer in the main-top of the Pensacola. The lookout aloft had seen four men mount to the roof of the Mint and tear down the United States flag, and he had instantly fired the gun, which was trained upon the flag-staff, and loaded with grape.

The leader of these men, a desperado and gambler, who thus imperilled the lives and property of the whole of the citizens, was, by order of General Butler, tried for the offence afterwards, was found guilty, and hanged by a beam and rope thrust out of the highest window of the Mint.

When Admiral Farragut arrived at the quarantine station, after passing the forts, he had sent Captain Boggs (whose vessel, the Varuna, was lost) in a boat, through the bayous, to inform General Butler and Commander Porter of his success. The Captain was twenty-six hours in

getting through. But General Butler, in the steamer Saxon, had followed the fleet up near the forts, and had witnessed the passage of the ships. He then hurried back to his troops, and they rendezvoused at Sable Island, twelve miles in the rear of Fort St. Philip, whence they were carried up in transports and landed at a point five miles above that work. At the same time Commander Porter had sent six of his mortar-boats to the bay behind Fort Jackson, where they arrived on the morning of April 27th, thus making a complete investment. That night two hundred and fifty of the garrison of Fort Jackson came out and surrendered themselves to the Union pickets.

While Farragut was passing the forts, Porter, with his mortar-boats, and their attendant steamers, continued the bombardment. On the 24th he demanded a surrender, but was refused, and for the three days following there was little or no firing. During these days the garrisons were occupied in re-mounting some of their dismounted guns, and transferred others to the floating battery Louisiana.

On the 28th, General Duncan, the commander of the forts, learning that Farragut had possession of New Orleans, accepted the terms offered by Porter. While the articles of capitulation were being drawn up and signed, on board the Harriet Lane, and flags of truce were flying, the Confederate naval officers, after destroying three of their four remaining vessels, set fire to the Louisiana, and cast her adrift.

Fortunately her magazine exploded before she reached Porter's flotilla, or some of his vessels must have shared her fate; and, not improbably, all of them.

After the surrender had been consummated, he went up the river, and captured the naval officers who were sup-

posed to have been guilty of this perfidious and most dishonorable, and murderous act, and put them in close confinement, to be sent North, and dealt with as the Government might see fit. John K. Mitchell, the Commodore of the Confederate flotilla, sent a letter to Farragut, justifying himself for destroying his vessels, and excusing his attempt to blow up Porter's vessels, in this wise:—

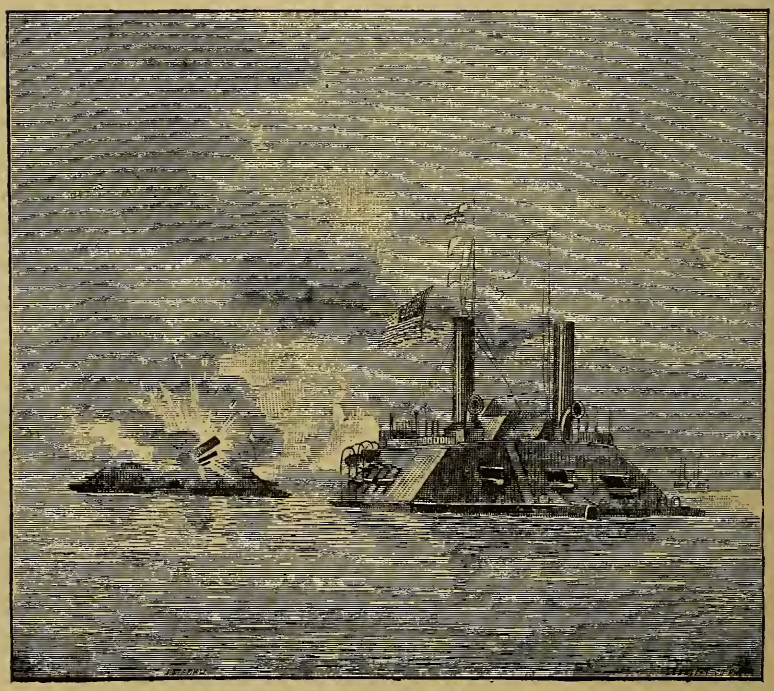
"Lieutenant Whittle was sent in a boat with a flag of truce to inform Commander Porter that in firing the Louisiana, her magazine had not been effectually drowned, and that, though efforts were made to drown the charges in the guns, they may not have succeeded. This information was given in consideration of the negotiations then pending under flag of truce between him and Fort Jackson; but while the message was on its way the explosion took place, a fact that does not affect the honorable purposes intended by it."

This letter seems almost too childish and disingenuous to receive serious notice. It was almost the only instance during the war when naval officers did not act in good faith.

The Confederate naval officers claimed, in justification of their action, that they were no party to the flag of truce, nor were they included in the terms of surrender of the forts, General Duncan treating only for the garrisons under his command, and expressly disclaiming all connection with the navy. The whole was a pitiful commentary upon the jealousies and want of united conduct, which rendered Farragut's task a little more easy. Mitchell had always been considered an "ill-conditioned" man, in the old navy, and the Government was disposed to treat him, and some of his officers, pretty rigorously; but matters were arranged, afterwards, in a

correspondence which took place, upon their being sent North, between the Secretary of the Navy and Mitchell, that resulted in their treatment as ordinary prisoners.

In writing to his family, after his capture of New Orleans, Farragut said, "It is a strange thought, that I am here among my relatives, and yet not one has dared to say, 'I am happy to see you.' There is a reign of terror in this doomed city; but, although I am abused as one who wished to kill all the women and children, I still see a feeling of respect for me."



GUN-BOATS ON WESTERN RIVER.
(Destruction of the Confederate Ram Arkansas.)

XLII.

ATLANTA AND WEEHAWKEN. JUNE 17TH, 1863.

IN the latter part of the year 1861 an English steamer, named the Fingal, ran past the blockading vessels, and got safely into Savannah.

That part was very well done, but the getting to sea again was another matter, for she was so closely watched that it was found impossible to do so. All sorts of stratagems were resorted to, and several starts made upon the darkest nights, but there was always found a Federal gun-boat, or perhaps more than one, ready to receive her, all the more that she was a valuable vessel, and would turn in plenty of prize-money to her captors.

At last, in despair of any more use of her as a blockade-runner, the Rebel authorities determined to convert her into an ironclad ship-of-war. She was cut down, so as to leave her deck not more than two feet above the water; and upon this deck was built a very heavy casemate, inclining at an angle of about thirty degrees, and mounting four heavy rifled guns. The battery-deck was built of great beams of timber, a foot and a half thick. Her iron armor was four inches thick, then considered quite formidable, and was secured to a backing of oak and pine, eighteen inches thick. Her sides about and below the water line were protected by heavy logs or timbers built upon her, so that from being a slim and graceful blockade-runner,

she attained a breadth of forty-one feet, with a length of two hundred and four. The ports in her casemate were closed by iron shutters, of the same thickness as her armor. Her bow was formed into a ram, and also carried, at the end of a spar, a percussion torpedo.

In fact, she was a very formidable craft, of the general style of those built by the Confederates during the war. The Merrimac was nearly all casemate, but the later built ones had as small a casemate as was consistent with the working of the guns they were intended to carry.

Thicker armor than hers had not yet come into use, the English ironclad ships just then built, in consequence of the success of the Monitor and Merrimac, not being any more protected.

The first contest between a monitor and fifteen-inch guns, and an ironclad with stationary casemate or turret and rifled guns, was now to take place.

The Atlanta was commanded by an officer of energy and ability, named Webb, formerly a Lieutenant in the United States Navy.

The Confederate authorities were certain that this latest production of their naval architects was to overcome the redoubtable monitors, and they fully believed that, while the Atlanta's armor would resist their heavy round shot, her heavy rifled guns, at close quarters, would tear the monitor turret to pieces, while the ram and torpedo would finish the work begun by the guns.

The vessel, being ready, came down from Savannah, passed through the Wilmington, a mouth of the Savannah River, and so passed down into Wassaw Sound, improperly named, in many books and maps, Warsaw.

Admiral Du Pont had taken measures to keep himself informed as regarded this vessel's state of preparation, and the monitors Weehawken and Nahant had been sent

to meet her and some other armored vessels preparing at Savannah.

Both the Nahant and Weehawken were at anchor when the strange vessel was seen. It was at daylight, and she was then about three miles from the Nahant, and coming down very rapidly. The Weehawken was commanded by that capable and sterling officer, John Rogers, and he at once slipped his cable, and made rapidly off, seaward, as if in headlong flight, but, in the meantime, making preparations for action.

At about half-past four, on this bright summer morning, the Weehawken rounded to, and breasted the tide, approaching her enemy.

The Nahant had no pilot, and could only follow in the Weehawken's wake, through the channels of the Sound.

The Atlanta fired the first shot, at about a quarter to five, being then distant about a mile and a half. This passed across the stern of the Weehawken, and struck the water near the Nahant. The Atlanta seemed to be lying across the channel, awaiting attack, and keeping up her fire.

The Weehawken steadily came up the channel, and at a little after 5 A. M., having approached within about three hundred yards, opened her fire. She fired five shots, which took her fifteen minutes, and at the end of that time the Atlanta hauled down the Confederate colors, and hoisted a white flag. Such a rapid threshing is seldom recorded in naval history, and is the more remarkable when we remember that the commander of the Atlanta was a cool and experienced officer, trained in the United States Navy, and an excellent seaman.

Two passenger steamers, loaded down with ladies and non-combatants, had followed the Atlanta down from Savannah, to witness the capture of the Yankee monitors. These now made the best of their way back to that city.

The Atlanta had a crew of twenty-one officers and one hundred and twenty-four men. Landsmen often wonder why ships have so many officers in proportion to men, but it is necessary.

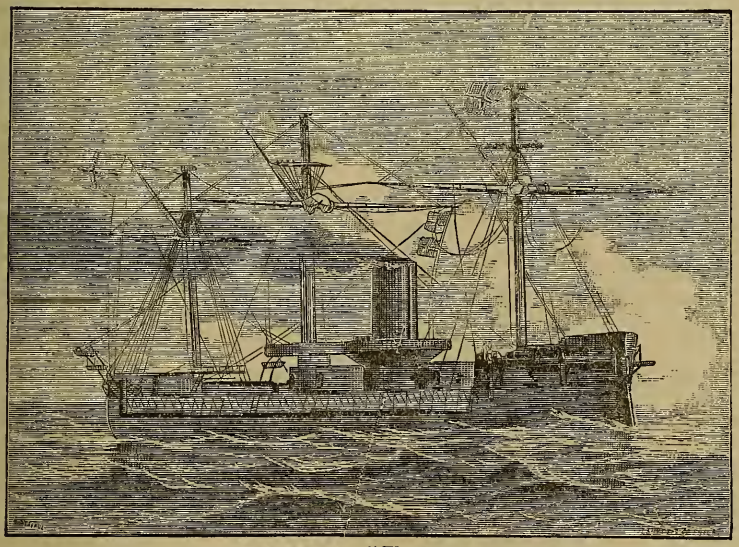
The officers of the Confederate vessel stated her speed to be ten knots, and they confidently expected to capture both the monitors, after which, as it appeared from the instruments captured on board of her, she expected to proceed to sea, and try conclusions with the Charleston fleet. Her engines were first-rate, and her hull of a good model, and there is no reason why she should not have gone up to Charleston and broken the blockade there, except the one fact that she turned out not to be equal to the monitors.

The action was so brief that the Nahant did not share in it, and of the five shots fired by the Weehawken, four struck the Atlanta, and caused her surrender. The first was a fifteen-inch shot, which, though it struck the casemate of the Atlanta at a very acute angle, smashed through both the iron armor and the wooden backing, strewed the deck with splinters, prostrated some forty officers and men by the concussion, and wounded several by the splinters and fragments of armor driven in. We can imagine the consternation of a crew which had come down confident of an easy victory. In fact, this one shot virtually settled the battle. The Weehawken fired an eleven-inch shot next, but this did little damage. The third shot was from the fifteen-inch gun, and knocked off the top of the pilot-house, which projected slightly above the casemate, wounded the pilots, and stunned the men at the wheel. The fourth shot carried away one of the port-stoppers. Sixteen of her crew were wounded.

The Atlanta was valued by the appraisers, for prize-money, at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a sum,

as Boynton remarks, easily won in fifteen minutes, with only five shots, and without a loss of a single man on the other side. More than this, it settled the value of that class of vessels, as compared with monitors.

"As the fight of the Merrimac with the Cumberland, Congress and Minnesota virtually set aside as worthless for war purposes the vast wooden navies of Europe," so it showed that great changes and improvements were necessary in the broadside ironclads, if they were to be opposed to monitors armed with guns of great power. The result was a great increase in the thickness of armor, which went on, as the power of the guns increased, until now it is a question whether armor may not be abandoned, except for certain purposes.



GROSSER KURFUERST—"*The Great Elector.*"
(First-class Ironclad, German Imperial Navy. Sunk by an Accidental Collision with the "Kœnig Wilhelm," in the English Channel, May 31st, 1878.)

XLIII.

KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA. JUNE 19TH, 1864.

DURING the summer of 1864, while Grant and his army were fighting the terrible battles which opened his way to the James, through Virginia; and the whole country was upon the very tenter-hooks of anxiety, a piece of news came across the water which gave more satisfaction to the country at large than many a hard-won battle has given, where a thousand times the numbers were engaged. It was the intelligence that the Alabama was at the bottom of the sea.

We may borrow the words of Boynton, in his "History of the Navy during the Rebellion," to put the reader in possession of a part of the career of the notorious Alabama, previous to her meeting with the Kearsarge.

No event of the great civil war excited such deep indignation, such bitter resentment, as the career of the Alabama. It was not alone because she committed such havoc with our commerce—burning our merchantmen in great numbers; nor was it because she had sunk the Hatteras—a merchant steamer converted into a gun-boat; but it was because England had sent out a British ship, with British guns, and seamen trained in her own practice-ship, a vessel English in every essential but her flag, to lay waste the commerce of a country with which

SINKING OF THE ALABAMA BY THE KEARSARGE, OFF CHERBOURG, FRANCE.

she professed to be at peace. To add to the provocation, this vessel was originally called the "290," to show, by the large number who had contributed to fit her out, how widespread was English sympathy for the cause she was to support. The Alabama was not regarded as a Confederate vessel of war, but as an English man-of-war, sent forth under the thin veil of another flag, to sink and destroy our merchantmen. The short-lived triumph in which England indulged turned out to be about as costly a pleasure as she could well have taken; and deeply mortified as we were that the successful rover should escape our watchful cruisers, and so long pursue, unmolested, her work of destruction, in the end the pride of England was more deeply and bitterly wounded than our own, while at the same time she was held responsible for the destruction of our property. England will probably have reason to remember the Alabama quite as long as the Americans.

The successful movements of this vessel were such as to attract the attention of Europe as well as America. Semmes, her commander, seemed to have been adopted as a sort of English champion, and judging from the expressions of most of the English papers, and what Americans believed to be the effective though quiet support of the English Government, the governing class, at least, in Great Britain were as much pleased with the success of the Alabama as were the people of the South. There was enough of mystery connected with the operations to excite the imagination, and scarcely was any phantom ship ever invested with a more unreal character than was this modern highwayman of the sea.

She seemed to be everywhere, and yet nowhere to be found when sought for by our ships; and some were inclined to think that our naval officers were not very anxious to find her. The result showed how little reason

there was for such an injurious suspicion. There could be no more difficult task than to overtake a single fast steamer to which all seas were open, and which constantly shifted her cruising ground. She seldom entered a port, getting coal and provisions from captured vessels, and so could not readily be traced. She burned or sunk the captured vessels, and then disappeared. The public naturally magnified her size, speed and power, but the Navy Department was well informed about her, and knew just what sort of vessel to send in pursuit of her.

Early in 1862 Captain John A. Winslow, of the United States Navy, was sent, in command of the steam-sloop Kearsarge, to cruise on the coast of Europe for the Alabama and her associate vessels.

He blockaded the Florida for some time, but was forced to give her a chance to escape, by the necessity of going for coal and stores. He lay two months off Calais, where the Rappahannock was found, and at last, in despair of getting to sea, the Rebel cruiser was dismantled and laid up.

Soon after this he learned that the Alabama was at Cherbourg, and he immediately sailed for that port, and took up a position off the famous breakwater.

Semmes was now, for the first time, placed in a position where he would either have to fight the Kearsarge, or submit to be blockaded by a ship in every way a fair match for him.

If he declined battle he would be disgraced in the eyes of all Europe. Should he succeed, his victory would have a great moral effect, especially from the scene of action attracting general attention. People of all nations would hear of it, and augur well for the Confederate cause, whose attention would never be drawn by such a combat, if it occurred on the other side of the Atlantic.

Putting a bold face upon his situation, he challenged Winslow. Considering that his ship was somewhat larger than the Kearsarge, that she carried one more gun, and that he had trained English gunners, of whom much was expected; more than that, that his men were confident, from success, and had the sympathies of most of those about them, he had good reason to hope for success.

Winslow and his crew well knew the consequences involved in the battle. They were indignant, as all Northerners were, at the manner in which the Alabama had been fitted out, quite as much as at her depredations upon our commerce, and death would have been preferable to them, to being towed, a prize, into Cherbourg harbor.

The news of the approaching battle soon spread, and was telegraphed in every direction. Crowds came down from Paris, yachts collected, and bets were freely made upon the result.

The writer was in Cherbourg some time after this fight, and photographs of the Kearsarge, her officers, her battery, and the state of her decks after the action, were in many of the shop windows still. The Cherburgeois seemed glad that the Alabama and her English crew had been conquered off their town. At any rate, it was their interest to appear so, after the event. It was rather curious that no photographs of Semmes or his officers appeared in the windows.

At length, on Sunday morning, June 19th, 1864, the Alabama, having made all her preparations, steamed out of Cherbourg, accompanied by the French ironclad frigate Couronne. The morning was a very fine one; the sea calm, and with a light haze upon the water, not sufficient to obscure the movements of the ships. The French frigate accompanied the Alabama only so far as to make

it certain that she would not be attacked until beyond the marine league, or line of French jurisdiction. A small steamer bearing an English yacht flag came out at the same time, but attracted no particular attention.

The Alabama was first seen by the Kearsarge at about half-past ten, and the latter immediately headed seaward, not only to avoid all questions of jurisdiction, but to draw Semmes so far from shore that, in case his vessel was partially disabled in the coming fight, she could not escape by running into French waters.

The Kearsarge then cleared for action, with her guns pivoted to starboard. Having reached a point about seven miles from shore, the Kearsarge turned short on her heel, and steered straight for the Alabama.

The moment the Kearsarge came round the Alabama sheered, presenting her starboard battery, and slowed her engine.

Winslow's intention was to run his adversary down, if opportunity presented, and he therefore kept on his course. When about a mile distant the Alabama fired a broadside, which did only very trifling damage to the Kearsarge's rigging. Winslow now increased his speed, intending to strike his enemy with full force, and in the next ten minutes the Alabama fired two more broadsides. Not a shot struck the Kearsarge, and she made no reply; but, as the vessels were now not more than seven hundred yards apart, Captain Winslow did not deem it prudent to expose his ship to another raking fire, and the Kearsarge accordingly sheered and opened fire. The ships were thus brought broadside to broadside; but it soon became evident that Semmes did not intend to fight a close action, and Winslow began to fear that he would make for the shore and escape.

To prevent this, Winslow kept his vessel at full speed,

intending to run under the stern of the Alabama and secure a raking position.

To avoid this the Alabama sheered, so as to keep her broadside to the Kearsarge, and as both vessels were under a full head of steam, they were forced into a circular movement, steaming in opposite directions round a common centre, with the current setting them to the westward. Had they fought on parallel lines, with the Alabama heading inshore, she would have reached the line of French jurisdiction, and thus escaped. But, being thus compelled to steam in a circle, she was about five miles from the shore when, at the close of the action, she attempted to run into Cherbourg.

The firing of the Alabama was, throughout the action, very rapid, but also very wild. During the first eighteen minutes not a man was injured on board the Kearsarge. Then a 68-pound Blakely shell passed through the starboard bulwarks, about the main rigging, and exploded on the quarter-deck, wounding three men at the after pivot-gun, one of whom afterwards died of his wounds. This was the only casualty among the crew of the Kearsarge during the whole engagement.

The firing of the Kearsarge was very deliberate, and especial pains were taken with the aiming of the two 11-inch pivot-guns. At the distance at which they were fired, about half a mile, they were terribly effective. One shell disabled a gun on board the Alabama, and killed and wounded eighteen men. Another exploded in her coal-bunker, and completely blocked the engine room. Other shells tore great gaps in the Alabama's sides, and it was soon evident that her race was run. For an hour this fire was exchanged, the Kearsarge suffering little, while almost every shot of hers struck the Alabama. The vaunted English gunners, with their Blakely guns, did not

seem to get the range. The Kearsarge's shell came with due deliberation, but as certain as fate, crashing through her sides, exploding within her or upon her decks, and sweeping away her crew, many of whom were literally torn to pieces by the fearful missiles. She was rapidly reduced to a wreck; her decks were strewn with the dead and wounded, and the water was pouring in the gaps in her sides.

Semmes now made one desperate effort to escape, and suddenly bore up for the land, and made all sail that he could. But he was too late. The Alabama was sinking, and the water which poured into her soon put out her fires.

One or two more shot brought down her flag. For a moment it was uncertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away, but soon a white flag was exposed, and the Kearsarge's fire ceased.

In a moment more another gun was fired from the Alabama, and this was at once returned. The Kearsarge now steamed ahead, and was laid across the Alabama's bows, with the intention of sinking her, but as the white flag was still flying, the fire was reserved. Then it was seen that the Alabama's boats were being lowered, and an officer came alongside, to inform Captain Winslow that the Alabama had surrendered, and was rapidly sinking. Only two boats were in a condition to be sent to the assistance of these people. These were promptly lowered and manned, but before they could reach her they saw the Alabama settle by the stern, raise her bows high in air, shake her mizzen-mast over the side, and plunge down to the bottom of the channel. The crew were left struggling in the water, and the boats of the Kearsarge picked up as many as they could, and hailed the small English yacht steamer, which had come out of

Cherbourg in the morning, giving him permission, and requesting him to assist in saving the prisoners. Both parties saved such as they could reach, and when no more were to be seen floating, the Americans, to their surprise, found the yacht making off, instead of delivering the prisoners she had picked up.

Winslow was astonished that such a thing should be done, and, supposing some mistake, and that they were disturbed by the catastrophe which had just occurred, did not fire into them, as he should have done. Among the rest, this Englishman, whose name was Lancaster, had picked up the Captain of the Alabama.

The officer of the Alabama who came to surrender himself and the ship had permission to return, with his boat, to assist in saving life. He went to the English yacht and escaped in her. None of them seemed to feel any disgrace in making off in this way while the Kearsarge was engaged in saving life. The saddest sight of all was, that England was not ashamed of this man Lancaster, and associated him with Semmes, in the banquets and other recognition which the latter received in England.

It was afterwards understood that this Lancaster was a "*nouveau-riche*," who had a yacht, and who was glad to be seen and identified with any notorious person. Many persons in England shared his feelings, and when the Alabama was sunk, she was much regretted by the rich men of Birmingham and Manchester, as well as by those of the higher nobility, who would not, on any account, speak on equal terms to those with whom they were in complete sympathy in the matter of our war. We must also consider that the man Lancaster had no experience in any kind of warfare, and that he probably knew no better, and even thought he was doing a clever thing.

In his letter acknowledging Captain Winslow's despatch announcing the result of this action, Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, says: "The Alabama represented the best maritime effort of the best English workshops. Her battery was composed of the well-tried 32-pounders of fifty-seven hundred weight, of the famous 68-pounder of the British navy, and of the only successful rifled 100-pounder yet produced in England. The crew were generally recruited in Great Britain, and many of them received superior training on board her Majesty's gunnery-ship, the Excellent. The Kearsarge is one of the first gun-boats built at our navy yards at the commencement of the Rebellion, and lacks the improvements of the vessels now under construction.

* * * "The President has signified his intention to recommend that you receive a vote of thanks, in order that you may be advanced to the grade of Commodore. Lieutenant-Commander James S. Thornton, the executive officer of the Kearsarge, will be recommended to the Senate for advancement ten numbers in his grade." * *

Thornton was well known in the navy for his firmness, ability and courage.

In regard to the conduct of the English yacht, the Secretary says, "That the wretched commander * * * should have resorted to any dishonorable means to escape after his surrender; that he should have thrown overboard the sword that was no longer his; that before encountering an armed antagonist the mercenary rover should have removed the chronometers and other plunder stolen from peaceful commerce, are not matters of surprise, for each act is characteristic of one who has been false to his country and flag. You could not have expected, however, that gentlemen, or those claiming to be gentlemen, would, on such an occasion, act in bad faith, and that,

having been called upon or permitted to assist in rescuing persons and property which had been surrendered to you, they would run away with either." * * * *

"The Alabama was an English built vessel, armed and manned by Englishmen; has never had any other than an English register; has never sailed under any recognized national flag since she left the shores of England; has never visited any port of North America; and her career of devastation since she went forth from England is one that does not entitle those of her crew who were captured to be paroled. This Department expressly disavows that act. Extreme caution must be exercised, so that we in no way change the character of this English-built and English-manned, if not English-owned, vessel, or relieve those who may be implicated in sending forth this robber upon the seas from any responsibility to which they may be liable for the outrages she has committed."

The sagacity and far-sightedness of Mr. Welles in preventing the English Government from having any technical ground for escaping responsibility has since been triumphantly approved by the action of the Geneva Convention, in the damages brought in against England for the actions of this vessel. Unfortunately the English masses had to help to pay these damages, as well as the classes which had in every way fostered the Rebellion.

It was stated in the English newspapers that the Kearsarge was an ironclad in disguise; and much more powerful, in every way, than the Alabama. Let us look at the facts.

In the first place, the two vessels were much the same in size, the Alabama being a little longer, and about one hundred tons larger.

Captain Winslow covers the whole ground in the

following statement: "The Kearsarge's battery consists of seven guns, two 11-inch Dahlgrens, four 32-pounders, one light rifled 28-pounder.

"The battery of the Alabama consisted of one 100-pounder, rifled; six 32-pounders, that is, one more gun than the Kearsarge.

"In the wake of the engines on the outside the Kearsarge had stopped up and down her sheet chains.

"These were stopped by marline to eyebolts, which extended some twenty feet, and this was done by the hands of the Kearsarge; the whole was covered by light plank, to prevent dirt collecting. It was for the purpose of protecting the engines when there was no coal in the upper part of the bunkers, as was the case when the action took place. The Alabama had her bunkers full, and was equally protected. The Kearsarge went into action with a crew of one hundred and sixty-two officers and men. The Alabama, by report of the Deerhound's officers, had one hundred and fifty. * * * * The action lasted one hour and two minutes, from the first to the last shot. The Kearsarge received twenty-eight shots above and below, thirteen about her hull; the best shots were abaft the mainmast, two shots, which cut the chain stops, the shell of which broke the casing of wood covering; they were too high to damage the boilers had they penetrated. The Kearsarge was only slightly damaged, and I supposed the action for hot work had just commenced when it ended.

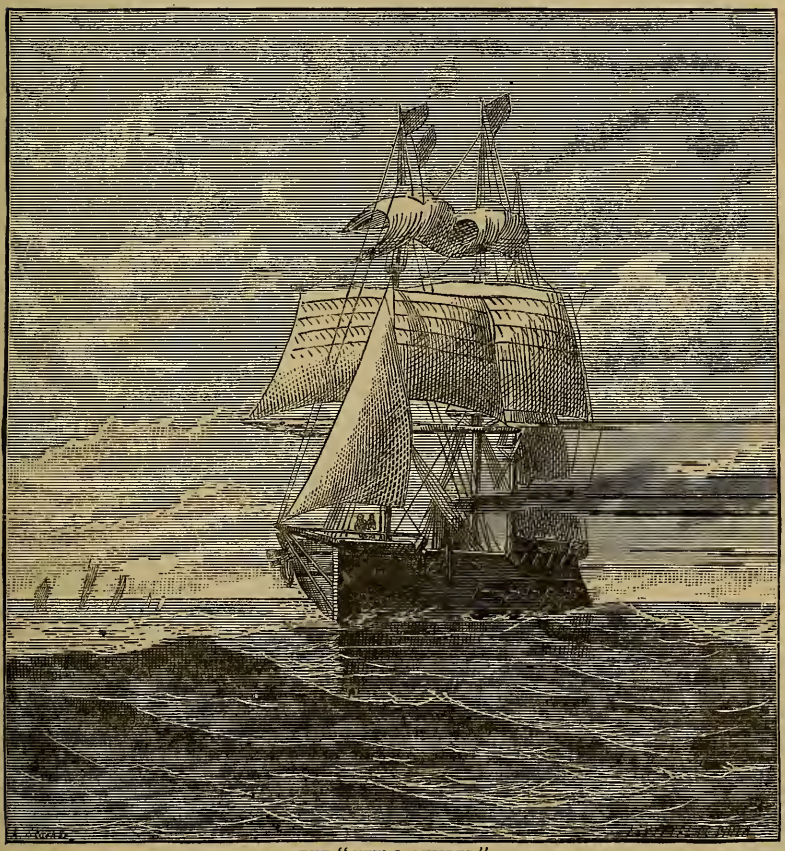
"Such stuff as the Alabama firing when she was going down, and all such talk, is twaddle.

"The Alabama toward the last hoisted sail to get away, when the Kearsarge was laid across her bows, and would have raked her had she not surrendered, which she had

done, and was trying to get her flags down, and showing a white flag over the stern.

"The officers of the Alabama on board the Kearsarge say that she was a complete slaughter-house, and was completely torn to pieces. This is all I know of the Alabama.

"Of the one hundred and sixty-three officers and men of the Kearsarge, one hundred and fifty-two were native Americans, and two of the remaining eleven were Englishmen."



THE "NEW IRONSIDES."
(The heaviest Ironclad in the U. S. Navy.)

XLIV.

MOBILE BAY. AUGUST 5, 1864.

FARRAGUT had returned to New York, after arduous service in the Mississippi, which cannot be told here, and had received the hearty congratulations and hospitalities of not only public bodies, but of all grateful citizens. He had been made Rear Admiral, a new rank in the United States, and had been thanked by Congress for his achievements.

But, after about four months of rest and relaxation he was called to duty again, and early in January, 1864, he once more hoisted his flag upon the Hartford and sailed for the Gulf. His flag-ship had received much needed repairs, and, on examination, it was found that she had been struck two hundred and forty times by shot and shell.

After a short stay at New Orleans, to settle naval matters there, he visited Ship Island and Pensacola, the established depots for supplies.

He was now preparing for the long desired attack on Mobile Bay and its defences, which he had long contemplated, and was only prevented from carrying out before by the necessity of carrying out joint operations on the Mississippi River.

It was impossible to prevent vessels from occasionally entering Mobile, no matter how vigilant the blockaders

were. Forts Morgan, Powell and Gaines protected the principal channels, and the light blockade-runners would creep along the shore, under cover of the night, under charge of experienced pilots, and soon be under the protecting guns of the forts. Now and then some adventurous craft would suffer for her temerity, by being captured, or driven on shore and riddled with shot and shell; but, still, too many got in. Most of these vessels had clearances for Matamoros, a Mexican town on the Rio Grande.

A steamer was captured off Mobile which was evidently a blockade-runner. The Captain was sent on board the flag-ship, to be interrogated by the Admiral. Farragut recognized him as an old acquaintance, and one of the most experienced merchant captains in the Gulf trade. The Admiral asked him what in the world he was doing close in with Mobile, when he was three hundred miles out of his course for Matamoros. The Captain entered into a long story about having been swept in shore by a north-east gale. When he had finished, Farragut smiled and said, "How could you be blown to the northward and eastward by a northeast gale? I am very sorry for you, but we shall have to hold you for your thundering bad navigation. Among the articles captured in this vessel were one thousand copies of a caricature of General Butler, who has certainly had notoriety conferred upon him in that way as often as any one who ever lived.

Personal reconnoissances and skirmishes with the different forts about Mobile occupied the Admiral for some time, and he recognized the importance of having light draft ironclads to fight those which the enemy were preparing.

He wrote, "I feel no apprehension about Buchanan's raising the blockade at Mobile, but with such a force as he

has in the Bay, it would be unwise to take in our wooden vessels, without the means of fighting the enemy on an equal footing. By reference to the chart you will see how small a space there is for the ships to manœuvre."

On the 2d of March he wrote "I saw the Mobile ram Tennessee yesterday. She is very long, and I thought moved very slowly."

He was most anxious to make the attack upon Mobile, as every week's delay rendered the work more dangerous. But he was delayed by the necessity of awaiting ships.

In the meantime stirring work was going on inland, and the armies grappling in the fight of giants. Farragut's letters show that he was keenly alive to all that was going on, although the mental strain upon him in keeping up the blockade and in preparing for the undertaking he had in view was very great.

In a letter written in May he says, "We have the Southern papers of the 17th, and yet they contain no news. All is dark with respect to Grant and Lee. Grant has done one thing. He has gone to work making war and doing his best, and kept newsmongers out of his army. The only comfort I have is, that the Confederates are more unhappy, if possible, than we are."

"We started with few good officers of experience, but shall end with some of the best in the world. Our fellows are beginning to understand that war means fighting."

To Admiral Bailey, at Key West, he writes, "I am watching Buchanan, in the ram Tennessee. She is a formidable looking thing, and there are four others, and three wooden gun-boats. They say he is waiting for the two others to come out and attack me, and then raid upon New Orleans. Let him come. I have a fine squadron to meet him, all ready and willing. I can see his boats very industriously laying down torpedoes, so I judge that

he is quite as much afraid of our going in as we are of his coming out."

On June 21st he writes, "I am tired of watching Buchanan and Page, and wish from the bottom of my heart that Buck would come out and try his hand upon us. This question has to be settled, iron *versus* wood, and there never was a better chance to settle the question as to the sea-going qualities of ironclad ships. We are to-day ready to try anything that comes along, be it wood or iron, in reasonable quantities. Anything is preferable to lying on our oars. But I shall have patience until the army has finished its campaign in Virginia and Georgia. I hope it will be the close of the war."

On the 6th of July, he writes, "My birth-day; sixty-three years old. I was a little down in the mouth, because I thought we had not done as well as we ought to, in destroying a blockade-runner that tried to force her way by us. But Dyer, in the Glasgow, ran her on shore under the guns of Fort Morgan, and I had been trying to get the gun-boats to destroy her, but they did bad work, and the Rebels were at it, night before last, trying to get her off. I determined to send a party to board and set her on fire. Watson volunteered for the work, and I sent him, with Tyson, Ensign Dana, Whiting, Glidden, and Pendleton, and Master's Mate Herrick. Jouett and McCann covered the party. Well, as you may suppose, it was an anxious night for me; for I am almost as fond of Watson as yourself, and interested in the others. I thought it was to be a hand-to-hand fight, if any. I sat up till midnight, and then thought they had found the enemy in too great force, and had given it up; so I laid down to rest. About half an hour later the Rebel was reported to be on fire, and I was happy, because I had heard no firing, and I knew the surprise was

perfect. And so it turned out. The Rebels scampered off as our fellows climbed on board. The boats returned about 2 o'clock A. M., all safe, no one hurt. I was anxious until their return. But no one knows what my feelings are; I am always calm and quiet."

"I have never seen a crew come up like our's. They are ahead of the old set in small arms, and fully equal to them at the great guns. They arrived here a new lot of boys and young men, and have now fattened up, and knock the nine-inch guns about like 24-pounders, to the astonishment of everybody."

One more extract—for these show the man :—

On July 20th, he wrote, "The victory of the Kearsarge over the Alabama raised me up. I would sooner have fought that fight than any ever fought on the ocean. Only think! it was fought like a tournament, in full view of thousands of French and English, with a perfect confidence, on the part of all but the Union people, that we would be whipped. People came from Paris to witness the fight. Why, my poor little good-for-nothing Hatteras would have whipped her (the Alabama) in fifteen minutes, but for an unlucky shot in the boiler. She struck the Alabama two shots for one, while she floated. But the triumph of the Kearsarge was grand. Winslow had my old First Lieutenant of the Hartford, Thornton, in the Kearsarge. He is as brave as a lion, and as cool as a parson. I go for Winslow's promotion!"

On the 31st of July all the monitors sent to Farragut had arrived, except the Tecumseh, and she was at Pensacola, to be ready in a day or two.

The preparations for the attack upon the Mobile defences were now about completed, and Farragut had apprised each of his Commanders of his plans for passing into the Bay.

Generals Canby and Granger had visited the Hartford, and in this interview it was agreed that all the troops that could be spared should be sent to co-operate with the fleet in the attack upon Forts Morgan and Gaines.

Subsequently Canby found he had not force sufficient to invest both forts; so, at Farragut's suggestion, he sent a body of troops to land on Dauphin Island, near Fort Gaines. The Admiral appreciated the assistance of the army in this case, and the responsibility of his position. He was not the man to begin the attack without having taken every precaution to insure success. He said he was ready to take the offensive the moment the troops were ready to act with him; that there was no doing anything with these forts so long as their back doors were open. More than that, his communications had to be kept open for supplies, which required a force of troops to cut off all the enemy's land communications with Mobile.

The 4th of August had been fixed as the day for the landing of the troops and the entrance into the Bay, but the Tecumseh was not ready. General Granger promptly landed his troops on Dauphin Island at that date. As it turned out, all was for the best, for the Confederates were busily engaged, during the 4th, in throwing troops and supplies into Fort Gaines, all of which were captured a few days afterward.

The attack was then postponed until the 5th, and Farragut wrote a letter to his wife that night, which is a model of its kind, and shows he fully appreciated the desperate work before him.

For it we must refer the reader to his life, by his son, from which this account is principally taken.

The battle of Mobile Bay was very properly the crowning achievement of Farragut's naval career, for it was the most brilliant action in which he ever took part.

The defences of the Bay, at the time of his attack, consisted mainly of three forts, Morgan, Gaines and Powell. Fort Morgan was one of the old brick forts, with a wall four feet eight inches thick. It is on the west end of a peninsula which encloses the Bay, called Mobile Point, and forms, with Gaines, the principal defence of the main ship channel to the Gulf. It was armed with eighty-six guns, of various calibre, some very heavy, and in exterior batteries were twenty-nine additional guns. The water battery had two rifled 32s, four 10-inch Columbiads, and one 8-inch Brooks rifle. The garrison, officers and men, numbered six hundred and forty.

Fort Gaines is three miles northwest from Fort Morgan, at the eastern extremity of Dauphin Island. This is also a brick fort, and mounted thirty guns, with a garrison of forty-six officers and eight hundred and eighteen men.

On the flats south and east of Fort Gaines innumerable piles were driven, to obstruct the passage of vessels, and from these two lines of torpedoes extended towards Fort Morgan, terminating at a point a few hundred yards from that fort, marked by a red buoy. This portion of the passage was left open for the use of blockade-runners, and vessels using it had to pass within easy range of the guns of the fort.

Six miles northeast of Fort Gaines is another narrow channel, only fit for light draught vessels, called Grant's pass. There was a redoubt there, mounted with four very heavy guns.

Auxiliary to this land defence the iron-clad steamer Tennessee lay about five hundred yards north of Fort Morgan. She was two hundred and nine feet long and forty feet wide, with an iron prow projecting two feet below the water line. Her sloping sides were covered with armor varying in thickness from five to six inches. She carried

six rifled guns in casemate, two of which were pivot, and the others broadside guns, throwing solid projectiles of one hundred and ten and ninety-five pounds respectively. The ports, of which there were ten, were so arranged that the pivot guns could be fought in broadside, sharp on the bow, and in a direct line with her keel. Her great defect was in the steering-gear, which was badly arranged and much exposed. Near her were anchored three wooden gun-boats, the Morgan, Gaines and Selma. The first carried one 63 cwt. eight-inch gun, and five 57 cwt. 32-pounders; the Gaines, one eight-inch Brooke rifle and five 57 cwt. 32-pounders; the Selma, three eight-inch Paixhans and one old-fashioned heavy thirty-two, converted into a rifle and banded at the breech, throwing a solid shot of about sixty pounds.

Farragut had long before issued general orders in regard to the attack, and made no secret of his intention to attack. They were as follows:—

"Strip your vessels and prepare for the conflict. Send down all your superfluous spars and spare rigging. Put up the splinter-nets on the starboard side, and barricade the wheel and steers-men with sails and hammocks. Lay chains or sand bags on the deck, over the machinery, to resist a plunging fire. Hang the sheet chains over the side, or make any other arrangement for security that your ingenuity may suggest. Land your starboard boats, or lower and tow them on the port side, and lower the port boats down to the water's edge. Place a leadsman and the pilot in the port quarter-boat, or the one most convenient to the Commander.

"The vessels will run past the forts in couples, lashed side by side, as hereinafter designated. The flag-ship will lead and steer from Sand Island N. by E., by compass,

until abreast of Fort Morgan, then N.W., half N., until past the middle ground, then N. by W., and the others, as designated in the drawing, will follow in due order, until ordered to anchor; but the bow and quarter line must be preserved, to give the chase guns a fair range, and each vessel must be kept astern of the broadside of the next ahead; each vessel will keep a very little on the starboard quarter of his next ahead, and when abreast of the fort will keep directly astern, and as we pass the fort, will take the same distance on the port quarter of the next ahead, to enable the stern guns to fire clear of the next vessel astern.

"It will be the object of the Admiral to get as close to the fort as possible before opening fire; the ships, however, will open fire the moment the enemy opens upon us, with their chase and other guns, as fast as they can be brought to bear. Use short fuses for the shell and shrapnel, and as soon as within 300 or 400 yards, give them grape. It is understood that heretofore we have fired too high, but with grape-shot, it is necessary to elevate a little above the object, as grape will dribble from the muzzle of the gun.

"If one or more of the vessels be disabled, their partners must carry them through, if possible; but if they cannot, then the next astern must render the required assistance; but as the Admiral contemplates moving with the flood tide, it will only require sufficient power to keep the crippled vessels in the channel.

"Vessels that can, must place guns upon the poop and top-gallant forecastle, and in the tops on the starboard side. Should the enemy fire grape, they will remove the men from the top-gallant forecastle and the poop to the guns below, until out of grape range.

"The howitzers must keep up a constant fire from the

time they can reach with shrapnel until out of its range." * * * * "There are certain black buoys placed by the enemy across the channel, from the piles on the west side of the channel towards Fort Morgan. It being understood that there are torpedoes and other obstructions between the buoys, the vessels will take care to pass eastward of the easternmost buoy, which is clear of all obstructions. The Admiral will endeavor to remove the others before the day of attack, as he thinks they support that which will otherwise sink, and at least to destroy them for guides to the demons who hope to explode them. So soon as the vessel is opposite the end of the piles, it will be best to stop the propeller of the ship, and let her run in with her headway and the tide, and those having side-wheel gun-boats will continue on with the aid of their paddles, which are not likely to foul with their drag-ropes.

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Rear-Admiral, Commander Western Gulf Squadron.

P. S.—Carry low steam.

D. G. F.

As has been already mentioned, Farragut had fully determined to run into the bay, on the 4th of August, but had been prevented from doing so by the non-arrival of the monitor Tecumseh. But on the afternoon of the 4th she arrived, and took up her anchorage behind Sand Island, with the others of her class—the Winnebago, Manhattan, and Chickasaw.

On the morning of the 5th, long before daylight, all hands were called "up hammocks," and while the Admiral, his Fleet-Captain and Fleet-Surgeon were having breakfast, daylight was reported, with weather threatening rain. It was Friday, a day of bad omen for sailors; but the clouds

worked round, and the day came fair, which was, on the other hand, a good omen. The wind was west-southwest, too, just where the fleet wanted it, for it would blow the smoke upon Fort Morgan.

At four o'clock the wooden ships formed in double column, lashed securely in pairs, in the following order, the first mentioned of each pair being the starboard vessel, or that next the fort. (The Admiral had concluded to let another ship lead, and he was second.) Here is the order:—

- Brooklyn, Captain James Alden.
- Octorara, Lieutenant-Commander Green.
- Hartford (flag-ship), Fleet-Captain Drayton.
- Metacomet, Lieutenant-Commander Jouett.
- Richmond, Captain Thornton Jenkins.
- Port Royal, Lieutenant-Commander Gherardi.
- Lackawanna, Captain Marchand.
- Seminole, Commander Donaldson.
- Monongahela, Commander J. H. Strong.
- Kennebec, Lieutenant-Commander McCann.
- Ossipee, Commander Wm. E. LeRoy.
- Itasca, Lieutenant-Commander George Brown.
- Oneida, Commander Mullany.
- Galena, Lieutenant-Commander Wells.

The Brooklyn was appointed to lead, because she had four chase guns and apparatus for picking up torpedoes.

At half-past five, while at the table, still sipping his tea, the Admiral quietly said, "Well, Drayton, we might as well get under way."

Immediately the answering signals were shown from every vessel, and the wooden vessels promptly took up their respective stations, while the monitors came out from under Sand Island and formed on the right of the wooden ships, as follows: Tecumseh, Commander T. A.

M. Craven; Manhattan, Commander J. W. A. Nicholson; (these were single-turreted, Eastern built, or sea monitors). The Winnebago, Commander T. A. Stevens; and the Chickasaw, Lieutenant-Commander Perkins, followed. The two last were double-turreted, Western built monitors, from the Mississippi river.

The leading monitor was abreast of the leading wooden ship.

The Confederate vessels took up position in single line, in *echelon*, across the channel, with their port batteries bearing to rake the advancing fleet. The ram Tennessee was a little westward of the red buoy spoken of already, and close to the inner line of torpedoes.

Farragut had ordered six light steamers and gun-boats to take up a position outside, and open a flank fire on Fort Morgan, but they could not get near enough to be of much service.

And now the attacking fleet steamed steadily in. At 6.47 the first gun was fired by the monitor Tecumseh, and Fort Morgan at once replied. As the wooden vessels came within shorter range Farragut made signal for "closer order," which was promptly obeyed, each vessel closing up to within a few yards of the one ahead, and a little on the starboard quarter, thus enabling such ships as had chase guns to bring them to bear.

The battle had opened, but at that time the enemy had the advantage, and the fleet now received a raking fire from the fort, battery, and Confederate vessels. This they had to endure for fully half an hour, before they could bring their batteries to bear with any effect. At the end of that time the Brooklyn and Hartford were enabled to open their broadsides, which soon drove the gunners of the fort from the barbette guns and water batteries.

The scene on the poop of the flag-ship was now par-

ticularly interesting, as all were watching eagerly the movements of the leading monitor, Tecumseh. The Admiral stood in the port main rigging, a few ratlines up, where he could see all about him and at the same time communicate easily with the Metacomet, lashed alongside. Freeman, his trusty pilot, was above him, in the top. Captain Drayton was on the poop, with the officers of the Admiral's staff, while Knowles, the Signal Quartermaster, attended to the signals. This petty officer, with the three seamen at the wheel, McFarland, Wood and Jassin, had been in every engagement of the ship, and steadily and coolly they now attended to their most important duties. All these were nearly stationary. The men at the wheel merely gave a spoke or two of helm, from time to time, in response to a short order.

On the deck below, the gun crews were working with a will, and all was animation and bustle.

As the smoke increased and obscured his view, the Admiral ascended the rigging, ratline by ratline, until he was up among the futtock shrouds, under the top. Captain Drayton, seeing him in this position, and fearing that some slight shock might precipitate him into the sea, ordered Knowles to take up a line, and make his position secure. Knowles says, "I went up with a piece of lead-line, and made it fast to one of the forward shrouds, and then took it round the Admiral to the after shroud, making it fast there. The Admiral said, 'Never mind, I am all right,' but I went ahead and obeyed orders, for I feared he would fall overboard if anything should carry away or he should be struck." Here Farragut remained until the fleet entered the bay.

Loyall Farragut gives a striking extract from the journal of one of the Hartford's officers, as follows: "The order was, to go slowly, slowly; and receive the fire of

Fort Morgan. * * * * The fort opened, having allowed us to get into such short range that we apprehended some snare; in fact, I heard the order passed for our guns to be elevated for fourteen hundred yards some time before one was fired. The calmness of the scene was sublime. No impatience, no irritation, no anxiety, except for the fort to open; and after it did open full five minutes elapsed before we answered.

"In the meantime the guns were trained as if at a target, and all the sounds I could hear were, 'Steady! boys, steady! Left tackle a little; so! so!' Then the roar of a broadside, and an eager cheer, as the enemy were driven from their water battery. Don't imagine they were frightened; no man could stand under that iron shower; and the brave fellows returned to their guns as soon as it lulled, only to be driven away again.

"At twenty minutes past seven we had come within range of the enemy's gun-boats, which opened their fire upon the Hartford, and as the Admiral told me afterward, made her their special target. First they struck our foremast, and then lodged a shot of 120 pounds in our mainmast. By degrees they got better elevation, and I have saved a splinter from the hammock netting to show how they felt their way lower. Splinters, after that, came by cords, and in size, sometimes, were like logs of wood. No longer came the cheering cry, 'nobody hurt yet.' The Hartford, by some unavoidable chance, fought the enemy's fleet and fort together for twenty minutes by herself, timbers crashing, and wounded pouring down—cries never to be forgotten."

By half-past seven the Tecumseh was well up with the fort, and drawing slowly by the Tennessee, having her on the port beam, when she suddenly reeled to port and went down, with almost every soul on board, destroyed

by a torpedo. Commander Craven, in his eagerness to engage the ram, had passed to the west of the fatal buoy. If he had gone but the breadth of his beam to the eastward of it, he would have been safe, so far as the torpedoes were concerned.

This very appalling disaster was not immediately realized by the fleet. Some supposed the Tennessee had been sunk, or some signal advantage gained over the enemy, and cheers from the Hartford were taken up and echoed along the line. But the Admiral, from his lofty perch, saw the true state of things, and his anxiety was not decreased when the leading ship, the Brooklyn, just ahead of him, suddenly stopped. Hailing the top, above him, he asked Freeman, the pilot, "What is the matter with the Brooklyn? She must have plenty of water there." "Plenty, and to spare, Admiral," the pilot replied. Alden had seen the Tecumseh suddenly engulfed, and the heavy line of torpedoes across the channel made him pause.

The Brooklyn then began to back; the vessels in the rear pressing on those in the van soon created confusion, and disaster seemed imminent. "The batteries of our ships were almost silent," says an eye-witness, "while the whole of Mobile Point was a living flame.

"What's the trouble?" was shouted, through a trumpet, from the flag-ship to the Brooklyn. "Torpedoes!" was shouted back, in reply. "Damn the torpedoes!" said Farragut. "Four bells! Captain Drayton, go ahead! Jouett, full speed!" And the Hartford passed the Brooklyn, assumed the head of the line, and led the fleet to victory. It was the one only way out of the difficulty, and any hesitation would have closed even this escape from a frightful disaster. Nor did the Admiral forget the few poor fellows who were struggling in the water

when the Tecumseh went down, but ordered Jouett, of the Metacomet, to lower a boat and pick them up. This was done, the boat being commanded by a mere boy, an Acting Master's mate, by the name of Henry Clay Nields, a native of Chester County, Pennsylvania, who lately died, a Lieutenant-Commander. This gallant fellow and his small boat's crew pulled coolly into a perfect flurry of shot and shell, and while doing so (remembering the standing orders about boats showing flags), he coolly got his out and hoisted it, and then took his seat again, and steered for the struggling survivors of the Tecumseh. This was as conspicuous an act of gallantry as was performed on that eventful day.

A Confederate officer, who was stationed in the water battery at Fort Morgan, says the manœuvring of the vessels at this critical juncture was a magnificent sight. At first they appeared to be in inextricable confusion, and at the mercy of their guns, and when the Hartford dashed forward, they realized that a grand tactical movement had been accomplished.

The Hartford had passed nearly a mile ahead before the line could be straightened, but the vessels were soon able to pour in a storm of shell, shrapnel and grape, that completely silenced the batteries; not, however, before they had all suffered more or less. The Oneida, having the most exposed position, at the rear of the column, was severely handled. The wisdom of lashing the vessels two-and-two was now manifest; for this ship, though in a helpless condition, was easily towed along by her consort, the Galena, with the flood-tide. The Admiral's theory, "that the safest way to prevent injury from an enemy is to strike hard yourself," was exemplified in his warning to his captains, to run close to Fort Morgan, and use shell, shrapnel and grape freely. It is said that the Richmond

and Brooklyn were saved from destruction at the time the line was being straightened, by the rapid broadsides of shrapnel which those ships poured into the water battery. The aim of the artillerists on shore was disconcerted by the dense smoke which enveloped the ships, and they were driven from their guns by the rapid firing. An officer who was in the engagement remarks, that it was "painfully apparent, judging from the number of shot that passed over the rail of my ship, that a few yards to the west would have increased the damage and casualties."

As soon as the Hartford had crossed the torpedo-ground and was steaming rapidly up the channel, Buchanan, on the Tennessee, saw the blue flag of Farragut. He made a dash to ram the latter's flag-ship, but failed to do so, the ships merely exchanging shots. By this time the Brooklyn and Richmond had passed safely over the obstructions, and were following in the wake of the Hartford. The Tennessee now turned her attention to the Brooklyn, making for her starboard bow; but when within about one hundred yards of that ship, she starboarded her helm and passed within two hundred feet of her, pouring in a broadside which went through and through her, doing great damage. Passing on, she attempted the same manœuvre with the Richmond, the next in line, apparently first attempting to ram, and then sheering off. Captain Jenkins saw her approaching, and placed marines on the forecastle, with orders to fire into the great ram's ports whenever the iron shutters opened, at the same time giving orders to use solid shot in his heavy guns, and to aim at the Tennessee's water-line. The two vessels passed each other at their best speed.

Whether from the rapidity of the movement or the precaution taken by Captain Jenkins to disconcert the

aim of the gunners, the Tennessee's shot passed over the Richmond.

She also missed the Lackawanna, but the fire from her heavy guns created sad havoc when they struck, while the shot from the Union fleet failed to make any impression on her mailed sides.

Captain Strong, in the Monongahela, now attempted to ram her, but she avoided the blow, and the two vessels collided at an acute angle, the ram swinging alongside of the Monongahela's consort, the Kennebec, whose sharp cutwater sheared her barge in two. A shell from the Tennessee exploded on the Kennebec's berth-deck, and came near setting her dangerously on fire; but, by the cool conduct of the officers, confidence was quickly restored.

The ram then attacked the crippled Oneida, running under her stern and delivering two broadsides in rapid succession, destroying her boats and dismounting a twelve-pound howitzer upon her poop. Captain Mullany was severely wounded at this time, after having escaped injury off the forts, where he had borne so heavy a fire.

The Tennessee then returned to her anchorage under the guns of Fort Morgan.

As soon as he was clear of the fire of the forts, Farragut had turned his attention to the enemy's gun-boats. Their heavy raking fire had been a source of great annoyance. One shot from the Selma, alone, had killed ten men and wounded five. After the fleet had passed the obstructions these vessels had continued the contest, keeping up with the leading ships and exchanging shots, thus separating themselves widely from the Tennessee.

Soon the Gaines was in a sinking condition, and her commander ran her aground, under the guns of Fort Morgan, where she was afterwards set on fire.

A few minutes after she had quitted the fight, the Selma and Morgan, seeing the hopelessness of the encounter, also retreated, the former up the bay, and the latter down towards Navy Cove, some distance to the eastward.

It was then that the Admiral made the signal, "Gunboats chase enemy's gunboats." In a moment the Metacomet had cut the lashings which confined her to the flagship, and was off.

The Metacomet was the fastest of all the smaller vessels, and so it came that she engaged the Morgan. Just then firing was interrupted by a thick rain-squall. During the squall the Morgan, as was learned afterwards, grounded upon a long spit which runs out for about a mile from Navy Cove.

In the meantime the Metacomet, Port Royal, Kennebec, and Itasca had started after the Selma, and the Metacomet captured her, three or four miles up the bay. The Morgan backed off the shoal, and proceeded to Fort Morgan; and that same night, under a starlit sky, her captain, Harrison, made a hazardous but successful retreat up to Mobile, being pursued and fired at by several of the Union gun-boats.

Farragut's fleet now came to anchor about three miles up the bay, with anchors hove short. They had scarcely done so when they saw the ram Tennessee steering directly for the flag-ship. Buchanan had anticipated Admiral Farragut, for the latter had intended to attack the ram the moment it was dark enough for the smoke to prevent Page, the commander of the fort, from distinguishing friend from foe. He had already made a plan to go in with the three monitors, himself in the Manhattan, and board her, if it was found feasible. He now accepted the situation, and signalled the fleet to

"attack the ram, not only with their guns, but bows on, at full speed."

The Monongahela was under way at the time, and Strong immediately dashed off for the ram at full speed; but the Tennessee paid no attention to her, merely putting her helm aport, which caused the Monongahela to strike her obliquely. The ram also fired two shots at the Monongahela, which pierced her through and through, while Strong's shot glanced harmlessly from her sloping sides.

The Chickasaw at this time hit the ram with a solid bolt, which merely penetrated her armor, without doing serious damage.

The next vessel to bear down on the Tennessee was the Lackawanna, and she suffered more than the ram. She had a fair stroke at her, and stove her bow in for some feet above and below the water-line, while the shock to the Tennessee was slight, and she quickly righted, and moved steadily for the Hartford. The latter now took the aggressive, and, following in the wake of the Lackawanna, struck the ram a fearful blow, and then poured in a broadside, but all without effect.

The ram had one great advantage. She was surrounded by enemies, and could fire continually, while the Union vessels had to use the utmost care not to fire into or collide with one another. This did happen to the flag-ship, just as she was preparing to attack a second time, for the Lackawanna ran into her, and cut her down nearly to the water's edge.

In the meantime the monitors, Manhattan, Winnebago and Chickasaw, had been pounding the ram with their heavy shot, and her steering apparatus and smoke-stack were shot away, and her port-shutters jammed, while one 15-inch shot had found a weak spot, and penetrated her

armor. Admiral Buchanan was wounded, and the Tennessee showed a white flag and surrendered.

The success was complete, but had cost the Union fleet three hundred and thirty-five men.

Of one hundred and thirty souls in the Tecumseh, seventeen were saved, and one hundred and thirteen drowned. The other casualties, fifty-two killed and one hundred and seventy wounded, were distributed as follows: Hartford, twenty-five killed, twenty-eight wounded; Brooklyn, eleven killed, forty-three wounded; Lackawanna, four killed, thirty-five wounded; Oneida, eight killed, thirty wounded; Monongahela, six wounded; Metacomet, one killed, two wounded; Ossipee, one killed, seven wounded; Richmond, two slightly wounded; Galena, one wounded; Octorara, one killed, ten wounded; Kennebec, one killed, six wounded.

Knowles, the Signal Quartermaster already mentioned, says that the Admiral came on deck just as the poor fellows who had been killed were being laid out on the port side of the quarter-deck. He says, "It was the only time I ever saw the old gentleman cry, but the tears came in his eyes, like a little child."

The losses among the enemy's vessels were confined to the Tennessee and Selma—ten killed and sixteen wounded. The loss in the forts is not known.

Next morning Farragut published the following:—

(GENERAL ORDER No. 12.)

UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
MOBILE BAY, August, 6, 1864.

"The Admiral returns thanks to the officers and crews of the vessels of the fleet for their gallant conduct during the fight of yesterday.

"It has never been his good fortune to see men do

their duty with more courage and cheerfulness; for, although they knew that the enemy was prepared with all devilish means for our destruction, and though they witnessed the almost instantaneous annihilation of our gallant companions in the Tecumseh by a torpedo, and the slaughter of their friends, messmates and gun-mates on our decks, still there were no evidences of hesitation in following their Commander-in-chief through the line of torpedoes and obstructions, of which we knew nothing, except from the exaggerations of the enemy, who had given out, 'that we should all be blown up as certainly as we attempted to enter.'

"For this noble and implicit confidence in their leader, he heartily thanks them.

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"*Rear-Admiral Commanding W. G. B. Squadron.*"

The gallantry of Acting Ensign Nields, in going to the rescue of the survivors of the Tecumseh has been alluded to. In connection with that lamentable event it is related that when the monitor was going down, Commander Craven and the pilot, whose name was Collins, met at the foot of the ladder leading to the top of the turret; Craven, knowing that it was through no fault of the pilot, but by his own order, that the course had been changed to the other side of the buoy, stepped back, saying, "After you, Pilot." "There was nothing after me," said Mr. Collins, in relating the event, "for when I reached the top round of the ladder the vessel seemed to drop from under me." Among those who went down with Craven was Chief Engineer Faron, who rose from a sick bed, in the hospital at Pensacola, to go on board the Tecumseh.

Admiral Farragut highly complimented Fleet-Surgeon

Palmer, for certain extra service. It happened that the Admiral's steam barge came into the bay, under the port side of the Seminole. Fleet-Surgeon Palmer, having attended to the wounded on board the flag-ship, and leaving them in the hands of his assistants, wished to visit the wounded of the other vessels, and the Admiral gave him the steam barge. He had just shoved off when the Tennessee was seen steaming for the Hartford. The Admiral beckoned to Palmer, just before he made the general signal, and desired him to "go to all the monitors, and tell them to attack that Tennessee." Afterwards he wrote to Dr. Palmer, and expressing some opinions in regard to war duty, says, * * * "I am happy to say that, from my own experience, *war* is the time when I have always found the medical officers ready and willing to do their duty without regard to personal risk." * * *

When a shot perforated the starboard boiler of the Oneida, scalding thirteen men, one gun's crew wavered for a moment as the steam rushed out, but, at the order of Commander Mullany, "Back to your quarters, men!" they instantly returned to their gun. Mullany soon after lost his arm, and was wounded in several other places.

The incident of Farragut's being lashed aloft has created much controversy. The fact of his being lashed in the futtock shrouds was shown in a picture by Page, which was afterwards presented to the Emperor of Russia. The fact was, that the Admiral did not remain long anywhere. While the fleet was entering the bay, he was in the port main rigging, where he was secured by Knowles, the Quartermaster, as has been mentioned. But when the ram made her attack he had come down on deck, and, as the Hartford was about to ram the Tennessee, he got into the port mizzen rigging, where, as his Flag-Lieutenant, J. Crittenden Watson, says, "I

secured him by a lashing passed with my own hands, having first begged him not to stand in such an exposed place."

Surgeon General Palmer writes: "The Richmond waved to me as I passed in the Loyall (the steam-barge), and told me that Admiral Farragut had partly signalled for me to return, which I did immediately. When I got near enough to the Hartford, the Admiral himself hailed, and directed me to go on board the captured ram and look after Admiral Buchanan, who was wounded. It was difficult, even from a boat, to get on board the Tennessee, and I had to make a long leap, assisted by a strong man's hand. I literally scrambled through the iron port, and threaded my way among the piles of confusion, to a ladder, by which I mounted to where Admiral Buchanan was lying, in a place like the top of a truncated pyramid. Somebody announced me, and he answered (tone polite, but savage) 'I know Dr. Palmer;' but he gave me his hand. I told him I was sorry to see him so badly hurt, but that I should be glad to know his wishes. He answered, 'I only wish to be treated kindly, as a prisoner of war.' My reply was, 'Admiral Buchanan, you know perfectly well you will be treated kindly.' Then he said, 'I am a Southern man, and an enemy, and a rebel.' I felt a little offended at his tone, but rejoined carefully that he was at that moment a wounded person and disabled, and that I would engage to have his wishes fulfilled. As to the present disposal of his person, that Admiral Farragut would take him on board the Hartford, or send him to any other ship he might prefer. He said he didn't pretend to be Admiral Farragut's friend, and had no right to ask favors of him, but that he would be satisfied with any decision that might be come to. Dr. Conrad, lately an assistant Surgeon in our Navy, told me he was Fleet-

Surgeon, and desired to accompany Buchanan wherever he might go. (It had been proposed by Dr. Conrad to amputate the injured leg of the Confederate Admiral, but Palmer dissented from his opinion, and declined to have the operation performed, and for his skillful management of the case received grateful acknowledgments, in after life, from Buchanan.) "I promised that he should, and returned to the Hartford, and reported to Admiral Farragut, circumstantially. This generous man seemed hurt at Buchanan's irritated feeling, and said he (Buchanan) *had* formerly professed friendship for him. I saw there must be some embarrassment in bringing them together, and therefore proposed that I should have a steamer to take all the wounded to Pensacola, and another one to send all ordinary invalids to New Orleans."

To carry out this suggestion Farragut addressed a note to Brigadier-General R. L. Page, commanding Fort Morgan (formerly of the United States Navy), informing him that Admiral Buchanan and others of the Tennessee had been wounded, and desiring to know whether he would permit one of our vessels, under a flag of truce, to convey them, with or without our wounded, to Pensacola, on the understanding that the vessel should take out none but the wounded, and bring nothing back that she did not take out. This was acceded to, and all the wounded sent.

In his official report to the Navy Department, Admiral Farragut, after awarding praise to many of the officers, mentioning them by name, says, "The last of my staff to whom I would call the attention of the Department is not the least in importance. I mean Pilot Martin Freeman. He has been my great reliance in all difficulties, in his line of duty. During the action he was in the main-top, piloting the ships into the bay. He was cool and brave

throughout, never losing his self-possession. This man was captured, early in the war, in a fine fishing-smack, which he owned, and though he protested he had no interest in the war, and only asked for the privilege of fishing for the fleet, yet his services were too valuable to the captors, as a pilot, not to be secured. He was appointed a first-class pilot, and has served us with zeal and fidelity, and has lost his vessel, which went to pieces on Ship Island. I commend him to the Department."

The importance of Farragut's success was fully appreciated, both North and South, while an English Service paper named him as "the first naval officer of the day, as far as actual reputation, won by skill, courage and hard fighting, goes."

General Granger's troops, after Forts Gaines and Powell had surrendered, had been transferred to the rear of Fort Morgan, and that work was invested on August 9th.

Page was summoned to surrender, but firmly refused, and seemed disposed to hold out stubbornly. It then became a question of time. Troops were poured in, heavy siege guns placed in position, and the investing lines drawn closer and closer. Even the captured Tennessee's formidable battery was turned against the fort. A battery of four nine-inch Dahlgren guns, manned by seamen from the fleet, and under the command of Lieutenant Tyson, of the Navy, also took part in the siege. General Granger, in his report of the operations, compliments them highly, not only for their faithful work "in getting their guns into the difficult position selected for their batteries," but for "their distinguished skill and accuracy during the bombardment."

After a furious cannonade, on August 22d, which was gallantly responded to by Morgan, that fort surrendered unconditionally on the 23d.

The total number of prisoners captured in the defences of Mobile was one thousand four hundred and sixty-four, with one hundred and four guns.

Mobile forts being once secured, Farragut next turned his attention to the dangerous work of taking up torpedoes, twenty-one of which were picked up in the main ship channel, from which many beside had been swept away, and many had sunk.

On September 1st despatches arrived from the North, marked 'Important.' These proved to be from the Navy Department, warning him not to attempt an attack upon the Mobile defences unless he was sure that he had a sufficient force, as powerful reinforcements would be sent to him as soon as possible. We can imagine his satisfaction in looking round him, and feeling that the work was done.

In his congratulatory letter to Admiral Farragut, Secretary Welles said: "In the success which has attended your operations, you have illustrated the efficiency and irresistible power of a naval force led by a bold and vigorous mind, and the insufficiency of any batteries to prevent the passage of a fleet thus led and commanded.

"You have, first on the Mississippi, and recently in the bay of Mobile, demonstrated what had been previously doubted, the ability of naval vessels, properly manned and commanded, to set at defiance the best constructed and most heavily armed fortifications. In these successive victories you have encountered great risks, but the results have vindicated the wisdom of your policy and the daring valor of your officers and seamen."

The further operations about the City of Mobile need not be gone into.

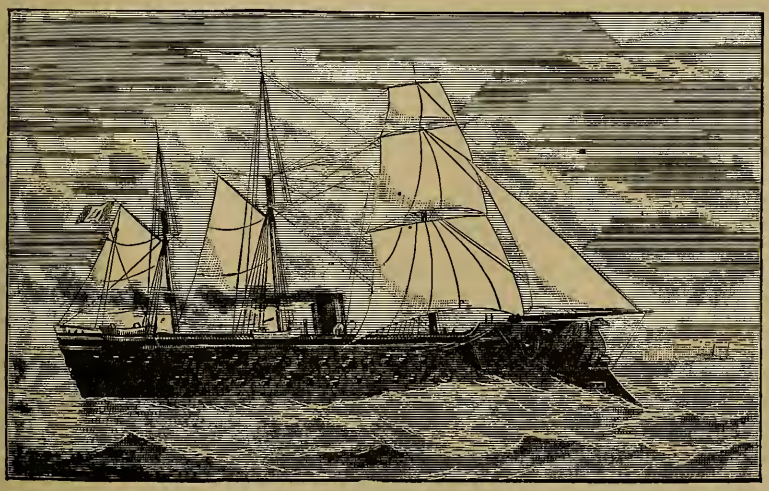
Farragut's health had somewhat failed, with the strain of the previous two years' work and a long stay in the

Gulf climate, and he was ordered home in November, 1864. Upon his arrival in New York great preparations were made for his reception, and formal congratulations were presented to him from the City of New York; the Chamber of Commerce, and other bodies.

On December 22d a bill creating the rank of Vice-Admiral was introduced into Congress, and passed both houses. On the 23d the President signed it, and named Farragut for the office, which nomination was immediately confirmed by the Senate.

On July 25th, 1866, Congress passed a law creating the grade of Admiral, which had never before existed in our Navy, and, as a matter of course, the office was immediately conferred upon Farragut.

Thus was gratified his most legitimate ambition. When there was a talk of making him a candidate for the Presidency he said, "I am greatly obliged to my friends, but am thankful that I have no ambition for anything but what I am, an Admiral."



LE SOLFERINO (*à Eperon*), 1865.
(First-class French Ironclad, with Ram.)

XLV.

CUSHING AND THE ALBEMARLE. OCTOBER, 1864.

THE Sounds and waters of North Carolina were early the scenes of important enterprises by the combined Army and Navy of the United States. The Hatteras forts, Roanoke Island, Newbern, Plymouth and other places were early captured, some of them after regular actions. A position was gained from which the important inland communication was threatened, which was vital to the Confederacy, while the commerce of the Sounds was entirely put a stop to.

It was important for them to regain what they had lost, and to this end they put forth every effort.

Among other means they commenced and hastened to completion a formidable iron-clad vessel. In June, 1863, Lieutenant-Commander C. W. Flusser, an excellent and thoroughly reliable officer, had reported that a battery was building at Edward's Ferry, near Weldon, on the Roanoke River, to be cased with pine sills, fourteen inches square, and plated with railroad iron. The slanting roof was to be made of five inches of pine, five inches of oak, and railroad iron over that.

Unfortunately, the light-draught monitors, which should have been on hand to meet this vessel, turned out failures, and the light wooden gun-boats and "double enders"

LIEUT. CUSHING'S TORPEDO BOAT SINKING THE ALBEMARLE ON ROANOKE RIVER, N. C.

employed in the Sounds had to encounter her. She was accompanied by a ram, which the Union fleet had no vessel fit to meet.

In April, 1864, the Albemarle being completed, the Confederates were ready to carry out their plan of attack, which was first to recapture Plymouth, by the assistance of the ram, and then send her into Albemarle Sound, to capture or disperse our fleet. A force of ten thousand men, which they had collected, made an advance, and gained possession of the town.

Lieutenant-Commander Flusser was then at Plymouth, with four vessels, the Miami, a "double-ender," and three ferry-boats, armed with nine-inch guns, and exceedingly frail in structure, called the Southfield, Ceres and Whitehead. At half-past nine, on the evening of April 18th, he wrote to Admiral Lee that there had been fighting there all day, and he feared the enemy had had the best of it. "The ram will be down to-night or to-morrow. * * * I shall have to abandon my plan of fighting the ram lashed to the Southfield. * * * I think I have force enough to whip the ram, but not sufficient to assist in holding the town, as I should like."

Six hours after writing this Flusser lay dead upon the deck of his ship.

Very early on the morning of the 19th of April the Whitehead, which had been stationed up the river, reported that the ram was coming down.

The Whitehead was in a critical position when she discovered the ram, for she was between her and a rebel battery. Some obstructions had been placed to stop the Albemarle, but she passed them easily. A narrow passage or "thoroughfare" led down to Plymouth beside the main channel, and the Whitehead managed to run into this, unperceived by the ram, and so got down ahead of

the Confederate vessel, which did not attack until half-past three in the morning. When the ironclad was seen coming down, the Miami and Southfield were lashed together, and Flusser, from the Miami, ordered them to meet her, at full speed.

The Albemarle came on silently, with closed ports, and struck the Miami a glancing blow on her port bow, doing some damage, but causing no leak. She then crushed the side of the Southfield, so that she at once began to sink. As she passed between the two vessels, the forward lashings parted, and the Miami swung round. The after lashings were cut, and, after a number of the Southfield's men had succeeded in reaching the Miami that vessel steamed off down the river, leaving her consort to sink. The officer left in command by Flusser's death thus speaks of this unfortunate affair :—

"As soon as the battery could be brought to bear upon the ram, both steamers, the Southfield and Miami, commenced firing solid shot from the 100-pound Parrott rifles and 11-inch Dahlgren guns, they making no perceptible indentations in her armor. Commander Flusser fired the first three shots from the Miami personally, the third being a ten-second Dahlgren shell, 11-inch. It was directly after that fire that he was killed by pieces of shell ; several of the gun's crew were wounded at the same time. Our bow hawser being stranded, the Miami then swung round to starboard, giving the ram a chance to pierce us. Necessity then required the engine to be reversed in motion, to straighten the vessel in the river, to prevent going on the bank of the river, and to bring the rifle-gun to bear upon the ram. During the time of straightening the steamer the ram had also straightened, and was making for us. From the fatal effects of her prow upon the

Southfield, and of our sustaining injury, I deemed it useless to sacrifice the Miami in the same way."

The gun-boats being driven off, the Confederates captured Plymouth on April 20th. As it was expected that the Albemarle would at once enter the Sound, and attack the squadron there, all possible preparations were made to meet her.

Four of the squadron were "double enders," the Miami, Mattabesett, Sassacus and Wyalusing. The smaller vessels were the Ceres, Commodore Hull, Seymour and Whitehead. They were all armed with 9-inch guns and 100-pound rifles.

The Senior Officer in the Sounds, Captain M. Smith, ordered the large vessels to pass as close as possible to the ram, delivering their fire, and rounding to immediately for a second discharge. He also suggested the vulnerable points of the ram, and recommended that an endeavor be made to foul her propeller, if possible.

He also directed, among other things, that a blow of the ram should be received as near the stern as possible, and the vessel rammed was to go ahead fast, to prevent her from withdrawing it, while the others attacked the propeller. If armed launches accompanied the ram they were to be met by the smaller vessels, with shrapnel, when approaching, and hand grenades when near. He leaves the question of ramming to each commander, on account of the peculiar construction of the "double-enders."

Small steamers were placed on picket, at the mouth of the Roanoke, and on the 5th of May the ram made its appearance, and chased the picket boats in. Signals were made, and the vessels got under way, and stood up to engage the ironclad. The Albemarle was accompanied by a small steamer which she had captured not long

before. At about half-past four in the afternoon the Albemarle opened the battle by a shot which destroyed a boat and wounded several men on board the Mattabesett. The second shot damaged the same vessel's rigging. By this time the Mattabesett was very near the little steamer, which immediately surrendered. The Mattabesett then gave the ram a broadside, at about one hundred and fifty yards, then rounded to under her stern, and came up on the other side. Her shot either broke, or glanced off the ram's armor, without any effect. She had the muzzle knocked off of one of her two guns, by a shot from the ram, but continued to use it during the remainder of the action.

The Sassacus came gallantly on, in like manner, delivering her fire at the Albemarle. The latter then attempted to ram the Sassacus, but the latter crossed her bows, by superior speed.

At this time the ram had partially turned, and exposed her side to the Sassacus, when the wooden double-ender rushed at her, under full steam, in hope of either crushing in her side, or of bearing her down until she should sink. The Sassacus struck the ironclad fairly, and received, at the same moment, a 100-pounder rifle shot, which went through and through her. She struck the Albemarle a heavy blow, careening her, and bearing her down till the water washed across her deck.

The Sassacus kept her engines going, in the attempt to push the ram down, while many efforts were made to throw hand grenades down her deck hatch, and powder down her smoke stack, but without success, as there was a cap upon the stack.

Soon the ram swung round, and as soon as her guns would bear, another 100-pound rifle shot went through the side of the Sassacus, through her coal bunker, and

crashed into her starboard boiler. Instantly the whole ship was filled with steam, which scalded and suffocated her crew. All her firemen were scalded, and one was killed; and twenty-one men were instantly placed *hors de combat.* She was forced to withdraw from action.

The other gun-boats continued the fight, and the Miami endeavored to explode against the ram a torpedo which she carried. But the Albemarle was skillfully handled, and succeeded, each time, in avoiding the blow. Two of the other gun-boats endeavored to foul the propeller of the ram by laying out seines in her track. Although the nets seemed all about her, she escaped them. An observer from the shore has likened this curious scene to a number of wasps attacking a large, horny beetle.

In fine, the Albemarle proved invulnerable to the guns of the gun-boats, even when discharged almost in contact with her sides.

The action lasted for three hours, or until night came on. Everything that brave men could do to destroy the enemy it was their duty to encounter was done by the gun-boats, but the ironclad went back to Plymouth without serious damage, and without the loss of a man, after being the target, at short range, for more than two hundred shot from 11-inch and 9-inch guns, and more than one hundred shot from 100-pounder rifles.

The gun-boats, other than the Sassacus, were very much damaged, and it was plain that they were unfit to meet the Albemarle, however ably handled or gallantly fought.

The ram came out again on the 24th of May, but did not enter the Sound, apparently fearing torpedoes. The next day a party left the Wyalusing in a boat, with two torpedoes, to endeavor to destroy the Albemarle, as she lay at Plymouth.

They carried the torpedoes across the swamps on a stretcher, and then two of the party swam across the river with a line, and hauled the torpedoes over to the Plymouth shore. These were then connected by a bridle, so that they should float down and strike on each side of the ram's bows. Unfortunately, they were discovered, and the plan failed.

Lines of torpedoes were then placed at the mouth of the Roanoke, to destroy the ram if she should come down again, and as this proceeding could not be kept secret, the ironclad did not again venture down. She lay quietly at Plymouth until the latter part of October, a constant threat to our fleet in the Sounds, and preventing any attempt to recapture the town. She was very securely moored to a wharf, and a guard of soldiers was placed on board, in addition to her crew.

Every night fires were made on shore, to prevent the approach of an enemy unseen. More than this, she was surrounded by large logs, moored some thirty feet from her hull, all round, to keep off any boat which might approach with a torpedo. From the mouth of the Roanoke to where the Albemarle lay is about eight miles, and the stream there about two hundred yards wide.

The banks were well picketed by the enemy.

About a mile below Plymouth was the sunken wreck of the Southfield, and about her were some schooners, which also formed a picket-station in mid-stream.

It seemed impossible for a boat to get up the river and not be discovered, and yet Lieutenant William B. Cushing, of the United States Navy, not only undertook to do so, but succeeded in destroying this formidable craft, "the terror of the Sounds."

Admiral Ammen, of the Navy, has given a capital sketch

of Cushing, in the *United Service Magazine*, from which we shall borrow freely.

"William B. Cushing was born in Wisconsin, in November, 1842, and entered the Naval Academy in 1857, but resigned in March, 1861, entering the naval service afloat, as an Acting Master's Mate. His disposition and temperament would not permit him to remain at a naval school in time of war, as he would not have been able to give a single thought to theoretical study.

"In October, 1861, he was restored to his rank as Midshipman, and on the 16th of July following he was, with many other young officers, made a Lieutenant, owing to the exigencies of the service growing out of the civil war.

"Henceforth, for nearly three years, his career was singularly conspicuous in deeds of daring, in a service where a lack of gallantry would have brought disgrace. It is plain, therefore, that it was the sagacity of his plans and his boldness in carrying them out that distinguished him.

"At the close of the war he was barely twenty-two and a half years of age, rather slightly built, about five feet in height, and boyish looking. He had large, gray eyes, a prominent, aquiline nose, yellowish hair, worn quite long, and withal, a rather grave expression of countenance. When speaking his face would light up with a bright and playful smile. A comrade likened his springy, elastic step, high cheek bones and general physiognomy to that of an Indian. The first impression of a stranger who heard him speak, either of what he had done or hoped to do, would be that he was a boaster—but with those who knew him best there was no such idea; his form of speech was a mere expression, frankly uttered, of what he had done, or what he intended to do."

The foregoing is Admiral Ammen's estimate of the man. To some of it the writer must dissent. He accompanied Cushing on a short journey soon after the Albemarle affair, while the country was still ringing with his brilliant exploit, and when steamboats, railroads and hotels were refusing to accept any money from either him or his chance companions; and all sorts and conditions of men were being introduced to him, to have the honor of shaking his hand; and yet a more simple, boy-like, unassuming manner no one placed in such a position ever had.

He early received command of a small steamer, engaged in blockading, and would make expeditions in the inland waters, in his boat, sometimes lying concealed all day, but always having some definite object commensurate with the risks involved. He more than once obtained important information in this way.

Not only did he have frequent engagements, in his little vessel, with field batteries of the enemy, but was successful in destroying schooners with supplies, salt-works, and other things which tended to cripple his enemy.

In the winter of 1864, when blockading the Cape Fear River, Cushing determined to pay a visit to Smithville, in a boat, with only six men. In entering the river he had to pass Fort Caswell, and at Smithville, two miles above, he knew there was a battery of five guns, and a considerable garrison.

About eleven o clock at night he landed, one hundred yards above the battery, came into the village, and into a large house with a piazza, which was the headquarters of General Hebert.

A Major and Captain, of the General's staff, were about going to bed, in a room on the piazza, when, hearing footsteps, and supposing his servant was there, the Major threw up a window, and a navy revolver was at once

thrust in his face, with a demand for surrender. He pushed the pistol aside, and escaped through the back door, calling to his companion to follow, as the enemy were upon them. The latter failed to understand, and was taken prisoner by Cushing, and carried off. He pushed off down the river, knowing that an immediate alarm would be given. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but Cushing escaped unharmed.

This audacious effort to capture General Hebert was characteristic of Cushing, and was only frustrated by the fact that the General happened to spend the night in Wilmington, instead of his own quarters.

At the capture of Newbern Cushing distinguished himself, in command of a battery of navy howitzers.

In landing in the marsh Cushing had lost his shoes, and, while pressing on, he encountered the servant of a Captain Johnson, of the army, who had a pair of spare boots slung over his shoulder. Cushing asked who was the owner of the boots, and said, "Tell the Captain that Lieutenant Cushing, of the Navy, was barefooted, and has borrowed them for the day," and then, in spite of the remonstrances of the servant, put on the boots in haste, and pursued his way to the fight.

In the destruction of the Albemarle we see Cushing in another, and a truly heroic light. The newspaper correspondents had managed to make his task as difficult as possible, for they had, for several weeks, apprised the public, and of course the enemy, that Cushing was on his way from the North, with a torpedo-boat, to blow up the Albemarle. No method could have been taken to render the enemy more watchful, and the destruction of the ironclad impossible.

We have already spoken of the "cordon" of logs, enclosing her as in a pen; the extra guards and fires, the

howitzers ready loaded, and the pickets down the river. The enemy was very vigilant, and Cushing's approach was discovered. Yet we find him perfectly cool amidst a heavy fire from small arms and howitzers, standing forward in his launch, pushing his way at full speed over the logs, and only intent upon lowering his torpedo and striking the enemy's vessel at the proper time. He did this most effectually, but, at the very moment of doing so, a shell from one of the heavy guns of the Albemarle struck the torpedo-boat, and she went down, swamped by the column of water and spray which rose high in the air when the torpedo exploded.

Nothing could be more graphic or characteristic than Cushing's report of the affair, as follows:—

"ALBEMARLE SOUND, N. C.,
October 30th, 1864.

"SIR:—I have the honor to report that the Rebel iron-clad "Albemarle" is at the bottom of the Roanoke river. On the night of the 27th, having prepared my steam-launch, I proceeded up towards Plymouth with thirteen officers and men, partly volunteers from the squadron. The distance from the mouth of the river to the ram was about eight miles, the stream averaging in width some two hundred yards, and lined with the enemy's pickets.

"A mile below the town was the wreck of the South-field, surrounded by some schooners, and it was under-stood that a gun was mounted there to command the bend. I therefore took one of the Shamrock's cutters in tow, with orders to cast off and board at that point, if we were hailed.

"Our boat succeeded in passing the pickets, and even the Southfield, within twenty yards, without discovery, and we were not hailed until by the lookouts on the ram.

The cutter was then cast off, and ordered below, while we made for our enemy under a full head of steam. The Rebels sprung their rattle, rang the bell, and commenced firing, at the same time repeating their hail, and seeming much confused.

"The light of a fire ashore showed me the ironclad made fast to the wharf, with a pen of logs around her, about thirty feet from her side.

"Passing her closely, we made a complete circle, so as to strike her fairly, and went into her, bows on. By this time the enemy's fire was very severe, but a dose of canister, at short range, served to moderate their zeal and disturb their aim.

"Paymaster Swan, of the Otsego, was wounded near me, but how many more I know not. Three bullets struck my clothing, and the air seemed full of them. In a moment we had struck the logs just abreast of the quarter port, breasting them in some feet, and our bows resting on them. The torpedo-boom was then lowered, and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in diving the torpedo under the overhang, and exploding it, at the same time that the Albemarle's gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch, and completely disabling her.

"The enemy then continued his fire, at fifteen feet range, and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves, and, removing my own coat and shoes, springing into the river, I swam with others into the middle of the stream, the Rebels failing to hit us. The most of our party were captured, some were drowned, and only one escaped besides myself, and he in another direction. Acting Master's Mate Woodman, of the 'Commodore Hull,' I

met in the water half a mile below the town, and assisted him as best I could, but failed to get him ashore.

Completely exhausted, I managed to reach the shore, but was too weak to crawl out of the water until just at daylight, when I managed to creep into the swamp, close to the fort. While hiding, a few feet from the path, two of the Albemarle's officers passed, and I judged, from their conversation, that the ship was destroyed.

"Some hours' travelling in the swamp served to bring me out well below the town, when I sent a negro in to gain information, and found that the ram was truly sunk. Proceeding to another swamp I came to a creek, and captured a skiff belonging to a picket of the enemy, and with this, by eleven o'clock the next night, had made my way out to the 'Valley City.'

"Acting Master's Mate William L. Howarth, of the 'Monticello,' showed, as usual, conspicuous bravery. He is the same officer who has been with me twice in Wilmington harbor. I trust he may be promoted when exchanged, as well as Acting Third Assistant Engineer Stotesbury, who, being for the first time under fire, handled his engine promptly and with coolness.

"All the officers and men behaved in the most gallant manner. I will furnish their names to the Department as soon as they can be procured.

"The cutter of the Shamrock boarded the Southfield, but found no gun. Four prisoners were taken there. The ram is now completely submerged, and the enemy have sunk three schooners in the river, to obstruct the passage of our ships. I desire to call the attention of the Admiral and Department to the spirit manifested by the sailors on the ships in these Sounds. But few men were wanted, but all hands were eager to go into action, many offering their chosen shipmates a month's pay to

resign in their favor. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, W. B. CUSHING,

"*Lieutenant, U. S. N.*

"Rear-Admiral D. D. PORTER,

"*Commanding N. A. Squadron.*

"The name of the man who escaped is William Hoftman, seaman on the 'Chicopee.' He did his duty well, and deserves a medal of honor.

"Respectfully, W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N."

Cushing, for this daring piece of service, was himself advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander.

Such men are never mere imitators, and his unvarying success in whatever he undertook was due to his clever planning and admirable execution. Attempts by those of inferior qualities in such respects would end in their capture or death.

Admiral Ammen goes on to say, in summing up the character of Cushing, "that, notwithstanding his extraordinary qualities, he perhaps lacked that attention to the practical and laborious details of his profession without which no officer can attain eminence or usefulness, even, in the higher grades. His ability to comprehend was undoubtedly of a high order, but possibly a deficient training when a mere youth left him apparently averse to acquiring the practical details of his profession.

"The fact is, that Cushing had such pre-eminent qualities, that those who appreciated him felt a certain chagrin or disappointment that he did not seem to possess those ordinary qualities through which he could acquire the knowledge necessary to extraordinary success as the leader of large forces.

"Cushing's life in war was active and heroic in the extreme; in peace he seemed to suffer, as it were, from

inanity, or more properly speaking, from the apparent lack or absence of a strong purpose.

"After the close of the war he was for some two years Executive Officer of the 'Lancaster,' a position which required close attention and study, to fulfill its duties in the best manner.

"Afterwards he served three years in command of the 'Maumee,' on the Asiatic station. He was promoted, in the regular order of vacancies, to Commander, January 31, 1872, and soon after was ordered to the command of the 'Wyoming,' on the home station, and was relieved at the end of a year, the vessel being put out of commission.

"In the spring of 1874 he was ordered to the Washington Navy Yard, and the following August was detached, at his request. He then seemed in impaired health, and expressed a desire to go South; after the lapse of a few days he showed signs of insanity, and was removed to the Government Hospital, where he died, December 17, 1874, at the age of thirty-two years and thirteen days.

"His becoming insane was a great regret and surprise to his many friends and admirers, in and out of the naval service; it was, however, a consolation for them to know that it was not the result of bad habits or of causes within his control. His misfortune, and that of the naval service to which he belonged, was seemingly a lack of rigid, early training, necessary to healthful thought in ordinary times, and to a continued development of those points in naval education which are so useful in peace, and so essential to success in the higher grades, whatever nature may have done to fit the man for action.

"There are few Cushings in the histories of navies; they can have no successful imitators; they pass away, as it were, before they reach their destined goal, regretted and admired."

MONITOR FLEET IN A GALE, OFF FORT FISHER, N. C.

XLVI.

FORT FISHER. DECEMBER, 1864, JANUARY, 1865.

AFTER the fall of the forts at Mobile, Wilmington alone remained a port where blockade-runners could enter and escape again, with their return cargoes. Having two entrances, one north of Cape Fear, at New Inlet, shoal and tortuous, and commanded by the extensive fortifications on Federal Point, called Fort Fisher, and the other the main channel of the Cape Fear River, and these two entrances requiring about sixty miles of blockade, it was almost impossible to prevent swift vessels from running in with important supplies for the Confederate Army, and from getting to sea again, with cotton.

Sherman was now preparing for his march to the sea, which, if successful, would insure the fall of Charleston and Savannah, without further effort from the Navy.

Grant was beleaguering Lee, at Petersburg and Richmond, and the latter was dependent upon Wilmington for many indispensable articles brought into that port, for his army, by the English blockade-runners. Many of these had been captured or destroyed, but the temptation was great to try again, and greedy and desperate men, with fast steamers, took their lives in their hands, and by audacity and good seamanship, favored by a dark night, often succeeded.

It was certain that the principal Confederate Army remaining could not long be kept in the field if important articles not produced in the Confederacy could not be continuously imported from England. Indeed, after the capture of Fort Fisher, a telegram from Lee was found there, which declared that he could not hold Richmond if Fort Fisher should be captured.

While Grant, therefore, was ready to follow Lee, either north or south, and Sherman was about making his bold manœuvre, and the captured harbors were closely held, and the lesser ports and coasts closely watched, it seemed more than ever necessary to capture Wilmington; and to do this, Fort Fisher must be taken.

The writer participated in both attacks upon Fort Fisher, and has contributed a paper to the *United Service Magazine* upon the operations there ; but for the sake of conciseness, will follow the official report, and the account of Boynton, adding some reminiscences.

In September, 1864, the Navy Department received assurances from the Secretary of War, that the necessary land force for the reduction of Fort Fisher and the other Wilmington forts would be supplied in due season, and preparations for the naval part of the expedition were begun at once. A very powerful naval force was assembled in Hampton Roads, and the command offered to Admiral Farragut. But the Admiral's health had been much impaired by the anxieties, and exposures, and constant strain upon his nervous system, in consequence of his service of two years in a climate not very favorable to health. He, therefore, declined the command, to the great regret of the public, as well as the Navy Department.

The Secretary of the Navy then naturally turned to Admiral Porter, who had shown, in the very trying service on the Western rivers, great energy and skill. He

accepted, with alacrity, and was at once put in command of the largest fleet which ever sailed under the American flag.

Causes into which it is now not worth while to enter delayed the expedition, as the co-operating land force was not at once forthcoming, and a bombarding force of thirty-seven vessels, and a reserve squadron of nineteen, lay in Hampton Roads, awaiting orders to proceed.

The season was almost over when fine weather might be expected, and the time was near when those storms which had given the name to Cape Fear might be expected in that locality. Before the war it was considered foolhardy to dally in that vicinity at all, and yet our blockaders staid there, night and day, winter and summer, shine or storm, for nearly four years, and even our monitors laid out gales there, at anchor, with the whole Atlantic ocean to the eastward of them.

The Secretary of the Navy became anxious at the delay in the movements of the military part of the expedition, and addressed a letter to President Lincoln, which was as follows:—

"NAVY DEPARTMENT,
October 28th, 1864.

"SIR:—You are aware that, owing to shoal water at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, a purely naval attack cannot be undertaken against Wilmington. Had there been water enough for our broadside ships, of the Hartford class, the naval attacks of New Orleans, Mobile, and Port Royal would have been repeated there. I have, as you are aware, often pressed upon the War Department the importance of capturing Wilmington, and urged upon the Military authorities the necessity of undertaking a joint operation against the defences of Cape Fear River; but until recently there never seems to have been a period

when the Department was in a condition to entertain the subject.

"Two months ago it was arranged that an attack should be made on the 1st of October, but subsequently postponed to the 15th, and the naval force has been ready since the 15th instant, in accordance with that agreement. One hundred and fifty vessels of war now form the North Atlantic Squadron. The command, first offered to Rear-Admiral Farragut, but declined by him, has been given to Rear-Admiral Porter.

"Every other squadron has been depleted, and vessels detached from other duty to strengthen this expedition. The vessels are concentrated at Hampton Roads and Beaufort, where they remain, an immense force lying idle, awaiting the movements of the army. The detention of so many vessels from blockade and cruising duty is a most serious injury to the public service; and if the expedition cannot go forward for want of troops, I desire to be notified, so that the ships may be relieved and dispersed for other service.

"The importance of closing Wilmington is so well understood by you that I refrain from presenting any new arguments. I am aware of the anxiety of yourself, and of the disposition of the War Department to render all the aid in its power. The cause of the delay is not from the want of a proper conception of the importance of the subject; but the season for naval coast operations will soon be gone.

"General Bragg has been sent from Richmond to Wilmington, to prepare for the attack; and the autumn weather, so favorable for such an expedition, is fast passing away. The public expect this attack, and the country will be distressed if it be not made. To procrastinate much longer will be to peril its success.

"Of the obstacles which delay or prevent military co-operation at once I cannot judge; but the delay is becoming exceedingly embarrassing to this Department, and the importance of having the military authorities impressed with the necessity of speedy action has prompted this communication to you.

"I have the honor to be, etc., etc.,

THE PRESIDENT. "GIDEON WELLES."

At length the War Department supplied the much needed land force. General Butler was placed in command of it, and General Weitzel, an engineer officer, was sent with him.

The long delay had enabled the enemy to gain information of the object of all this preparation, and they placed additional troops within supporting distance of the forts.

Fort Fisher is situated on a neck of land between the ocean and the Cape Fear River, called Federal Point. The plan was to land the troops some distance above the fort, and intrench across the Point to Cape Fear River, so as to prevent reinforcements being sent from Wilmington, and then to attack both by land and water.

The fort and its connected batteries mounted about seventy-five guns, while the armament of all the works erected for the purpose of guarding the approaches to Wilmington was about one hundred and sixty guns, many of them of the largest calibre then used in forts. Among them were some 150-pounder Armstrongs. Admiral Porter, who had been at Sebastopol, says, in an official report, "that Fort Fisher was much stronger than the famous Malakoff."

A novel idea was to be carried out in this attack, which was popularly attributed to General Butler.

A vessel with a very large quantity of powder on

board was arranged as a huge torpedo, to be carried in as close as possible to the fort, and then exploded. It was supposed that it would level the walls, explode the magazine, and kill or stun the garrison.

The explosion produced no result of importance, as we shall see hereafter.

The attack was decided upon for the 24th of December, although General Butler had not arrived with his troops. The larger vessels of the fleet and the ironclads had anchored twenty miles east of New Inlet, literally at sea, and in a position where it would have been thought foolhardy, in peace times, to have remained at that season. Here they rode out some heavy weather, the monitors, at times, being completely submerged by the huge seas, with only the tops of the smoke-stacks and turrets visible.

The powder boat was a purchased gun-boat, called the Louisiana. She had about two hundred tons of powder on board, and was commanded by Commander A. C. Rhind. The vessel was painted lead color, and she had a false smoke-stack erected abaft the real one, and in general appearance and color resembled the ordinary blockade-runners. She was sent in on the night of the 23d, or rather, at two o'clock on the morning of the 24th. So little was the explosion considered an act of war by the garrison that they supposed it a blockade-runner which had been chased ashore and blown up, to prevent her from falling into the blockaders' hands.

The attacking fleet carried nearly five hundred guns. Among these were some of the largest guns then in use. The three monitors mounted 15-inch guns; the battery of the New Ironsides was of 11-inch guns; there were many 11-inch guns, and 100- and 150-pounder Parrott rifles on board the smaller vessels while the heavy frigates, Minnesota, Wabash and Colorado, mounted each

forty 9-inch guns. No such armament had ever been brought to bear upon a fort; and probably no fort was better able to resist it, for it was an immense bank of earth, with the guns far apart, and huge traverses of earth built up between them. This arrangement had a double advantage; for it was more difficult to reduce the work than if the guns had been contained in a smaller space, while their fire, thus distributed, was more effective against ships.

But, extensive and formidable as these great earthworks were, they were overmatched by the guns afloat. No men could stand to guns, and no guns could long continue serviceable, under such a storm of shot and shell as was poured upon them.

On the 24th of December, early in the morning, the ships stood in, the grim and ponderous Ironsides leading the way, followed by the monitors. They took position about three-quarters of a mile from the fort, opening fire as soon as in station. Then came the great frigates, sloops and gun-boats, and all opened a most rapid and terrible fire.

In about an hour the fort was silenced, the garrison being driven to cover. There were one or two explosions of magazines, and some buildings were set on fire. Unfortunately, during this day no less than six of the 100-pounder rifles burst, killing and wounding more men than the guns of the enemy, and destroying confidence in these pieces, which had hitherto done good work, and had been rather favorites. The ships sustained very little damage.

On the next day, Christmas, the transports arrived with the troops, and the latter were landed about five miles above the fort, under cover of the gun-boats, while the ironclads and other vessels renewed their fire upon the fort, but more deliberately than the day before. General Weitzel reconnoitred the fort, and some soldiers actually

entered a part of it, but the General reported a successful assault impracticable, and the troops were re-embarked. The Navy was naturally indignant at this, but there was no help for it. The commentary upon the opinion of the Engineer is that the fort *was* taken by assault, a fortnight afterwards.

On December 29th, the Secretary of the Navy, after consultation with the President, sent a telegram to General Grant, at Petersburg, stating his belief that the works could be taken by a suitable land force, to co-operate with the Navy, and asking for the necessary troops. General Grant sent about eight thousand men, under General Terry, and they reached the neighborhood of Fort Fisher on January 13th.

In the meantime the fleet had ridden out some very bad weather and one severe southeast gale, most of the large vessels lying in the bight under Cape Lookout.

On January 12th the fleet, with the transports with troops in close company, sailed again for New Inlet, all being in fair fighting condition, and not damaged or dispersed by the gale, as the enemy had hoped.

On the 13th the fleet was pounding away at the earthworks again, the Ironsides being within one thousand yards of the northeast angle, and the monitors much closer, as they drew less water. The wind was off shore, and light, and the water smooth, or they could not have gone in so close, there being but a few inches of water under the keels of the ironclads. The fire was continued all that day, and at intervals during the night.

The fire of the ironclads was directed, during the whole of the second bombardment, at the land face of the main fort, where the assault by the troops was to be made; and although they were nearly concealed by the high traverses, which made an angle with the line of fire, it

was seen that many guns were struck and disabled, but the full extent of the damage was not known till after the surrender. Then it was found that every gun on that face of the fort had been disabled, principally by the heavy shot and shell of the ironclads, which lay so near the fort, and fired deliberately, and in perfect security.

It was the northeastern face which was to be assaulted by the troops of General Terry. The sea front had been under the fire of the wooden ships, which had to lie further off, and their fire was less effective, and the face less injured. It was decided to assault this face with the sailors and marines of the fleet. There were seventeen guns on the land face, with immense hills for traverses, extending a third of a mile. The other face, that to be assaulted by the sailors and marines, was about one mile in length, terminating on the right flank in a mound fifty-three feet high, mounted with two very heavy guns.

The arrangement of guns and traverses was such that, in an assault, each would have to be taken separately.

On the morning of the 15th the ships went once more into position, and fired rapidly. The soldiers and sailors made arrangements for the assault; throwing up breast-works and rifle-pits towards the fort. From 11 A. M. to about half-past two, a tremendous fire was kept up, and the heavy embankments crumbled under the shot and shell, while more guns were disabled.

Still, the garrison, of about 2300 men, lay sheltered in their bomb-proofs, ready to come out and repel the assault as soon as the fire of the fleet should cease.

At half-past two the naval column was ready to advance, and the fire from the fleet, at a given signal, suddenly ceased, the quiet seeming quite unnatural after the continuous roar of artillery.

The naval column then moved along the beach, to as-

sault the sea-face of the main work. This was defended by palisades, as was the land face, and was about forty feet high, and very steep—difficult for an armed man to climb.

As the fire from the fleet ceased, the garrison came out of the bomb-proofs, and, manning the parapet of the sea-face, began to shoot down the assaulting sailors and marines. Loaded pieces were handed up to those on the parapet, so the fire was very rapid. The beach was soon strewn with dead and wounded, many staggering into the water and falling there.

A few of the men, with many of the officers, reached the foot of the mound, but they could get no further, and the bulk of the naval force retreated down the beach again, entirely exposed, and losing heavily from the deliberate musketry fire of the garrison. Those who had reached a place of partial shelter, about the foot of the mound, were obliged to remain there until approaching darkness and hard fighting on the other face gave them an opportunity to get away. The loss in this attempted assault was very heavy, twenty-one officers of the navy having been killed or wounded, with a proportionate number of sailors and marines.

The lives lost were not utterly thrown away, however, for the naval attack made a diversion, distracting attention from the movements of the troops.

Soon after the naval advance, and about the time that it was evident that it had failed, the veteran troops from the James River assaulted, with the determination, steadiness and dash which they had learned at Petersburg, Cold Harbor, Spottsylvania, and a dozen other scenes of hard fighting. The guns on the land face were all disabled, but there was a howitzer fire from a sally-port, which did much damage, although it did not stay the advance of those well-dressed lines an instant. Reaching

the foot of the lofty earthworks, the pioneers' axes soon cleared away the palisade, and the troops entered the two western traverses. An entirely novel and fierce combat now took place, as each mound was captured in turn.

For more than five hours this hand-to-hand struggle, a fight to the death, went on in those traverses. There was nothing exactly like it during the whole war. The Ironsides fired into the traverses ahead of our troops until this was rendered, by the darkness, as dangerous to friend as foe. Night came, and still the struggle went on. Shouts and yells, shrieks and groans, musket-shot and clash of bayonet, with the flash of small arms, marked the centre of the fight. Thus traverse after traverse was won, until about ten o'clock at night the last one, at the mound, was taken; then was heard a tremendous peal of cheers, and the garrison poured, pell-mell, down to Federal Point. Here they laid down their arms and surrendered. The fact was at once telegraphed to the fleet, by signal lanterns, and round after round of hearty cheers went up from every ship.

The "impregnable" Fort Fisher was taken. The Cape Fear River, the great port of the blockade runners, was closed, and the Confederacy at last completely isolated.

The next morning the light-draught vessels at once began to work in over the New Inlet Bar, and for some days they were busy in capturing forts, and in sweeping the Channel for torpedoes, and removing obstructions.

About seven o'clock in the morning there was a tremendous explosion within the Fort, which threw masses of earth and timber, and bodies of men, high into the air; while a dense balloon-shaped cloud of powder smoke and dust hung in the air for a long time.

It was the main magazine which had blown up. It was never known how it happened. Many officers and sea-

men of the fleet, as well as soldiers, lost their lives by this explosion.

Upon landing from the men-of-war, to see what this celebrated place might be like, we met, in the first place, boats conveying the wounded of the Navy to the Hospital ship, while upon the beach parties were collecting for burial those who had been killed, and ranging them in rows. This beach, as well as the whole of the land front of the fort, was strewn with an immense number of fragments of shell, muskets, musket-balls, bayonets, cartridge boxes and belts, articles of clothing and dead bodies.

As we approached the land face, we began to find the bodies of soldiers, instead of those of sailors, lying in the strangest attitudes, just as they happened to be when the death bullet struck them. The faces of some still showed the deadly purpose of battle, while others were as peaceful as if they had died in their beds. Many of these bodies had rolled down the steep earthwork after being shot, and were lying against the palisades, covered with dust and powder grime. Upon gaining a point of view from one of the traverses, one was struck by the great extent of the fort. Before us lay the huge smoking crater caused by the morning's explosion, while fatigue parties of soldiers were engaged in collecting the wounded and the dead, and in piling up, in great stacks, the small arms of the captured garrison, as well as those of our own dead and wounded. Peeping into the bomb-proofs, which were full of dead, and filthy beyond description, from long occupation during the bombardment, the next sight was the guns. These were, many of them, not only dismounted, but partially buried in the earth and sand, by the terrible explosions of the eleven- and fifteen-inch shells. In many cases the gun's crew were buried with them, as an occasional hand or foot, peeping out, testified.

At the northeastern angle of the fort, in two huge embrasures, were two very heavy guns, a 68-pounder, and an 8-inch Blakeley rifle, both of English make. These two guns had fired principally at the ironclads, and the latter had returned the compliment. Our fire often caused the gunners to leave them, but they generally returned at the first slacking of the fire. Just before the assault, one of them had the carriage disabled, and it was now slewed round with its muzzle to the westward.

At Battery No. 4 was found an Armstrong 150-pounder, marked with the "broad arrow," and mounted on an elegantly made and polished carriage, with Sir Wm. Armstrong's name on the trunnion of the gun, in full. This piece was said to have been presented to the Confederacy by some English admirers. But Armstrong guns, of less calibre, were found in all the fortifications about Cape Fear.

These latter works were evacuated by the Confederates in great consternation and hurry; in some instances they only spiked very fine guns.

Fort Anderson, on the right bank, held our flotilla for some time. Just abreast of it were two lines of torpedoes, both floating and sunken, and this fort was not evacuated until after a heavy bombardment of thirteen hours, and an expenditure of about five thousand shell.

It was very natural for the Confederates to suppose that Fort Fisher would come off victoriously from the second attack, as she was much better garrisoned and armed, and prepared in every way, than at the time of the first attack, in December.

The success in the second attack was considered to be due to the change in the commanding officers; the troops who carried the muskets were the same.

All the forts in the river were of the most approved

and careful construction, and they contained, in all, about 170 heavy guns; while lines of piles, and torpedoes to be fired by electricity, filled the approaches to them.

It was remarked by an officer high in authority, that the engineers who built such works, at the expense of so much time and labor, must have had an abiding faith in the Confederacy. Fort Fisher was nearly four years in course of construction.

After the capture of the forts the armed cruiser Chickamauga, which had already created such havoc among our coasters, and which was ready for sea again, and watching an opportunity to slip out, was run high up the river, and, in a small creek, destroyed by her own crew.

Even in the most eventful and tragical occurrences there are some humorous sides.

After the capture some fine blockade-running steamers came into Smithville, quite ignorant of the change in affairs, as they always arrived "in the dark of the moon." Lights were shown from the regular stations, to guide them in, and when they anchored they were quietly taken possession of.

They were generally from Bermuda, and loaded with arms, blankets, shoes and medicines for the Confederate army. On board one of them were found some English army officers, who had come over from Bermuda on a "lark," and to try what blockade-running was like. When the vessel was boarded these gentry were found at supper, with champagne opened, to toast their successful run and their escape from serious damage from some shot which had struck the vessel as she was passing the outside blockaders. Their disgust may be imagined at being shipped to New York, in confinement, and thence back to Bermuda, by the first opportunity.

XLVII.

SOME NAVAL ACTIONS BETWEEN BRAZIL, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION AND PARAGUAY. 1865–68.

THE first naval event of importance in this long and deadly struggle (which began, as all the later South American wars have begun, about a question of boundary), was the battle of the Riachuelo.

The river Parana, the southern boundary of Paraguay, enters the river Paraguay between the Paraguayan fort of Humáitá, and the town of Corrientes, in the Argentine Confederation; and just below Corrientes is the Riachuelo, which has given its name to this battle.

Riachuelo means a streamlet or brook. The channel of the main river is here about five hundred yards wide. It is much broader both above and below. The Paraguayans had invaded the territory of Entre-Rios, and just north of the "streamlet" had established a position, where they had a strong battery of flying artillery, upon the bank of the main river.

In April, 1865, the first Brazilian naval division ascended the river, towards Corrientes. The Brazilian Admiral, Tamandaré, did not come with them, being occupied in Buenos Ayres, as was notorious, in imitating the conduct of Nelson at Naples, and of Marc Antony at Alexandria. The fleet was under the command of Commandante

Gomensoro, who was soon afterwards superseded by Vice-Admiral Barroso.

The fleet anchored almost in sight of Corrientes, on the Chaco, or western bank. It consisted of nine steamers, all sea-going. They were the Amazonas (flag-ship), a heavy paddle-ship, of six guns; the Jequitinhonha, Belmonte, Mearim, and Beberibe, each of eight guns; the Paranahyba, of six guns; Iparanga, seven; Iguatème, of five, and the Araguay, of three guns, fifty-nine in all.

Lopez, the President and absolute Dictator of Paraguay, determined to try to capture this fleet.

His soldiers all were devoted to him, and those of the higher classes who were not so he kept under, by a system of terrorism worthy of his father's predecessor, Dr. Francia. Anything which he determined should be done had to be done, or the offender suffered imprisonment and torture, followed by death. Driven in this way by fear, his officers accomplished wonderful things. He seldom conferred upon any one a higher rank than that of Captain, and officers of that grade frequently commanded regiments and brigades. The men were brave and patient, and satisfied with the scantiest food and clothing. They despised the Brazilians, many of whom were negroes or mulattoes, calling them "cambas" and "macacos" —niggers and monkeys. Some of the most wonderful instances of daring, devotion, and calm courage were exhibited by these Indians during this long war; and when it closed, nearly all the men in the country, and many of the boys, were dead, killed in battle.

As an instance of their heroic devotion we may mention that of a Paraguayan soldier, solitary and alone, and surrounded by overwhelming numbers of armed enemies. Being called upon to surrender, he coolly replied, "No tengo orden"—I have no orders—and continued to fight

until pinned to the ground by a dozen bayonets. Nor was this by any means a solitary case.

Having determined to try to capture the Brazilian vessels, Lopez adopted in part a plan formed by an English Chief Engineer in his fleet. This man had formerly served in the Brazilian Navy, and understood them thoroughly.

Lopez' vessels were to run down with the current and reach the Brazilian squadron just at daylight. Each Paraguayan vessel was to select her antagonist, run at her, and board, with plenty of men, armed with their favorite swords and knives.

Lopez, who was personally a coward, and who never took part in any action himself, thought he had great military genius, and would interfere upon this occasion, as upon many others. The plan of Watts, the Englishman, would have caught the Brazilians asleep, and with their fires banked, so that they could not move.

Lopez gave instructions for his vessels to run past the Brazilians, then turn, come up stream, and board. He detailed eight hundred men, in addition to the crews of the vessels, as boarders. These he harangued, and told them to go and bring him back the fleet and the prisoners of the "Cambas." "No!" cried the Paraguayans, in reply, "What do we want with prisoners? We will kill them all."

Lopez smiled, distributed cigars, their one great luxury, and sent them away.

He sent on this expedition nine steamers, river boats, about all he had. They were the Tacuari (flag-ship), Paraguari, Igurey, Marquis Olinda (captured early in the war), Salto-Oriental, Ipora, Peribebui, Jejui and Ibera. These carried thirty-four guns. They were to tow down some of the "chatas" or flat-boats used by the Paraguayans, which each mounted one heavy gun, and carried

a number of men. These boats were very low in the water, of light draught, and very hard to hit.

Pedro Mesa was the Captain of the Paraguayan Navy. He was fat, and sick, and old, and had no knowledge whatever of naval warfare. He tried to decline the command of the expedition, which, as the whole navy was in service, naturally fell to him. But Lopez would not listen to it, and ordered him on board; and the instructions of Lopez must be obeyed, on peril of death.

Finally the flotilla got off. But there was much delay from defective machinery, and one of the steamers, the Ibera, had to be left behind. Owing to this it was broad daylight before they came down near the Brazilians, and there was consequently no surprise. Mesa carried out his orders literally, as it behooved any one to do who served Lopez, and ran past the Brazilians a very considerable distance, having received their fire as he passed. The latter slipped their cables and got under way, so that it was ten o'clock in the morning before the fleets came in contact. In spite of the bad manœuvre of going down the stream first, the fight opened well for the Paraguayans. The Jequitinhonha, which carried, among other guns, two 68-pounders and a Whitworth rifle, grounded, and was abandoned, after being well peppered by the Paraguayan battery of Bruguez, on the left bank. The Paranahyba had her wheel shot away, and was boarded and taken; and the Belmonte, riddled with shot, had to be run on shore, to keep her from sinking.

In this battle the difficulty was for the Paraguayans to hold on to the Brazilian vessels after they got alongside them, for the latter, being screws, managed to slide away from them. Strange to say, grappling irons had been forgotten.

Colonel Thompson says that whenever the Paraguayans

boarded, a portion of the Brazilian crew would jump overboard, some of whom were drowned, and some swam ashore, all the latter being killed as soon as they landed.

Burton remarks that the failure to bring grappling irons on an expedition where boarding the enemy was to be a feature, reminded him of an English attack upon some Sikh batteries, where the English engineers forgot to bring spikes.

The Paraguayan launches, which had been towed down below the Brazilians, got adrift, and as they could not get up again, against the current, were eventually captured.

At the end of the first period of the action the Brazilians had lost three vessels in a very few minutes, and their case seemed very doubtful.

Just then a man of ability came to the front, and saved the day. The chief pilot of the Brazilian fleet was the son of an Italian emigrant, named Gastavino. This man, seeing that the Brazilian commanding officers had entirely lost their self possession, and were doing nothing, and giving no orders, took matters into his own hands. He drove the Amazonas at the Paraguayan flag-ship, cleared her deck with grape, and ran her down. Next he finished the Salto and Olinda, in the same manner; the Amazonas being so high out of water that the Paraguayans could not board her as she came in contact with them. He wound up by sinking the Jejui with his guns. The Marquis Olinda had previously had a shot in her boilers, and almost all her crew were either scalded, or killed or wounded by grape. The other Paraguayan vessels, Tacuari, Igurey and Salto, also suffered in their boilers, and had nearly all their crews killed or wounded.

During the height of the engagement, the Brazilian Paranahyba and the Paraguayan Tacuari fouled. The Paraguayans boarded, sword in hand; at sight of them,

most of the crew of the Paranahyba jumped overboard. Her decks were filled with the desperate Paraguayans, and the other Brazilian vessels were afraid to use their guns upon her, for fear of injuring the few of their people who were bravely resisting. These few brave men made so good a resistance that the Paraguayan commander, Mésa, became alarmed for his own safety, and endeavored to retire to his cabin. In so doing he was mortally wounded by a musket ball. The next officer in command to Mésa was hopelessly drunk, and the Brazilians succeeded in backing the Paranahyba away, and she escaped, after much slaughter.

The battle lasted eight hours; and at last the four remaining Paraguayan steamers slowly and sullenly retreated up the stream.

These must also have been taken or destroyed if Vice-Admiral Barroso had done his duty, and pursued with vigor. For his very equivocal conduct on this occasion he was made a Baron. The pilot, who really fought the battle, and saved the day to the Brazilians, was made a Lieutenant.

The English Engineer, Watts, by his ability and good conduct secured the retreat of the four Paraguayan vessels, it is confidently asserted. For this Lopez gave him the lowest order of his Legion of Honor, and, three years afterwards, towards the close of the war, he had him arrested and shot, as a traitor.

Mésa died of his wound in a few hours. He would have been shot by Lopez, if he had returned unwounded, at any rate; and not undeservedly.

Both sides claimed a victory; but the Brazilians certainly had the best of it, and had put a stop to the offensive campaign of Lopez; as they could now blockade the river above Corrientes, and their presence there compelled

the withdrawal of the Paraguayan advance corps in Entre Rios, and the evacuation of Uruguayana. Had Lopez' squadron been successful he would have had command of the whole river, and must have held it until the Brazilians got their iron-clads down.

The Brazilians were unable to raise their sunken vessels, being driven off by the flying batteries of Bruguez, until such time as they were not worth working at.

Parts of the crews of the destroyed Paraguayan vessels got on shore on the Chaco side of the river. The Brazilians sent an armed boat to take them off, but the Paraguayans killed all the crew, and seized the boat. These men were in the desert Chaco for three days and a half, without food, and at last, when the Brazilians left the river free, crossed over safely to their own side.

Their desperate devotion was something wonderful. The Paraguayan captain of the Olinda was wounded, and taken, a prisoner, on board the Amazonas, where he had his arm amputated. Rather than remain a prisoner, and thus be declared by Lopez a traitor, he tore off the bandages and ligatures, and died.

On the thirteenth of the month the Brazilian fleet ran down the river, past the field batteries at Riachuelo, and operations ceased for the time.

The Brazilian officers confessed that at one time it was "touch and go" with them.

Had the Paraguayans carried grappling irons, and gone straight alongside at first, it is altogether probable that they would have captured the whole Brazilian fleet. But the screw steamers, having been allowed time to get up steam, slipped away from their opponents, who were inexperienced as watermen, and who were baffled by the high sides and boarding-nettings of their man-of-war-built enemies.

It is a curious fact that not one of the Brazilian 120 and 150-pounder Whitworth shot hit a Paraguayan vessel; and the Paraguayans only knew that they had them by afterwards finding the shot, some of them five miles inland.

A large picture of the Amazonas at the battle of Riachuelo was exhibited in the Brazilian department of the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia.

THE BATTLE OF THE BANK.

When the land forces of the Allies at last invaded Paraguay, they reached the Parana, after some preliminary skirmishing; and, with 50,000 men, and 100 guns, prepared to cross that river, to effect a lodgment on Paraguayan soil. Lopez had a force of two or three thousand men in observation at Encarnacion, and seeing these ready to oppose a crossing, the Allies altered their plans, and marched down the Parana, intending to cross at Paso la Patria.

On March 21st, 1866, the Allied fleet came up to Corrientes, and anchored, in line-of-battle, extending from Corrales to the mouth of the Paraguay.

Their fleet was now an imposing one for river warfare. They had eighteen steam gun-boats, carrying from six to eight guns each, four iron-clad vessels, three with case-mates, and one, the Bahia, a monitor, with revolving turret, and two 150-pounder Whitworth guns, in all one hundred and twenty-five guns.

Two of the steamers and the ironclad Tamandaré were sent up the Parana, to reconnoitre, but soon returned, after getting on shore and being in some jeopardy. There was a work on the right or Paraguayan bank, some distance from the confluence, called Itapirú. In the

Allied reports it is designated as a fortress. It was really a dilapidated battery, of about thirty yards internal diameter; and at that time armed with one rifled, 12-pounder field gun.

The Parana is here quite deep, except in one place, where there was only twelve feet of water in the northern channel, and here some scows, loaded with stones, had been sunk, which closed that channel. The Paraguayans had, at this point, the steamer Gualeguay, armed with two 12-pounders, and two flat-bottomed boats, with an 8-inch gun mounted in each.

On the 22d the Gualeguay towed one of these boats down half a mile below Itapirú, and moored her close in under the right bank. The scow at once opened upon the Brazilian fleet, and, in a short time, had put four eight-inch shot into the Admiral's ship.

Three ironclads were sent up as soon as possible, and approached the scow, keeping up an incessant fire. The Paraguayans made excellent practice, in the meantime, with their eight-inch guns, seldom failing to hit one of their opponents. At last the ironclads approached within about one hundred yards, and the crew of the scow left and took to the woods. The Brazilians then lowered and manned three boats, and sent them to take possession of the scow and her gun. As they reached her, some infantry, numbering about one hundred, who were concealed in the woods, gave the boats a volley, which killed or wounded about half of their crews; the rest made off and returned to their vessels.

The ironclads then continued to fire at the abandoned scow, and at last blew up the magazine, and she sunk. The gun was not injured, and was recovered by the Paraguayans.

On the 27th they towed the other gun-boat to the same

place, and opened upon the Brazilian fleet again, and the ironclads renewed the same tactics as before. This time the Paraguayans had their boat very close in to the bank, and kept their cartridges on shore, to avoid being blown up. Most of their 68-pound shot struck the ironclads, but flew in pieces. Some penetrated, however. One struck the Tamandaré at the edge of a port, broke in pieces, and the fragments entered, killing every one in that part of the casemate, including the first and second Captains, three other officers, and eighteen men killed, and fifteen wounded. The Tamandaré was driven off by this shot. The two other ironclads kept up the fire, responded to by the Paraguayan musketry from the woods, and at nine o'clock at night the Brazilians retired, having effected nothing. Next day four ironclads and four wooden gun-boats came up to engage this doughty Paraguayan 8-pounder. On this day the ironclad Barroso got four holes through her plates, and all the rest of them were more or less damaged, until, at last, the Paraguayan gun was struck, and fairly broken in two. Strange to say, not a Paraguayan was hurt.

On the night of the 29th, these irrepressible people, having recovered the 8-inch gun from the first scow, endeavored to bring a boat from Humáitá, to mount it upon. Their audacity was such that they towed it, with canoes, down the Paraguay to the confluence, and then up the Parana, and all this under a bright moonlight. At last the Brazilians saw them, before they had reached their goal, and the gun-boats steamed up, to capture an empty scow. The men had made off, in the canoes, up the Parana.

These Paraguayan gun-boats thus constantly engaged the whole Brazilian fleet. But it must be remembered that a mere float, of this kind, bearing a gun, was very

difficult to hit. For a week after this, the steamer Gualeguay went out every afternoon, and fired at the Brazilian fleet with her two 12-pounders. This was done principally for Lopez' amusement, and he, at a safe distance, had excellent long glasses mounted, with which he watched the performances. The Brazilian fleet would dash up the water, all about the Gualeguay, with every kind of missile, from a 68 to a 150-pounder, and yet this steamboat never received any damage but one hole in her smoke-stack.

In some of the subsequent bombardments, Lopez would take up his quarters in a secure bomb-proof, and receive exact reports of every gun fired ; what it had effected, and so forth. But he never exposed himself for a moment.

The Allied artillery, on the left bank of the Parana, kept up a heavy fire upon the post of Itapirú. But there was nothing there to receive any damage, the 12-pounder being snugly stowed away for an occasion. This continued for some time; until, at last, the Brazilians occupied a sand bank, or bar, in the river, opposite Itapirú, and mounted eight guns there, with two thousand men in trenches. From this point they reopened a fire upon the work, which seemed a perfect bugbear to them.

On the 10th of April the Paraguayans attacked this bank, or bar; and the naval part of the enterprise consisted in their coming in canoes.

Nine hundred men were embarked, in divisions of four hundred and fifty each ; with a reserve of four hundred at Itapirú. It was a dark night, and the canoes, propelled by paddles, arrived at the bank, or bar, at four o'clock in the morning. It was a complete surprise; and the Paraguayans delivered one volley, and then charged with the bayonet, taking the trenches. They were soon driven out of them again, however, by overwhelming numbers;

retook them, and were again driven out. The Brazilian guns opened with canister, and the Paraguayans lost heavily from this source. Two hundred of them were dismounted cavalrymen, armed only with their swords, but they did great execution, charging up to the guns, and taking them; but being again driven off by heavy musketry fire.

As soon as the firing was heard below several gun-boats and ironclads came up, and surrounded the island, while the garrison was reinforced from the left bank.

At last the Paraguayans were almost all killed or wounded, and those who could move pushed off in their canoes, some paddling with one arm who had the other one wounded. The daylight had appeared, and they were forced to stem a heavy current, under the fire of the Brazilian vessels, at close quarters; and yet fifteen canoes got back to their own shore.

The Paraguayans lost fourteen officers killed, and seven wounded. Of the soldiers three hundred returned, almost all wounded, and they left five hundred men on the bank, or bar. Among the prisoners taken by the Brazilians was a Lieutenant Roméro; and Lopez forced his wife to write a letter disowning him as a traitor to Paraguay, because he had allowed himself to be taken alive.

In this affair the Brazilians lost about a thousand, killed and wounded, many more than the whole attacking force. The fire of their own steamers destroyed a number of these.

Six Brazilians were afterwards tried for cowardice in this engagement, and were shot.

In February, 1868, the Brazilian iron-clad vessels succeeded in passing Humáitá, the extensive works above the confluence of the rivers, which had so long kept them in check.

On the 13th three new monitors had arived from Rio Janeiro, and joined their squadron. They were built in Rio Janeiro, and had twin screws, with four inches of iron on the hull, which was only one foot out of the water, when prepared for action in fresh water. They had each one revolving turret, six inches thick, with one heavy Whitworth gun in each. The circular port for the gun was barely larger than the muzzle, and when run out was flush with the face of the turret. Elevation and depression of a gun so placed was obtained by means of a double carriage, which raised or lowered the trunnions.

On February 18th everything was ready, and at half-past three in the morning the Brazilians began to bombard the Paraguayan works most furiously.

The large casemate ironclads, each with a monitor lashed alongside, then steamed up to the batteries at Humáitá. The fire of these batteries was well sustained, and true, as the Paraguayan fire had always been, but their cast-iron shot flew to pieces on the armor of the ironclads, which passed without serious damage. After passing the works they continued straight on, past more batteries, at Timbó, to Tayi. The batteries at Timbó were water batteries, and injured the ironclads more than all the others they had passed. In this passage one of the Brazilian monitors received no less than one hundred and eighty shot; and another one was hit one hundred and twenty times. Their plates were dented and bent, and the bolts started, but there was little or no loss of life on board them.

If one or two of the Brazilian ironclads had remained between Humáitá and Timbó, instead of all running by the latter place, the works of the former would have been really closely invested; and as the object of running the batteries was to cause the surrender of Humáitá, the

movement was to that extent a failure. The Paraguayans evacuated their works at their leisure, taking guns and stores.

THE RIVER FIGHT AT TAYI.

Twice, in the year 1868, the Paraguayans attacked the Brazilian monitors lying off Tayi, just above the influx of the river Bermejo.

These desperate attacks showed the most heroic bravery and devotion, but were never successful.

Upon one occasion the iron-clad vessels Lima-Barros and Cabral were attacked, and on another the Barroso and the monitor Rio Grande.

After the last attack, in July, the Brazilians threw a boom across the stream, which would detain their enemies, descending in their canoes, long enough to give time for preparation.

These Paraguayan boats were admirably adapted for navigating those waters, where there was a rapid current and many sand-bars, constantly shifting, with channels, more or less deep, between them.

The canoes were built so that only a part of the central section was borne by the water, and they were consequently easily turned, while they glided over the water, propelled by spoon-shaped paddles. Some of these craft were very large, and would carry a cargo of many tons.

On the first occasion that the ironclads were attacked by means of these canoes, an expedition consisting of twelve hundred men was organized, under the command of a Captain Xenes, and armed with swords and hand-grenades only.

The men were all paraded before Madame Lynch, the mistress of Lopez, who, after distributing cigars among them, with great condescension, told them to "go, and

bring me back my ironclads." The men answered her with "vivas," and went contentedly off upon their desperate undertaking.

It was a dark night. The canoes were lashed in pairs, with eighteen or twenty feet of slack rope between each pair. By this means they hoped to make sure of boarding, the canoes of each pair swinging round on opposite sides of the bows of the Brazilians.

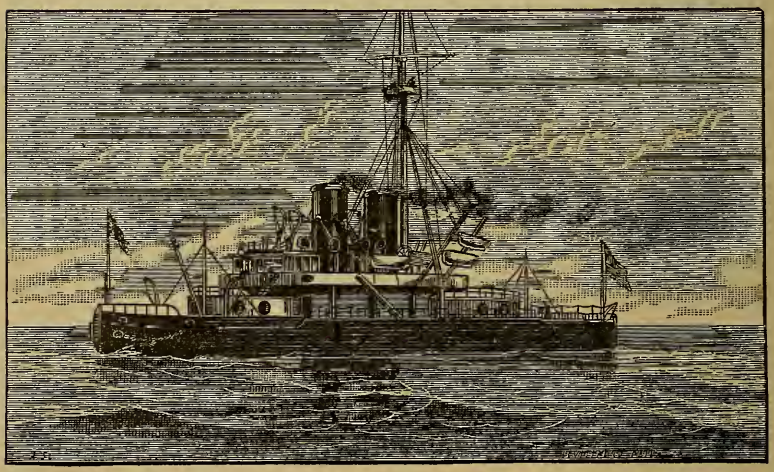
There were forty-eight canoes, each carrying twenty-five men. The Lima-Barros and Cabral were in advance of the main body, up the stream. Many of the canoes were carried past them by the current, into the midst of the Brazilian fleet. But about half of them hit the advanced vessels, and the Paraguayans sprang on board, unperceived. The crews were sleeping on the decks, outside, and some fifty were at once killed by the boarders. The remainder rushed below, and into the turrets, and secured the ports and hatches. The Paraguayans attempted to throw hand-grenades into the port-holes, and "ran about seeking ingress, like a cat attacking a trapped mouse," in the meantime loading the Brazilians with all sorts of epithets, and daring them to come out and fight with the sword, like men.

The Lima-Barros and Cabral were thus virtually captured, but by this time the rest of the fleet were aroused, and soon two more ironclads came steaming up to their relief. They swept the Paraguayans from the decks with grape and canister, and those who were not blown to pieces in this manner were obliged to take to the water, and swim for life. Very few of them survived to tell the tale.

It is surprising that people so utterly fearless and devoted never made very serious attempts to blow up the Brazilian ironclads, especially as there were so many ways

of doing so, and plenty who were ready to attempt it, even at the sacrifice of their own lives.

The best informed foreigners who were in Paraguay at this time think that they wanted the vessels themselves so much that they hesitated to destroy them, hoping that an opportunity to board them successfully would occur at some time. The same persons thought that if they had even had one fairly good ironclad they would have completely cleared the river of the Brazilians. On the part of Paraguay the war was premature. Lopez had ordered armored vessels and rifled guns of heavy calibre in Europe, but so late that the war was upon him, and the river blockaded, before they could be delivered.



THE DREADNOUGHT.
(The most powerful Ironclad of the English Navy.)

APPEARANCE OF THE HUASCAR AFTER CAPTURE. (ENLARGED VIEW OF TURRET.)

XLVIII.

THE CAPTURE OF THE HUASCAR. OCTOBER 8TH, 1879.

THIS recent and important action between iron-clad vessels, at sea, is remarkable in many ways, and is especially interesting to naval men, as armored vessels had, with perhaps a single exception, not come together before, upon the high seas.

Fortunately, we have accounts of the battle from Lieutenants Mason and Ingersoll, of the United States Navy, Clements Markham, Lieutenant Madan, R. N., and others—of whose accounts this article will be a condensation.

The action took place in the forenoon, off Mexillones de Bolivia.

The "Huascar," a Peruvian man-of-war, was of the old type of English turret ships, and had been employed continuously, at sea, for many months, so that her bottom was very foul, while her boilers were not in condition to make steam properly. These two causes had very much reduced her speed. Her commander, Admiral Grau, had wished to overhaul her, but his representations were overruled, from considerations of policy, and she was despatched to the south, upon what proved to be her last cruise under the Peruvian flag.

When in order, she was known to be much faster than the Chilian vessels which she was to encounter, and her

loss may fairly be put down to this disregard of professional advice and warning.

The Chilian ironclad, "Almirante Cochrane," her principal opponent, as well as the "Blanco Encalada," which participated in the latter part of the action, were nearly new casemated vessels; and their constructor, Mr. Reed, had said that they ought to sink the "Huascar" in five minutes.

This latter vessel had done good service in the war between Peru and Chili, in interfering with the only transportation possible for the Chilians, who were the aggressors, and who carried the war into the Peruvian boundaries. Her commander, Rear-Admiral Grau, was an excellent officer, and rendered himself quite famous by his sudden dashes into Chilian ports, capturing transports and lighters, and interfering with the submarine cable, so necessary for the success of the Chilian operations.

The "Huascar" had made four successful cruises, or rather "raids," to the southward, in one of which she had captured the "Rimac," a fine steamer, having on board a fully-equipped battalion of cavalry and a large amount of military stores. Among other curious things which came under the latter head was a complete outfit of water-skins, which were being sent to the Chilian Army at Antofagasta, to enable it to carry water, in crossing the desert of Atacama, to operate upon the province of Tarapaca.

This desert had been discovered to contain an immense deposit of nitrate of soda, and the struggle which had been impending for some years between the two nations was precipitated by the desire of Chili to possess this source of wealth.

Soon after this success the "Huascar" appeared off the harbor of Antofagasta, at night, and with a "Lay" torpedo attacked a Chilian wooden corvette lying there. Instead

of striking the enemy's vessel, the torpedo made a half circle, and came back upon the "Huascar." A lieutenant of the latter vessel, seeing the imminent danger, jumped overboard, and swam to meet the torpedo, which was moving slowly, and diverted it from its course, saving the "Huascar." The name of this lieutenant was Firmin Diaz Canséco.

The next day after this unsuccessful attempt she had an engagement with the shore batteries and two corvettes, in which she did much damage, and received some herself. She, at this time had exchanged a native crew for one composed mostly of foreigners, and men trained as gunners, who could give a better account of the 300-pound shells thrown by her guns.

In September, 1879, there had been a very considerable change in the officers of the Chilian squadron, and a change of policy, as well. The "Almirante Cochrane," and "Blanco Encalada" (the latter the flag-ship of Commodore Riveros), proceeded north, accompanied by the wooden corvettes "O'Higgins." and "Covadonga," and the armed transports "Loa" and "Mathias Cousiño." They expected to find the "Huascar" in Arica, but arrived there only to find that she had sailed for the south; and they at once returned to Mexillones Bay, where they coaled, and awaited instructions and events.

On the morning of October 5th the "Huascar" appeared in the harbor of Coquimbo, in company with the corvette "Union." There were a number of foreign men-of-war lying there, and their officers were much struck by the handling of the Peruvian vessels; so quiet, able, and seamanlike, opposed to the usual noisy manner of carrying on duty to be observed in South American men-of-war. They did not even blow off steam when slowing down.

There was corresponding quiet on shore, where were

batteries armed with the heaviest modern guns ; and the Peruvians were allowed to retire unscathed, after thoroughly searching the harbor. They went out again before daylight, but hung about to the southward of the port, getting news, from mail steamers, of the Chilian vessels coming to the northward.

During the next two days they moved up the coast; and Admiral Grau determined to look into Arica, where the Chilian squadron was supposed to be. Leaving the "Union" on the look-out, the "Huascar" ran in towards the anchorage of Antofagasta, at about half-past one, on the morning of October 8th. Finding nothing there, she ran out, and joined the "Union" again, in about two hours. Both vessels now headed north. Soon after they made out the smoke of three vessels coming down the coast, southward, and about six miles distant. These were quickly recognized as vessels of war, and the "Huascar's" course was changed, at about 3.30 A. M., to southwest.

The Chilian squadron at Mexillones, having coaled, put to sea on the night of the 7th, in two divisions. The first division, consisting of the slower vessels, the "Blanco," "Covadonga," and "Mathias Cousiño," sailed at 10 P. M., and steered down the coast, towards Antofagasta; the second division, under commander La Farré, consisting of the "Cochrane," "O'Higgins," and "Loa," sailing on the morning of the 8th, before daylight, with orders to cruise twenty-five miles off Point Angamos. This was done in consequence of telegraphic instruction from the Chilian authorities. The Commodore had intended to move south, along the coast, in similar divisions, the first skirting the coast, and looking in at the bays, while the second kept pace with them, about forty miles off shore.

The result was the same, whichever plan had been followed.

At half-past three in the morning of the 8th of October, the weather being fine and clear, the smoke of two vessels approaching, under Point Letas, and distant about six miles, was reported from the top of the "Blanco."

At daylight the enemies recognized each other.

The "Huascar" ran to the southwest for an hour, under full speed, making nearly eleven knots; the "Blanco" and "Covadonga" following, and making less than eight knots. The "Mathias Cousiño" was first sent in towards Antofagasta, but, later, turned and followed her consorts. Riveros, the Chilian Commodore, soon saw that such a chase was hopeless; but still, on the chance of an accident to the machinery of the "Huascar," or her consort, or of their turning to the northward, and being cut off by his second division, he determined to continue it.

The Peruvians could not afford to run any risks with their ships. If the "Huascar" was lost, it would entail serious consequences to the Peruvian cause; and it was therefore proper for Grau to attempt escape. Finding that he could outrun his pursuers, he reduced his speed, and turned his ships' heads to the northward. Not very long after this, smoke was seen to the northwest, and, having diverged a little from her course, to reconnoitre, the "Huascar" recognized the Chilian "Cochrane," and her consorts. At about the same time the "Huascar" was seen from the "Cochrane," and the "Loa" was sent to reconnoitre.

Grau had supposed that the "Cochrane" only steamed eight knots, and thought he could easily run away from her, so he stood toward the "Loa," for a short time. Finding, however, that the "Cochrane" was changing her

bearings more rapidly than he had anticipated, he stood more to the eastward, and ordered "full speed."

The "Union," which had been on the "Huascar's" port quarter, now, at about 8 A. M., crossed her stern, and passed to starboard of her, at full speed. This vessel made the best of her way to Arica; followed, until dark, by the Chilian ships "O'Higgins" and "Loa."

There appears to have been a good deal of criticism upon the commanding officers of these three ships—the first for not engaging, and the others for not continuing the pursuit.

The three ironclads were now comparatively close to each other, and Grau saw that his only chance of escape lay in his speed. There were but three courses open to him.

First—to turn boldly and meet the "Cochrane," and, though inferior in gun power, endeavor to ram or cripple her, before the "Blanco" could come up.

Secondly—to endeavor to escape to the northeast, between the "Cochrane" and the shore, trusting to have superior speed.

Thirdly—to turn round and engage, or escape past, the "Blanco."

Grau chose the second course.

At nine A. M., the "Cochrane" having approached within about four thousand yards, and it being evident that she could cross his bows, Grau ordered his crew to quarters and entered his iron-cased conning tower, where he was alone. In going to quarters, on board the "Huascar," an accident took place, in shifting the steering-gear from the usual situation to the protected one, in the turret chamber, under the conning tower.

While a make-shift tackle was being rove the "Huascar" yawed considerably.

At half-past nine, the "Cochrane" being about 3000 yards distant, the "Huascar" opened fire with her turret guns. The second shot ricochetted, and entered the "Cochrane's" unarmored bow, doing some damage, but not exploding. At this time the Chilian "Blanco" was about six miles astern. The "Cochrane" did not answer the "Huascar's" two shots; but stood on until within two thousand yards, when she opened fire. The first shot penetrated the "Huascar's" armor on the port side, entered the turret-chamber, and exploded, set fire to the wood-work, killed or wounded twelve men, and jammed the wheels on which the turret revolved, for the time being. The "Huascar" fired a 300-pound Palliser chilled shell, and struck the "Cochrane's" side armor, at an angle of about thirty degrees. The plate struck was six inches thick, and was indented, and scored out to a depth of three inches, the bolts started, and the backing forced in.

The "Huascar" soon after stood a little to port, with the intention of ramming the "Cochrane," but the latter avoided this, by turning an equal amount to port, and keeping parallel with her antagonist.

Five minutes after the "Huascar's" conning tower was struck by a shell, which exploded in it, shattered it, and blew Admiral Grau to pieces—only one foot and a few fragments of his body being found. Grau usually directed the movements of his vessel with his head and shoulders above the tower, and the shell, therefore, probably hit him at about the waist.

This shot also killed Lieutenant Diego Ferré, the Admiral's Aid, who was at the fighting wheel, and only separated from the conning tower by a light wooden grating. Ferré's death appears to have been caused by concussion, as no wounds were found upon his body. This shot also

damaged the fighting wheel, and the ship ran off to the eastward until the damage was repaired, when she again headed to the northward.

About this time a shell penetrated the armor of the turret, which was trained on the port-quarter, in the thickest part, to the left of the port of the right gun. This shell killed or disabled most of the two guns' crews.

Among these were two gun-captains, Englishmen, who had been trained on board the gunnery-ship, "Excellent," and Commander Carbajal, who had come to inform the second in command, Commander Elias Aguirre, that he was now in command.

The left gun was not injured, and relief crews were sent to it; but the firing was very wild. The right gun was disabled by the compressor and cap-square being bent. At this time Lieutenant Rodriguez, who was looking out of the gun-port, had his head taken off. This, in connection with the previous casualties, so demoralized the Peruvians that most of the subsequent fighting was done by the foreigners of the "Huascar's" ship's company. By this time the fire from the Nordenfelt guns and the small arms of the Chilians had driven most of the officers and men of the "Huascar" down into the ward-room. Some of these were wounded, but the most were merely taking refuge there.

The "Cochrane" now attempted to ram, coming at right angles to her adversary. She missed the "Huascar," going close astern of her, but a shot from one of her port-guns pierced the armor of the "Huascar," on the starboard quarter, exploding, and doing much damage—among other things, carrying away the steering apparatus.

The "Huascar" now again headed to the eastward: but a shell pierced the armor, abreast of the engine-room,

covering the engine with fragments of all kinds, and killing and wounding many persons. Among these were Surgeon Tavara, and Mr. Griffiths, the master of the English schooner "Coquimbo," captured a few days before, and whose crew had been forced to render service during the action.

The relieving tackles, by which the "Huascar" was now steered, were not only exposed to shot, but had a very bad lead, and the steering was very uncertain, not only from that cause, but because Commander Aguirre had to command the vessel from one of the look-out hoods of the turret, and the word had to be passed clear aft, on the lower deck, to the men at the relieving tackles. There was, probably, not much real control of the "Huascar" after the conning tower was destroyed, Grau killed, and the main steering wheel disabled.

The "Cochrane" now again attempted to ram the "Huascar," firing her bow-gun, at two hundred yards, and coming on at right angles. She again missed her blow, and passed astern.

It was by this time ten o'clock, and the "Blanco" arrived on the scene of action, passing between the "Huascar" and the "Cochrane," just as the latter was preparing to ram, for the third time. The "Cochrane," to avoid the imminent danger in which she was placed by her consort's ram, was forced to turn to port, and then to run northward, increasing her distance to about twelve hundred yards.

The "Huascar" then turned to starboard, and headed for the "Blanco," with the intention of ramming her, at the same time firing some ineffectual shots at her. The "Blanco" sheered to starboard also, and passing close under her stern, poured a broadside into that vulnerable part, which killed or wounded all the men at the relieving

tackles, as well as many of the wounded, and the others who had taken refuge in the officers' quarters. The wounded were now removed to the coal-bunkers and store-rooms; and the "Huascar" stood to the westward.

On account of a number of shot having passed through her smoke-stack, driving down soot, débris of all kinds, and smoke into the fire-room, it was impossible to see the gauges. In consequence, the water got too low in one of the boilers, and the tubes were burned through, which caused a great escape of steam; so that the Chilians thought they had struck one of the boilers.

There had been four men stationed at a Gatling gun, in the "Huascar's" top, but three were killed, and the other driven below, by the fire from the Chilian tops, although the "Huascar's" top had a screen of boiler-iron.

About half-past ten the flag-staff, with the "Huascar's" colors, was shot away, and for some moments all firing ceased, as it was supposed she had surrendered; but a Frenchman, who was a loader at one of the guns, went aft, and hoisted another flag at her gaff. Just then another shot penetrated the turret of the "Huascar," killing or mortally wounding every man in it, including Commander Aguirre. This shot had such terrible effect that when this officer's body was found and identified, all the upper part of the head was gone, the lower jaw only remaining. In addition his body was most fearfully mutilated. Another officer was terribly wounded by this shot.

The command of the "Huascar" had now devolved upon the fourth officer, Lieutenant Pedro Garezon. The vessel was almost unmanageable, and on fire in several places, but the engines were kept going, and an occasional gun fired.

The "Cochrane" now returned, and again tried to ram,

and was only prevented from doing so by a chance movement of the "Huascar."

Both Chilian ships then followed up the Peruvian, using great guns, musketry and machine guns. They were both in good condition, although the "Cochrane" had been struck on her unarmored stern, and had some ten men killed and wounded.

The "Covadonga" now came up, and joined the other Chilian vessels, and Lieutenant Garezon, after a council with the surviving officers, determined to sink the "Huascar," by opening her valves, and thus deprive his enemies of the satisfaction of taking possession of her.

Chief Engineer McMahon succeeded in partially accomplishing this, by opening the circulating valve of the condensers, but to do this he had to stop the engines. They were at work on the main injection valve when Lieutenant Simpson, of the "Cochrane," who had boarded her, interfered with the operation, revolver in hand.

While this was going on, some of the "Huascar's" men waved towels and handkerchiefs, and the Chilians, on seeing this, ceased firing, and the "Huascar's" flag was then hauled down.

It was at this moment that Simpson boarded her, and then came surgeons and engineers from the Chilians.

On taking possession they found three or four feet of water in the hold. Some of the holes made by projectiles in her sides were nearly awash, and in a few minutes more the vessel would have sunk. She was also found to be on fire in several places, one of which was dangerously near the magazine. Fortunately the sea was smooth. The valves were closed, the steam pumps started, and the fires extinguished. The wounded and the prisoners were then transferred to the Chilian ships.

The "Huascar's" engines were uninjured, as were three

out of her four boilers, and they were able to get her into port, at Mexillones, that same afternoon; and in two days, after temporary repairs, she was sent to Valparaiso. Here proper plates were found, which had been sent out from England for the "O'Higgins;" and by the 8th of the succeeding December she was in active service again under the Chilian flag.

The scene presented on board the "Huascar," when boarded by her captors, was most terrible. Hardly a square yard of her upper works had escaped injury, including her smoke-stack, conning tower, boats, davits, mast and chain-plates. Her bulwarks, poop, forecastle and hatch-combings were much injured, while her capstan was struck and knocked entirely overboard. During the latter part of the fight, indeed, the Peruvian had been little more than a floating target for the Chilian's accurate fire.

Eighteen dead bodies were taken out of the cabin, and the turret was full of the remains of the two sets of guns' crews.

The light wood-work, ladders and bulkheads were all destroyed. The ship's log-book had been destroyed, but complete working drawings of the "Blanco" and "Cochrane" were found on board,

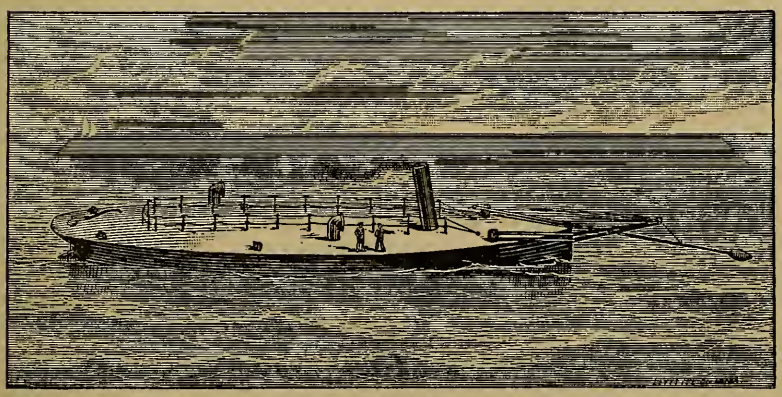
The action lasted one hour and a half; and during this time the "Huascar" lost her commander and the three next senior officers, either killed or disabled, and had twenty-eight officers and men killed, and forty-eight wounded, out of a crew of about two hundred.

Nearly every time she was struck the greatest temporary damage possible was inflicted, and yet no permanent injury was caused. The armor was really a disadvantage to her, for it served to explode the enemy's projectiles, which only stopped when they struck at the

very smallest angles. The backing and inner skin only served to increase the number of fragments, which were driven in with deadly effect. The shell which passed through the thin sides of the forecastle did not explode, and did but little damage. Each shell which pierced the armor exploded, and each explosion set the ship on fire in a new place. The Chilian small-arm men and the Nordenfelt machine gun drove all the Peruvians off the deck, and away from the unprotected guns there. The "Cochrane" fired forty-five Palliser shells. The "Blanco" fired thirty-one. It is thought that the "Huascar" fired about forty projectiles from her turret guns.

The "Cochrane" was hit three times. The "Blanco" was untouched, while the "Huascar" received at least sixteen large Palliser shells, besides Nordenfelt bullets and shrapnel. The shot-holes in the "Huascar" were so jagged and irregular that no ordinary stoppers could be of any service.

The officers who have given us the account of this action make a number of practical deductions and suggestions of great importance, but not necessary to be quoted here.



STEEL TORPEDO BOAT AND POLE.

XLIX.

BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. JULY 11TH, A. D. 1882.

IT would be rather presumptuous for any one to attempt at this time to give the real causes of the bombardment of Alexandria, and of the subsequent operations of the British army in Egypt. The Egyptian leader, Arabi Pasha, has been tried, and the tribunal, while sparing his life, sentenced him to be banished to Ceylon, where he is now. Nothing definite was made public, however, as to the assurances of support and sympathy which he is supposed to have had, not only from the Sublime Porte, but from other nations.

Egyptian politics may be symbolized by a tangled skein which time alone can unravel. Some day it may be known whether the ostensible reasons brought a great calamity about, or whether secret and less worthy motives caused the action of the British ministry, and controlled their fleet and army.

In the summer of 1882 Arabi Pasha, who had complete control of the military force of Egypt, although the Khedive had not been formally deposed, was strengthening the forts about Alexandria, and increasing their armament. As he was opposed to English or any foreign control in Egypt, England naturally felt alarm for the safety of the Suez Canal, which is so vitally

BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, 1882.

{Section of the Alexandra, showing working of Guns.

important for her communications with her great Eastern empire, as well as for her general commerce. Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, with a powerful squadron of the largest ironclads and a number of gun-boats, had been ordered to Alexandria, in observation.

The city of Alexandria, named from its founder, Alexander the Great, has experienced many vicissitudes. The modern city is built on a peninsula, which was formerly the Island of Pharos, and on the isthmus connecting it with the mainland. The ancient city was on the mainland, where its ruins cover a vast extent of surface.

Founded nearly three and a half centuries before the Christian era, it rose, under the liberal and beneficent sway of the Ptolemies, to great eminence as a seat of learning, as well as of commerce. Under the Roman Empire it continued to be a very splendid and influential city, second only to Rome herself, and engrossing the lucrative traffic with India. Its library was one of the wonders of the world—400,000 volumes being in the Museum, and 300,000 in the temple of Serapis. The former was accidentally destroyed by fire during the war with Julius Cæsar; and the latter was burnt by command of Caliph Omar, upon the Mohammedan conquest, in the year 640. After the discovery by the Portuguese of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope, its commerce fell off, and its population dwindled to a few thousands. Gradually it revived again, and for a long time has been the most important commercial city of the Levant, with a very large foreign as well as native population. But, to return: On July 6th, 1882, Admiral Seymour sent an *ultimatum* to Arabi and his council, which had the effect of stopping work upon the fortifications for a short time, and produced a promise that such work should not be renewed.

But on the following night a powerful electric light, on board the ironclad Alexandra, of the English squadron, disclosed the fact that, under cover of the darkness, guns were being mounted on the forts commanding the entrance to the great port, or western harbor—there being two harbors, one east and one west of the isthmus. New guns were placed in position on the north side, also, on the peninsula where the Harem, or residence of the Khedive is situated, and which forms the protection to the main anchorage. Earthworks were also being thrown up there by a very large force.

Seymour telegraphed these facts to the British government, summoned a council of his officers, and made preparations for battle. He then sent a demand to the Egyptian authorities for the surrender of the forts to him within twenty-four hours, with a view to disarmament, under penalty of bombardment.

There was a French fleet in the port, which had been ordered to take no part in any aggressive measures; and there were also naval vessels of several other nations, among which were some of our own, the commanders of which had been very active in affording refuge to Americans resident in Egypt, as well as to citizens of other countries who were not represented by men-of-war.

The French fleet, seeing hostilities imminent, got unde. way, and steamed out into the offing, followed by the other foreign men-of-war and merchant vessels. Many of these were crowded with refugees, but there were left in the city a large number of Greeks, Italians, Maltese, and Syrians.

The British ships then proceeded to take up their stations before the forts, and a panic ensued among the inhabitants, who quitted the city, as did most of the Europeans who had remained. This they effected with

great difficulty, and there was a prospect of the renewal of the massacre which had taken place some weeks before. The cash chest of the European Director of Customs, which were managed for the benefit of the foreign bondholders, was seized by Arabi, but the officials managed to get away.

On the 10th of July a deputation of Egyptian notables came off to the English flag-ship, to know the meaning of these warlike preparations. They had not heard of the *ultimatum*, which had not reached them, by some blunder, whether on the part of the English or the natives does not appear; and, indeed, the document was brought off to them while they were still on board the ship, by messengers who had been searching for them. They then went on shore, to consider it.

Very early next morning, the 11th of July, a deputation of Egyptian officials came off to say that they were willing to dismount the guns of the forts themselves. This would appear to be all that the English Admiral had originally demanded; but whether he suspected a ruse, or whether he was determined to take offensive measures at any rate, he refused to entertain the proposal, saying that the time for negotiation had expired.

At seven in the morning the first shot was fired from the Alexandra, and eight English ironclads, of the heaviest description, with five heavy gun-boats, opened upon the different forts. These were the heaviest guns and the thickest armor, by far, that had ever been in action. To mention only one, the Inflexible had four 81-ton guns, and armor from sixteen to twenty-four inches thick, and measures 11,400 tons.

The Egyptian forts constituted two distinct systems of defence. The first consisted of those which protected the new port and eastern town; and the second those

which covered the entrances to the outer western harbor. Seymour divided his fleet so as to simultaneously bombard the whole. His ironclads and wooden gun-boats were fitted, in addition to heavy guns, with torpedoes, and Nordenfelt and Gatling machine guns.

The Invincible (flag-ship), Monarch and Penelope, with the Téméraire outside, took up a position at the entrance of the western harbor, about opposite Fort Meks, and about twelve hundred yards from another important work, Fort Marsa-el-Kanat.

They attacked these forts, on the shore of the mainland, while the Superb, Sultan, and Alexandra attacked and totally destroyed the lighthouse fort, and another near it on the peninsula. The Inflexible took up a position between the two divisions, and with her enormous guns, assisted in the work of both.

The gun-boats attacked the "Marabout" batteries, at the entrance of the harbor, running close in, and soon silencing them. One of the gun-boats afterwards covered a landing party, which blew up the heavy guns in Fort Meks.

The Egyptian artillerists surprised the English by the determination with which they fought their guns; but they were all silenced by four o'clock in the afternoon—rather a long time, it would seem, for vessels carrying guns of such power, if they were properly pointed. By this time four of the forts had been blown up, and the Khedive's palace and harem was in flames. The English fire ceased about half-past five in the afternoon.

The casualties of the English were five killed and twenty-eight wounded. This is rather a high number, considering the character of the vessels employed. The Egyptians seemed to have fired only solid shot, and these, in some cases, entered the ships, and caused most of the injuries by splinters.

The Egyptian loss was great, but will probably never be known. It is said that the gunners in the forts were mostly blacks—Soudanese—who are as remarkable for their bravery and bull-dog tenacity, as they are for the very dark color of their skin.

The English are reported to have burst the guns in the ruined forts with dynamite.

Fort Napoleon, a very strong work, somewhat inland, and dating from the French occupation, and Fort Gabarrie, had not been thoroughly bombarded on the first day, and still held out; and arrangements were made to have the Invincible, Monarch and Penelope go in the next day to attack them. In the meantime the Invincible had silenced some outlying batteries, and had sent on shore a party which had burst nine large guns. During the night the Egyptians had repaired an outside battery, but when the Inflexible and the Téméraire opened on it it did not reply, and was found to be abandoned. On the morning after the bombardment the Khedive's palace was still burning, and there were other fires in the town.

The wind had risen, and a swell was coming in, which prevented accurate firing, and at one P. M. all fire ceased, on both sides, having not, of course, been so sustained and continuous as on the preceding day. A white flag was now shown in the town, and a gun-boat was sent up the inner harbor to the Arsenal, with a flag of truce flying. The Arsenal is the official residence of the Ministers of War and Marine, but the gun-boat found no one there, in authority, and no one, in consequence, able to tell the meaning of the white flag flying in the city. The officer sent up, therefore returned to Seymour. Night now drew on, and the fires in the town were evidently extending.

At daybreak, next morning, the whole of the forts were found to be abandoned, and the English Admiral

telegraphed to the fleet not to open fire. Half the city appeared to be in flames, with a dense cloud of smoke hanging over it. The conflagration was, in fact, tremendous, and involved the whole European quarter and the Grand Square. The Egyptian army had retreated.

Towards morning a body of about one hundred Europeans fought their way down to the beach, and were taken off by armed boats from the fleet. They had spent a terrible night, defending themselves in the building of the Ottoman Bank, and other buildings adjacent. During the night hundreds of people were massacred, mostly Christians, and for the two succeeding days Alexandria was the scene of horrors hardly equalled by Paris during the Commune.

An uncontrolled soldiery, released convicts and the scum of the population were let loose, and murder and pillage went on. Petroleum was used to fire many buildings in the best part of this fine and flourishing city.

The Khedive was helpless, and really in great danger of his life, in his palace at Ramleh.

Seymour and his officers and men looked on at "this sad spectacle of awful and unexpected catastrophe, which they had no power to prevent."

It is hard to tell whether to blame most the want of statesmanlike forethought, or the want of military perception in the English naval Commander, who precipitated this dreadful state of affairs, without having the means, in the shape of troops, to land and seize the town.

To disinterested observers it was an indefensible act, to bombard a city with such a mixed population, many of whom were prone to rapine and murder, without having the power promptly to put things in order.

The English Government seems to have thought

Admiral Seymour's conduct good, for they have just made him a Baron.

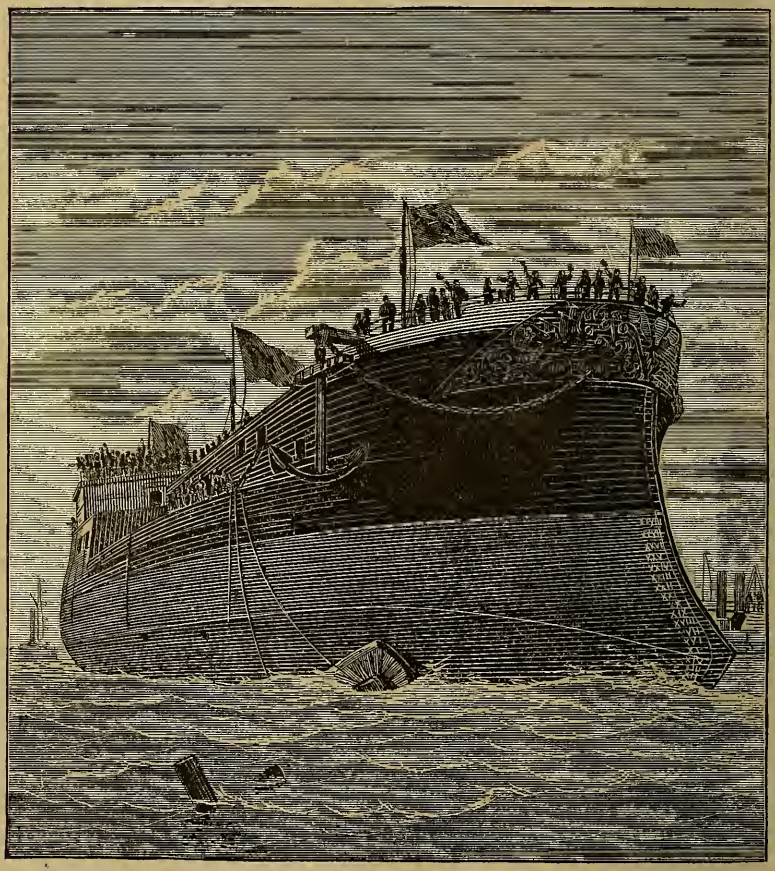
The sailors and marines of the fleet were landed as soon as it was ascertained that Arabi's forces had retreated. These were joined by detachments from the German and American men-of-war, for the purpose of protecting their consulates, in the first place, and then they assisted in extinguishing fires, seizing marauders, and rescuing many terror-stricken people from the most imminent danger; patrolling the streets, and assisting, in every way, to restore order.

As regards the bombardment itself, it may be said that the Egyptian batteries were served steadily and rapidly; and their aim was good. The officers appear to have set a good example to their men, appearing often upon the parapet, to watch the effect of their shot. All the batteries facing the sea were destroyed by the heavy guns opposed to them, and their guns dismounted. An explosion of a magazine, in one fort, is said to have killed all of the garrison. The faces of the batteries were pulverized, and large holes were made in the masonry of the lighthouse, and the large stone fort adjoining was reduced to ruin, and all its guns dismounted. The loss of life in the garrisons of these forts must have been frightful. The harem palace was damaged extensively by shell and by fire.

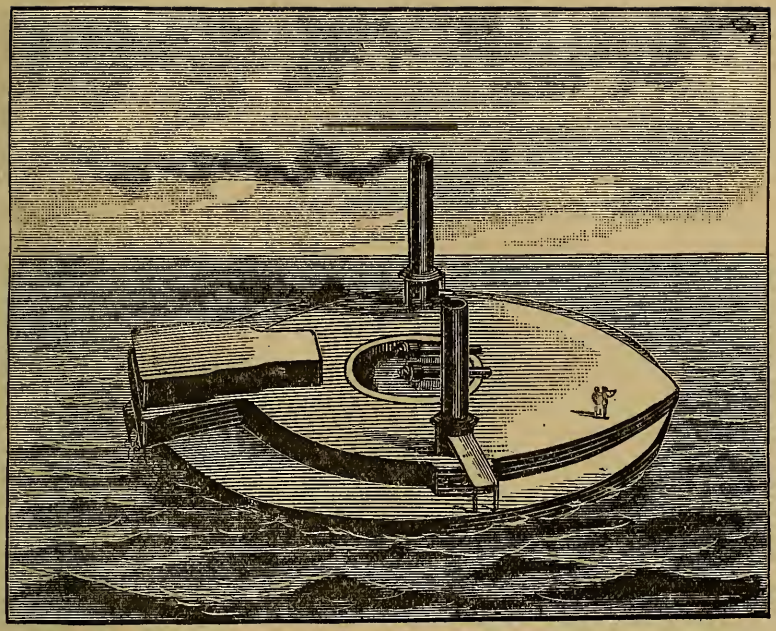
The Arab quarter behind Fort Pharos caught all the shell which missed the batteries; and here all was chaos and destruction.

Of the English ships, the Penelope was struck five times, and had eight men wounded, and one gun disabled. The Invincible was struck many times, and six shots penetrated. She had six wounded, and some spars shot away. The Monarch, which kept under way, was not hit.

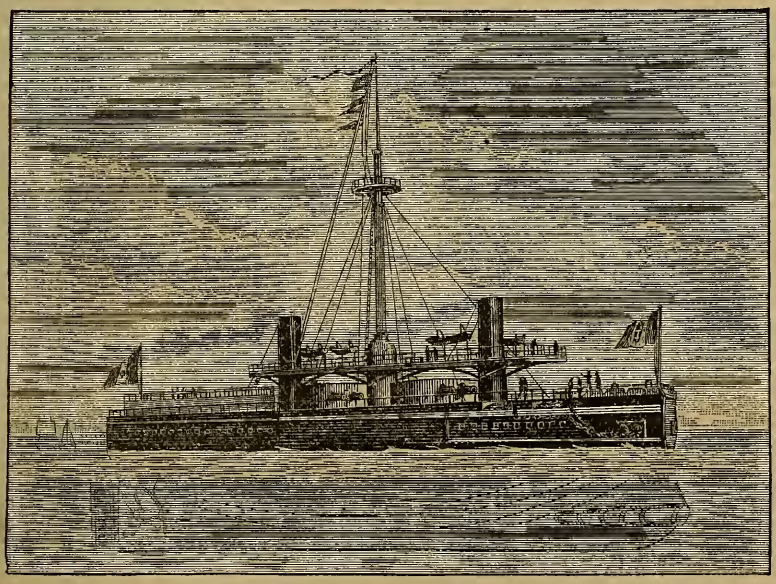
The Superb had her funnel injured, and plates damaged. The Alexandra suffered slight damage in her hull. The Sultan had her main-mast and funnel shot through, and her hull pierced several times in the unarmored part. Two of the 18-ton guns of the Alexandra were disabled by shot, which passed in at the port-holes.



THE ALEXANDRA. 1877.
(Ironclad, English Navy. Her appearance after being launched.)



THE VICE ADMIRAL POPOFF.
(Circular Ironclad of the Russian Navy.)



ITALIAN IRONCLAD, "DUILIO." 1880.

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